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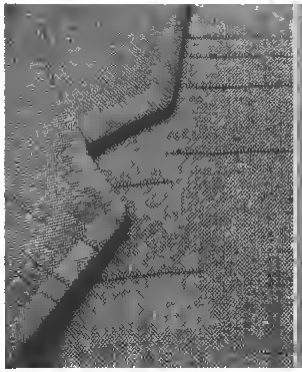
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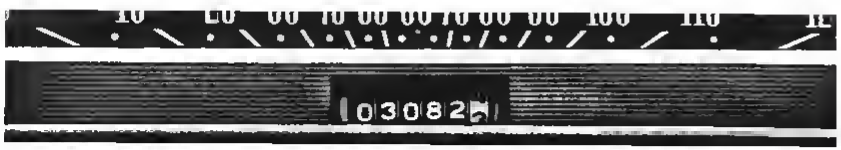
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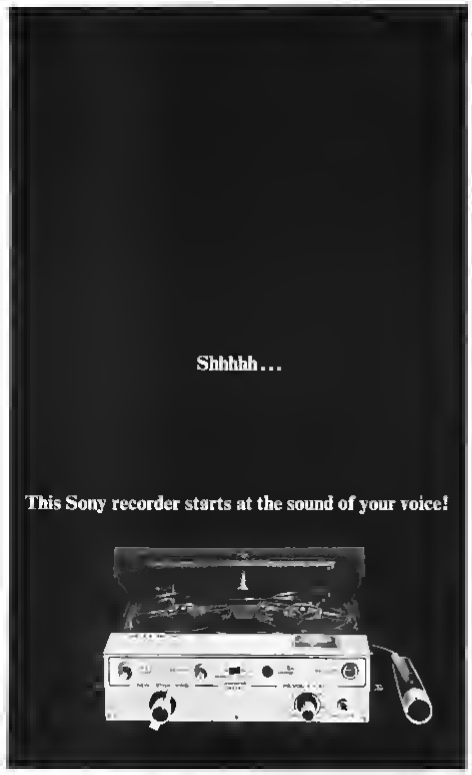
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PUBLISHER'S PAGE

Dubious achievements of a TV contestant

Several times this winter we have engaged in a game of guesswork, with G. Mennen Williams and Robert Q. Lewis, for a TV program called *Alumni Fun*. The program, which was characterized by Robert Q. Lewis as being "a sort of senior citizens' College Bowl," brings together each Sunday afternoon for twelve weeks two opposing teams of three alumni of various colleges and universities, with new ones then on almost every occupying one of the three chairs. The sponsor, American Cyanamid, has wisely chosen to devote all of the winnings, and a substantial portion of the telecast time, to advancing the interests of the institutions represented by the various teams of opposing alumni, and most of those approached appear to have been charmed to share the program's benefits in both respects. One notable exception is Harvard, where all hands would seem to be so occupied in raking in the money with which they are continually and shamelessly showered as to leave none free to reach out even halfway for any more. As for the program's publicity value, Harvard, being about as rarely in this respect as say The Beatles, this was also no factor, as Harvard wasn't represented.

But Michigan was for which or for whom on four occasions. Snappy Williams and "Q" and the undersigned all did their dubious dominedest, and so was Vanderbilt, Alabama, Virginia and Pennsylvania, all of which our team encountered in that order. Other teams which we didn't meet, because of the logistics of the draw, represented Wisconsin, Bryn Mawr, Mt. Holyoke, Northwestern, Syracuse, St. Louis, Washington and Florida.

That our efforts were dubious was reflected not in that we were stopped cold, as we were, by Pennsylvania, but in that we won as often as we did. For this game is in no sense a test of one's general knowledge or competence in a specific field, but is rather a three-way test of one's luck, memory and speed of reflex reaction in response to verbal or visual stimulus.

One specific instance that comes to mind is one out of the round of rapid-fire questions, with which each game concludes, that put to the effect of "Where was Moses when he did something or other" and in the second of reflection all we could conjure up in relation to the verbal suggestion in the words "Where was Moses" was first "In the bulrushes" and second, ahistorically, "At the World's Fair." And then, in the dismal realization that this was the sort of question on which you either knew or didn't and couldn't hope to guess in out of left field came the voice of Soapy Williams calmly saying something that sounded like Mount Keyhole but that turned out to be the exact and required answer, probably plumbed out of the deep memory of some long-ago Sunday-school lesson.

These wind-up rounds of instant questions were often then not, brought about the downfall of teams that had gone into this last phase of the game with a comfortable lead, built up over the previous two rounds by correctly answering two out of three of the grouped questions successively posed in various selected categories. Some of these were ridiculously easy and some were diabolically tricky, and it was a matter of sheer luck as to which sort you happened to draw, in any given category.

Who wouldn't know, for instance, which hand Casals uses to bow the strings of his cello, or Segovia to pluck those of his guitar? But who would know or could even guess how many countries there are in Northern Ireland without being told that the word should have been *counties* instead of *countries*? For that matter, how should anybody know which of three equally nutty-sounding titles some crazy artist of the dog-eared school of unrepresentational art should have given to one of his haphazard conglomerations of drips, splashes and blotches?

Two of the games, on successive Sundays, ended in a tie, and one at least should have been called what in boxing used to be termed "no contest" or "throw haul da bums out." On that occasion the tie was broken by the closer estimate of the length of the Queen *Elizabeth*—the closer of the two still missing the right answer by about half the vessel's 1031 feet. That either team should have "won" on the basis of such an inept guess was to qualify the whole performance in full membership, not to say high standing, in the fool circle of classics of the Theatre of the Absurd.

On the other hand, one of the great virtues of the show's format is that no individual contestant is ever put in the position of being made to look foolish, however foolish some of us may have felt afterward. Dinah Shore, for instance, and her Vanderbilt cohorts. Dr. Hugh Luckey and Audrey Benedict, showed to better advantage in "losing" than we did in "winning." (It could be argued, of course, that Dinah Shore enjoys a built-in unfair advantage in this respect, but it could equally be argued that the Vanderbilt team got some conspicuously bad breaks in drawing much trickier questions, in the same categories than we did.)

The choice of categories was the only control that the opposing teams could employ in an effort to guide the bouncing ball of chance away from areas where they felt weak and toward those where they felt strong. Such control was inexact at best and was only good for what it was worth, for as long as the supply of questions in those categories held up and they had a discouraging way of running out. We won, for example, against Virginia by sticking to Art, Literature and History, but when we tried the same tactic against Pennsylvania we got caught with our categories down at mid-game time, and got clobbered on things like Rossness (inner aspects of the income tax) and People (baby pictures that all look alike) that we had theretofore avoided like process servers.

Anyway, it was good fun this *Alumni Fun*, and the best thing about it is the knowledge that every program, win or lose, did somebody some good. So we can only add to Mel Allen, James M. Cannon and Winton Blount of Alabama and to Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., Erskine Caldwell and William Bottle of Virginia, who happened not to stop us—no less than to Merriam Tree, Pete Martin and Walter O'Malley who did thanks for a good time in a good game well played and equally so to Peter Lind Hayes who made the whole thing a pleasure.

—A.G.

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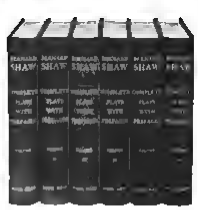
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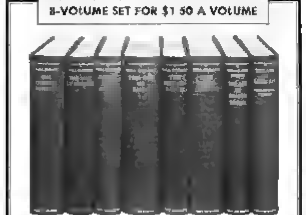


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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Art Directorr don't rry One of them *almost* did though when Arnold Gingrich Esquire's publishrr wrote the following about him in 1958 for the graphic-design magazine *Print*: "Before hr happened to us in the rummrr of 52 wr yrridrd to nobody in the vigor and rtature of our contempt for Art Dirertors and Art Directorrng (A suspirion sndrely assails me that this might have been reciprocated. Certainly I rasn't recall that wr had ever got rxartly stooped from durking any shower of mrdals.) Our trouble with Art Dirertorr; war that thry rithrr hadn't been able or hasn't been allowrd to fnnction ahrve the tactical lrvel In *Henry Wolf's* hands, the rlement of Design ceased to br used like a spray gun or a lipstick, but became instead a basir production tool He moved from the level of tactics to the level of strategy

"That's why we didn't evrn call him Art Director, at first. We called him Graphirr Editor because hir attitude his ability and his fnnction, wrre purely and fully editorial He *interpreted* design into the product. He was both allowrd to know and rmart enough to know, or much as anybody ahout the aim purpose and fnnction of every editorial page in the magazine Hr rould practirr the rreed of farm following fnnction because he rould be in an rvery page from the formative rtart [illegible]

I don't say that nobody elra could have done this I simply say that in the twrety fivr yrars of this magazine which began when Henry Wolf was an eight year old in Vienna, nobody rlse has."

Which explains why Mr Wolf now says about that artirle: "It was one rf the frw times when I was on the verge of tears; it also explains why hr was one of the distinguished members of the Exhibition Selection Committee for the art directors' exhibition described on page 98 and why though hr praresdrd from Esquire to the rtaff of *Harper's Bazaar*, thrn to *Show*, and is now on the rtaff of the Jack Tinkrr & Partnrrs advertising agency and a teacher at the School of Visual Arts, wr still think of him as one of our own

On page 122 of this issue we wonder lightly what the great scientists of our agr are really up to, on page 129 (*Abanogarde Man Amour*) we turn to a man who knows. Another *William L. Laurence* war rr he notes rrlntly in his artirle, thr only official rrporter allowed on the site of the world's first atomic explosion At that time hr had already won one Pulitzer Prize; hr was to win another a year later for his rywitness arrount of the bombing of Nagasaki Since then he has collected among other honors the George Westinghouse Distinguished Scirrr Writers Award the Lasker Georgr Polk and Page One Awards and the Grady gold rardal of the American Chemical Sacirty. In 1940 he wrote the first romprehrnsive accounts of the rignificanre of the discovery of uranium fission as a source of powrr Hr saw the Bikini explosions in 1946; A-bomb tests in 1952, 1953 and 1955, and the 1956 H bomb trts in the Pacific A former Science Editor of The New Yorh *Times*, he has written four hooks: *New Frontirrr of Science* (Bantam), *The Hrll Bomb*, *Dawn Over Zero* (both Knopf) and *Men And Atoms* (Simon & Schuster)

Our covrr subject as one would surmise, is not who he seems to be; he represents only how the subject would look if he still happened to be around and in somewhat existential illustration of the artirle (page 114) titled *Nazi Come Home* In reality, he's the father of the carpenter of our photographer Harold Krieger and we hope this clears things up.

The whole stupendous range of possibilities explored in *New Hope for the Dead* (page 63) was first brought to our attention by Hollywood director Stanley Kubrick who called us to say that he had heard of the subject, and wanted to read about it and though he himself couldn't write such an article would we please ask *Mr. Ettinger*, who rould.

Once again may we say that we have only Mr Ettinger's word on this subject plus the information that a Society is prerrntly being formed to thr rnd of doing away with the evil. Caveat emptor

The drinks in *Your Conch Runneth Over* (pages 92-93) are the work of many hands the recipes for the Pina Colada and the Cane Garda (the one served in the coconut shell) are imported from Little Dix Bay Resort, Virgin Gorda, B V I thr rhampagne used in thr Champagne Melon Cup is a Bollinger creation, our photographer (Ben Somaroff) just happened to have a ranch rhell and the recount itself since we had forgotten that it can be a long rold journey between coconuts on New Yorh's upper East Side in January, when the picture was rhot, was an emergency courtesy of thr Hawaii Kai restaurant and journeyed over to us all by itself sole passenger in the back seat of a cab

The *Aftermath* (page 56) by *Barbra Streisand* is the result of a long and tangled skein of events beginning with our February issue in which Signor Mastroianni considered rhewing Miss Streisand his Italy In summer when Mr Mastroianni visited New Yorh a few months ago he decided that he absolutely had to see *Funny Girl* then (and still) playing at the Winter Gardrn theatre on Broadway He went to the box office for tickets of course found that the house was sold out, and gave up. When he returned to Italy though hr wrote to Miss Streisand and askrd hrr to autograph some of hrr albums for him Not only was she glad to do so but she was glad to do so in Italian; thrrr was a cordial flurry of correspondence, Miss Streisand was so charmed that she in effect made Mr Mastroianni this gift of hrr own hrr native land Incidentally Miss Streisand will havr hrr own TV special (*My name is Barbra*) on April 28th on CBS

In connection with thr feature on thr Smokers and Quitters somewhere in the middle of this issue (just follow the nicotine stains) the name of stripteaser Ann Corio was suggested. Assistant Editor Jill Goldstein telephoned Miss Corio who said that she couldn't qualify because she had never smoked and then explained further "My mother was a very sweet Italian woman who thought it was unladylike to smoke So out of respect for hrr I never did. But somehow stripteasing didn't bother her And here I am."

And there you are #



The whole world loves it after dinner.



Intriguing on the rocks...



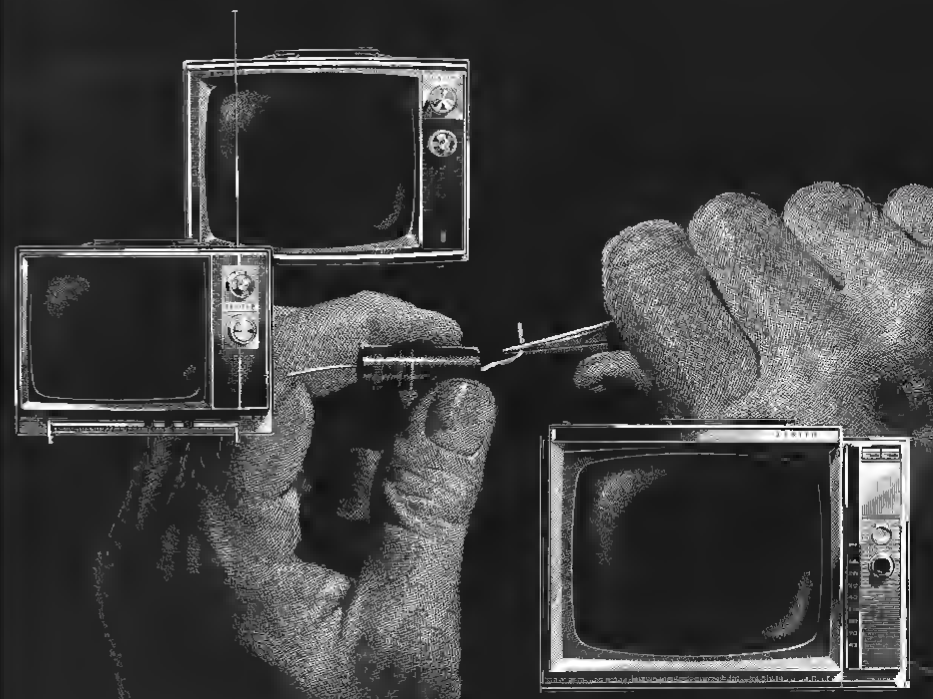
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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

One man

Put me down forevermore a Dwight Macdonald man. *A Critique of The Warren Report* in March Esquire should be appended to the *Report of the President's Commission on the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy*.

My own doubts were dispelled long ago. Part of my "proof" was to see obscure poem

Je feron end feature face eed limb,
I grew es like my brothar;
Thel folks gel taking me for him,
And such for nee onother.

And when I died the neighbors came
And buried brother John

The brothar who "died" was also the amazingly efficient Attorney General of the United States, in charge of the whole police power of the Establishment. Early in February of 1964, he said, "Harry I am satisfied it was this one fellow and he did it alone."

HARRY GOLDEN
The Carolina Israelite
Charlotte, N.C.

Pant, pant

Helen Lawrenson's article in the March issue (*Androgyne, Yours or Funny Valentine*) seemed especially pertinent to us ed styles have on campus. Because both sexes wear essentially the same clothing (high boots, suede or corduroy coats, white Levis, etc.), it has become so difficult to determine which is which that men welcome the use of earrings or guise as one of the few means of sure identification.

But all is not lost; a skirt or dress being worn by an unescorted girl is a lure as like a neon sign flashing "come and get me."

I really enjoyed the article and em otrees gly on the side of the author.

BILL KOCH
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wis.

* * *

Fine story by Helen Lawrenson. On a beach in Guadeloupe we watched a Parisian beauty parade by wearing a different, explosive bikini for each day in the week. A beauty who returned from the dressing room



attired in a faded immense T-shirt tucked into waist high jeans, a beauty who could have been the inspiration for Ogden Nash when he wrote:

What's the Use?

Sura deek your lower limbs in pants
Yours are the limbs my sweating
You look divine as you advance—
Have you seen yourself retreating?"
(*The Face Is Familiar*, published by Little, Brown and Company, 1940.)

BARBARA CARTER
Mellea, Ill.

* * *

After reading Helen Lawrenson's article on the pants situation—I had the strong feeling that she was (very expertly) making a big something from a small nothing.

Or as they say in some offices, on a pressing?

Anyhow, doesn't anybody who knows anything about anything know that the trouser fashion is here this year because it is different enough from what was here last year to do lotsa business and make lotsa money for lotsa people, and next year them pants will be hanging unworn in lotsa closets while the new style (unnoticed) will be selling like trousers?

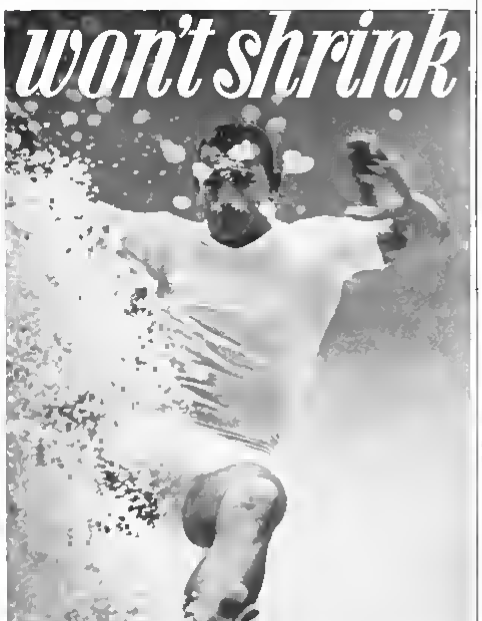
EDNA AMAGON TONEY
Katonah, N.Y.

A binding resolution

I find your issue of March, 1965, to be most interesting. Its cover drew my curiosity; therefore I now read it with satisfaction.

As I read in The Sound and the Fury, I refer now to the sentence who says the binding interferes with his

Just think... won't shrink



'Pak-nit' cotton knit underwear made by Manhattan® won't shrink even 1% in length by Govt. Standard Test 7550 (CCC-T-191b)

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Carefully. Use a reamer and scrape so you cut only the carbon not the heat. One way to stop superficial caking from forming is to scrape the bowl several times a week.



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It's made with Myers Jamaica Rum and it truly is a glass by itself! You should be aware, however, that the "duel" raged all the dongly distinctive drink's Myers. But you don't have to go to Jamaica to enjoy it. Myers brings Jamaica to you! Here's the subject cold lama ca Recipe from the famed Penchoon Bar on Kingston's Sugar Whirl. Mix 2 parts lemon or lime juice with 1 part Myers, add a tsp. of sugar and a dash of bitters for each drink. Shake vigorously using filled shaker or use electric blender. Serve with maraschino cherry.



FREE BOOKLET full of smoke food and drink recipes—shows many imaginative ways to use Myers Rum. Write General Wine and Spirits Company, Dept. E.Z., 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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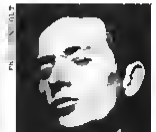

JOSH WHITE

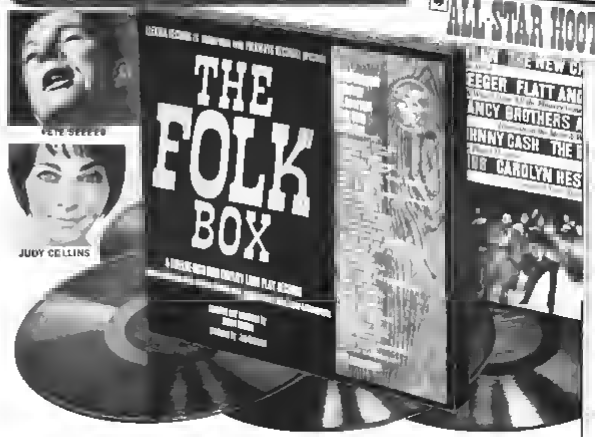

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BOB DYLAN


SUSAN REED


LEADBELLY


WOODY GUTHRIE



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SUSAN REED
Faith Tom no Song
Shanghai Mountain

PETE SEEGER
Darling Corey
Paddy Works on the Railway
Which Side Are You On?
We Shall Overcome
John Henry
Where Have All The Flowers Gone

TOM WHITE
Tinker
Southern Exposure
Jesus Gonna Make Up My Dyin' Bed

THEODORE BIKEL
A Zemire
Two Brothers
Blow the Candles Out

TEXAS GUITCHIE
I Ain't Devil
Nothing to Town

CYNTHIA GOODING
Evening Shades

BOB GIBSON
Abilene
Carter Family

BOB DYLAN
Blowin' in the Wind

THE BROTHERS FORD
Cool Water

LEON BIBB
John Henry

CAROLYN HESTER
Swing and Turn Jubilee

GABRIEL SMITH
Down by the Riverside

NEW CHRISTY MINSTRELS
This Land Is Your Land

IAN CAMPBELL FOLK GROUP
Down in the Coal Mine

EWAN MCCOLL
Genie

IRISH RAMBLERS
Whiskey in the Jar

THE OLD LARAN
Pretty Saro
The Man at the Mill

RENE BLUESTEIN
Skate of America

JACK ELLIOTT
Jesse James

ALABAMA SENDOI
EMI BIBEN
Green Grass Rocky Road

REALARERS ENSEMBLE
Kumbaya the Restless

HARRY JACKSON
I'll Paint a Pony

HORACE SPRETT
Tuck Roll'er

WERNER HAY & GLOVER
I'm a Train

ED MCCURDY
Come Love
Good Old Ecclesy Times
Kentucky Moonshiner
Bimbo Bills
John Brown's Body

OSCAR BRAND
Jefferson and Liberty
Talking Atomic Blues

ERIK DARLING
Swannanoa Tunnel

JUDY COLLINS
Two ys Gates to the City
Maste o of War
The Glove

BLIND LEMON TEAFENSON
See That My Grave is Kept Clean

HALLY WOOD
House of the Rising Sun

MARK SPOELSTRA
Lemon Stops

Stagolee
Stagolee on My Block
Cat Gone

DAVE VAN RONK
Don't Leave Me Here

FRANK WARNER
Virginia's Bloody Soil

JEAN BETRAYA
Leave a Tonning
Too Hie Weavers

THE TIMBLERS
The Nunnie Song

HAMILTON CAMP
Girl From the North Country

TOM PAXTON
High Sheriff of Hazard

PHIL OCHS
The Thrasher

WILLIE TURNER
New York Mas Bone Song

NEGRO PRISONERS
Gray Goat

MARILYN EPILO & CLEAR TABBOUDEN
Mary Ann's Baby

BLIND WILLIE JOHNSON
Dig a Van The Night

ELEAN TABBOUDEN
Waylon ng Stranger

BOB GIBSON
You Can Tell the World

ENRIETTAN TABERNACLE EPWORTH
Down by The Riverside

WILLY CLANCY
Sugg Rant and Mountain Road

EDIE WEISSBERG
Old Joe Clark

CLARENCE ASHLEY
Good Old Bird
Molly Ann

TOM PALEY
Shady Grove

EDIE WEISSBERG & MARSHALL BRICKMAN
I Go Behind Mole

GEORGE PEGRAM & WALTER BARNAM
Yellow Rose of Texas

DIAN AND THE GREENBRIAR BOYS
Green Corn

BONNY TERRY
Trail Johe

JOHNNY CASH
Nine Pound Hammer

Wabash Man Blues

CLANCY BROTHERS
Standing on The Shore
The Whistling Gypsy
African Traveling Song
Rovers Night Chant

95 Ballads, Blues, Folksongs

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eating while reading This I feel is a matter of how he handles his magazine while eating

Many times In fact just yesterday I read your magazine while eating breakfast. I find this solution far him

Don't hold the magazine while eating Place it on the table and fold it so that the side you are reading is facing you. One hand is free for turning the pages and the other hand is free for pouring milk into your Cheerios It's as simple as that.

PATRICIA F ZIELINSKI
Parma, Ohio

Record correspondence

I was fascinated by *Quest Please — Mr Allen Is Back On The Air* (March), especially the first letter to the State of New York Insurance Department. A hilarious version of this letter—not identical but very close—used to be done as an oral performance by the superb English humorist Gerard Hoffnung. It was known as his famous 'Bricklayer's Story' and was called "Respected Sir."

If you're interested, it's on London 5500 *Gerard Hoffnung at the Oxford Union*.

GEORGE M. NAIMARK
New York, N Y

The loved ones

Esquire's list of indispensable trash (*The Basic Library of Trash*, February) was as close to the ideal as could be wished for by such an myself who have had the inauguration task of reviewing many of them.

You *The Big Love* belongs at the head of the list, if not *I, The Jury*. What a beauty of a chance for a bombshell comeback to pictures for Miss Patty McCormick of *The Bad Seed* fame—with Shelley Winters as Mrs. Axelrod. What could be more her line than the prefatory "My baby was a virgin the day she met Errol Flynn." Or...e Terry Southern John Osborne screen adaptation would be too much to ask. Even as...e profligate wish is *sometimes* rewarded.

BARRY JACOB
Long Beach, Cal

■ ■ ■

I disagree with the inclusion of Ayn Rand's *The Fountainhead* with your trash I think it's a fine book

Could your critics (Mr. David Newman and Mr. Robert Benton) write a book half as good with both their heads?

I think not.

JAMES C CHAMBERS JR.
Biloxi, Fla

EDITOR'S NOTE *Messrs Newman and Benton agree that even with two heads they could not write a book in any sense like* The Fountainhead.

■ ■ ■

I was delighted to read *The Basic Library of Trash* by David Newman and Robert Benton Both men have a good understanding of the public's reading taste.

I was happy to know they chose the book my partner in crime, editor Tedd Thomey of the Long Beach *Independent-Press Telegram*, wrote with me, *The Big Love*, to be first on the "Trash Heap." We are cooking up another book and we are hoping it will make the number-one selection of these gentlemen for the top spot on the garbage heap next year.

I am writing a column for America's number-one tabloid, *The National Tattler*, my tongue-in-cheek version of a lovelorn column, "Tattletale Heart."

FLORENCE AADLAND
Los Angeles, Calif

Arrivederci, Finthush

After reading your interesting article *Meredith Maxtrenam's Italy for Barbra Streisand* (February), I have only one more thing to say Next month let Barbra Streisand show Meredith Brooklyn.

DAVE HARRIGAN
Montebello, Calif

EDITOR'S NOTE *Great idea. See page 59 of this issue*

It can happen here

I thought that McCarthyism was dead But according to *The Yarmulkeky Affair* in your February issue, it is very



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Of course you'll be tempted! After all the Austin Healey Sprite is bred to be used sportingly and competitively It is a bona fide sports car The official SCCA rating Class H or Class G depending on the year

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Of course you'll be tempted tempted to prove that your Sprite can do as handsomely as it looks We have wrapped everything in the smoothest possible envelope—modern, Spartan and rather lovely.

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much alver hrre end still spreading its venom

it e sslways hard for mr to believe thet evrry nrw end then e prrson is excori ated for his beliefs his parents' beliefs, or the beirfs of his frirnds. Not in Amrrica we are told by the P R boys This wanton disregard for decency and humaneness is found only in dictatorial countrirs.

In America a person is judged solely ar his prrformnnre not how hr dresses or how he talks It s e sad sad owok ening, end the image is quite terrifying

JOHN FAVICCHIO
Flushing, N Y

Down with oex, up with Muggeridge

In all the years that I hatr been read ing your magazine i have nrver read an ortirle so illtrirnating and sorely needed in our Amrrican society as Mrlcolm Muggeridge s ertirlr *Down with Sexl*

I crrtninly agree with him as to sar surbarban gymnastic security. I live in a small rummrnity end take part in various civir and social affairs If it were not that i was close to these af fairs i wonld ge along with the rest of the rommrnity saying that it can't happen in orr town if evrry town and hamlet in these United States were to peblish sub-rosa activitirs all of our media could not handle them

LAWRENCE J RINALDI
Wood-Ridge, N J

* * *

Not being a regular reader of Es qnire but having heard for somr time new about the high quality of its con tents i borght thr February issre and turned to the Malcolm Mugge ridge ertrlrir *Down with Sex*! I was profornnly shocked..not because Mrg grridgi is—or pretrnds to be—shocked by thr exaggerated rnphosis on srx in the U S., but because of the grursomrly salrirrus way ir which hr treats the subject Hrre is an errh rrgresentative of British culture playing the oldrst vaudevilir trirk in the wrild "Come an to my house he sirgs, with a foler rrpearance af innocerce, 'and I will show you ev ery thing!" The nrrat of it is it is not his house it is ours, and hr is e grrat to it. He takes advantage of the pre vailingly masochistic imood rf his hosts to give thrm not a straightfor ward honest beating brte nastily sly poke in their privatr parts

You have readrrs of all sorts and ages Do you want to irrforn, entertain, or merely titillate thrm?

VIRGILIA PETERSON
New York, N Y

Where did you go? Way out

Your prazzle in the Frbrnary issue (*Thr Esrlrir's Hardrst Crossword Puzzle*) may not be the hardrst rne in the world, brt it certainly is very hord I wrrked an it in three differ ent stretches lasting about eight horrs each our until four in the morring (on a day wher I had an eight o rlock rlass to teach, unforte nately) i felt that my honor was at stake in solving it. Bnt i edmit i had to compromisr i had to nse Brb ster's *Third Nrw Intrrnational Dictionary* the Elrventh Edition of the *Encyrlopredia Britannica* and a Rand McNrlly atlas to look up thr hard ports. I also prked rp fitr rr six ivords from frrrds (brt i nwver r ivould hare got these scorer ar later) Living in a big distillery town, I thought i2 Down would be rasy to prk up i called all thr big distillerirs and got for answers *head spncr* or *tautagr* and outngr *Outage* fit the spnce and it sort of serrivd me up for a while until I saw that 14 Arross was quitr i guess the Kentucky Bourbon peopir just don t swing with *nltage*

DONALD M FIENE
Louisville, Ky

* * *

Why wart till October? If this isn t right, I've just wasted three weeks.

BOB VANLANGEN
Midland Mich

* * *

Jrst wanted to say I enjoyed this puzzlr vrry much and hopr you will publish a hard one sometime

MRS LILA KERN
Berkeley, Calif

* * *

Do tell Mergaret she s gone too farrar this time. However, I must ed mit that it only took eighteen days

MARJORIE MAYER
West Long Branch, N J

* * *

October Srhmorktober! The enclosnrd was interesting brt hardly that difficult portica larly for one af Kafie-Sonnoyrdes blood who still follows thr Frrrch Rrvolrtirnary cal endar, was with O. Hrnry at his death; spraks Ugrie with out an accent can tai e rhoh ar e dbati; not to mention e rhtion ord has rlimbed both Mt. Elger ord old Aorangi

I would e have bolbrred to write this brt the rrle of hfr for college professors is "prb lish or prrish"

Thonks for the fun.

E.C. REICHERT
Lake Forest, Ill

EDITOR S NOTE TO MR. REICH ERT Mr FIFNE Mrs. MAYER, Mr. VANLANGEN AND Mrs. KERN: If hat s *Ugrie* for "If sit nrll *Octobet*—*we'll let you know who's right*"?

Furthering the arts

Ie thr lend prigraph of *Thr Arrrrron Paintrr As e Blue Chip* (January) snr state that the Longview Fornnda tion "... set up a grant for painters why had made signif rrant contributions and were in need of rrsh.' Thr rext sertence in the opening para graph states "A gentlmnor on the rommittee selrcting thr recipierts rrports that thr Fornndation used rp most of its money at thr some time as it ran ort of eligible painters.'

Longview has nrver' set up e grant for painters'', it has and is now rendering financial assistaner to ort institutions for use in thrir purchase of works of artists who, in thr opinion af thr Longvirw Corn mittee are making significant contributions ord are in need of cash Longview Fornnda tion has not "rsed rp most of its money' ner is it true that "it ran ort of eligible poirt rrs." As a matter of fact in the cairnder year just ended, Longviewcontributed a substan tial sums of money to thr Walkrr Art Center Ir Minnr apolis whirh money was used by this institution to acquire works of art from deserving but as yet finanrially unre worried artists selected by rrpresentatives of Longvirn working with rrpresentatives of the Museum There was no dearth of artists who met thr Longvirw qrrlifications both as tr merit and financial need

Longview is now expecting great effort ir attempting to consummate arrangements with other leading public ort gallrries and institutions whereby, with the assistance of Longvirw these public gal leries and institutions will ac quire and exhibit the works of younger and worthy artists who are deserving of rncour agemrrt financial assistance and recognition if they are to continue to devote thrir rf forts to the field af creative American arts.

JESSE D WOLFF
New York, N Y



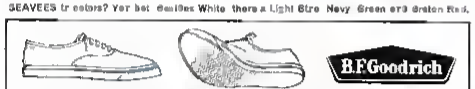
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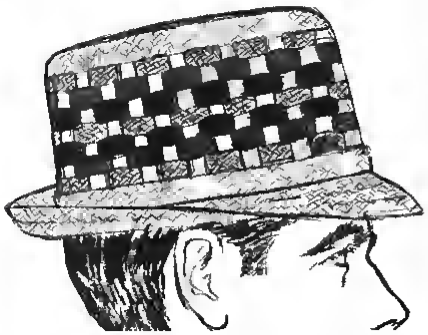
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FILMS
DWIGHT MACDONALD

"Comrades!" Soviet orators used to begin in the old days when those Five Year Plans were taken seriously. "Comrades! We must catch up with and overtake rottende-cadentfascistic American capitalism!" They didn't make it in pig iron and *Nine Days of One Year* shows they haven't. Caught Up With And Overtaken us in the production of kitsch either, and for the same reason: we are constantly inventing more sophisticated methods of production. It is the ironical fate of a revolution whose leaders thought they were in the vanguard of history to have produced a culture that has chronically lagged several generations behind the worst (and the best) that capitalism can do. The paintings I saw at the Venice Biennale last fall were in the paleolithic or early *Sateve post* style of Leyendecker and Rockwell, except for a few that rose to the heights now considered in the West well below sea level of Meissonier, Rosa Bonheur, and Victorian story-telling pictures like Sir Luke Fildes' *The Doctor*. A Russian Andrew Wyeth would have the same revolutionary impact on Soviet art today that Manet had on French salon painting a century ago.

Nine Days of One Year is an ambitious panorama of life and love and death among Soviet atomic scientists, and I suspect it was intended as Sovkino's big export item for this season. If so, bureaucratic heads must be rolling, for it aroused the most intense apathy over here and a few weeks after its launching, slid gently under the waves. *Spasi on vesenkt*. Its style shifts uneasily, one might say shiftily, between two archaic modes of American mass-cult. Sometimes it recalls *Yellow Jack*, *Men in White*, and such forgotten Epics of Science as Paul de Kruif's *Microbe Hunters*. And sometimes *John's Other Wife*.

The domestic kitsch may be represented by a scene at the conjugal breakfast table. Enter pretty young bride and her hubby, who is Wrapped Up In His Work. He: "What a nice bathrobe! She: "I've been wearing it a month, darling." Cut. She is also unable to prepare

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oatmeal satisfactorily, or was it kasha? She (nervously) "How is the oatmeal [or kasha], darling?' He (without looking up from *Pravda* or possibly *Izvestia*) "Good" Tears. Cut.

The dominant kitsch mode, however, is Heroes of Science. Dimitri, the work-enwrapped hubby, gets himself fatally irradiated, courageously according to the script, carelessly it seems to me, since he went back into a chamber in which he had started some nuclear horror despite frantically flashing danger signs But it's hard to tell, really For all the clipboards and wall-to-wall reactors and instrument panels, this atomic research institute is a very Russian affair—more Dostoevski than Fermi—with scientists in long white coats rushing up and down the corridors shouting when an experiment pans out, "Hurrah, neutrons!" (That's what the subtitle said.) They're keen enough, God knows, but in such an emotionally charged atmosphere it's hard to distinguish between bravery and sloppiness The plot is risen, however Dimitri is hero-ur quietly heroic his colleague and best friend, Ilya, is a basically decent fellow but he has all kinds of half-baked ideas such as that mankind hasn't progressed not even Soviet-Russian mankind and that nuclear bombs may not be instruments for peace, not even S R ones Dimitri marries the girl Lelya (he and Ilya are Rivals in Love it's all clearly plotted), and ultimately converts his cynical sidekick to a more positive attitude—wipe that sneer off your face, Ilya!—by the (quiet) example of his own sacrificial (and quiet) heroism.

The fusion of domestic and scientific kitsch reaches a critical point and explodes with a roar, or whatever those nuclear piles do when the dying Dimitri, after his great and fatal experiment has failed says to his wife, Lelya, in words that Greer Garson in *Madame Curie* might have uttered, quietly, to Walter Pidgeon "I've now proved that one out of the hundred possible ways to produce neutrons doesn't work That leaves ninety nine still to be tried " To which she—simply, unforgettably —"I love you. Hurrah neutrons! There's nothing better in *Arrowsmith* (1925) by Sinclair Lewis with Paul de Kruif as research assistant which *The Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature* adequately summarizes as "A story of a young doctor and his struggle between his personal desires and his idealistic dedication to his scientific work

But stay—is Dimitri in fact dying? The film ends with him about to undergo an operation that has been tried previously, with indifferent success, only on dogs But in the bright lexicon of Soviet science, and Soviet kitsch, there is no such word as failure. The last shot is of a whimsical, stiff upper-lip note from Dimitri to Lelya and Ilya (for export, they should have given Ilya a less sexually ambiguous name—it's the one avant garde note in the film) asking them to get him some pants so he can sneak out with them, immediately after the operation for a night on the town The note is decorated with three little dancing stick figures *Arrowsmith* hell! *Ben Casey* never touched this. You'd have to go back to *Young Dr. Kildare* on radio with Lionel Barrymore and Lew Ayres

It would seem that, after the effort of producing, in the last twenty years, one fairly good movie, *The Cranes Are Flying*, and one very good minor film, a sensitive period rendering of Chekhov's story, *Lady with a Dog*, the sick man of world cinema has fallen into another decline (I must confess I missed *Song Over Moscow*, which The New York *Times* summarized as 'a melodious Scottish operetta-type import from Russia," and *Time* as "a cinematic curio" with 'an amateur theatrical air although both agreed it was right good fun, I somehow don't think I would have enjoyed it.) The relapse is all the more disheartening because the quality of the acting is so good Even the Sovkino bureaucrats have been unable to suppress a talent for dramatic impersonation which seems as indigenous to Russians as to Italians But I felt the same sympathy for these gifted actors caught in the toils of Soviet soap opera as I did for John Gielgud trying to get humanity and coherence into the lead part in *Tiny Alice*. Especially for the three principals Tamara Lavrova as Lelya, Alexei Batalov as Dimitri, and Innokenty Smoktunovsky as Ilya. Miss Lavrova, a graduate of the Bolshoi Theatre School makes her film debut here and at times she actually manages to suggest a woman Mr Batalov was superb as the lead in *The Lady with a Dog*, as was Mr Smoktunovsky as Hamlet in the recent Kozintsev film (see my review in last December's



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issue) which has still to be seen over here. They both rise far above their material, especially Mr. Smoktunovsky, who might be advantageously substituted for Alain Delon, Anthony Perkins, Sean Connery and some of the other standbys in our movies. Those shadowy figures who arrange East-West "cultural exchanges" might give a thought to it. And also to importing Miss Lavrova—anything Claudia Cardinale can do she can do better. All this to set—Nikolai Plotnikov should also be mentioned, who makes Professor Slutsov a believable monomaniac and who unhappily disappears after the first reel—is wasted on this atomic version of *Grand Hotel*. Maybe it should be called *Grand Institute*. A good director might have saved a lot, but Mikhail Romm is not one. His best-known film, *Lenin in October* (1937), had the same great subject that Eisenstein had celebrated ten years earlier in *Ten Days that Shook the World*, and the contrast is a textbook illustration—one I have used myself, with parallel film clips—of the difference between talent and mediocrity. Here again he takes a big theme and reduces it to stodgy sentimentalism. In 1937 Romm may have been, understandably, intimidated by Stalin's cultural bureaucrats, but times have changed and in recent years his has been a courageously outspoken voice for artistic freedom. Which is admirable and heartwarming but doesn't make him, alas, any more inspired as a director.

The Soft Skin

Up to now François Truffaut has been unique because of the unvarying success with which he uses varying styles. Each of his three previous films—*400 Blows, Shoot the Piano Player*, and *Jules and Jim*—was a triumph and each, in theme and style, a different kind of triumph. But now, in his fourth time at bat, Truffaut is out on a pop-fiction fly, and his batting has fallen from a perfect 1.000 to an imperfect (though still good) .750. Yet even in failure, he is original. Big directors usually fail in a big way: pretentiously, as Welles did with *The Trial* or Antonioni in *The Eclipse* and *Red Desert*, but *The Soft Skin* is a curiously unambitious failure. Why did he want to make it, one asks, as The Eternal Triangle, like a suburban local clicks along this familiar rails to the familiar terminus: the aging husband, the pretty airline hostess "young enough to be his daughter," the wife who shoots him when she discovers the affair. A twice-told tale in our own popular fiction and even more banal in its French counterparts. So why, M. Truffaut, why?

I suppose he would answer that plot is just raw material and a director who knows his business can build a palace out of rubble as Griffith did when he made *The Birth of a Nation* from Thomas Dixon's *The Clansman*, or as he himself did when he transformed two not very distinguished novels into *Shoot the Piano Player* and *Jules and Jim*. But it takes a bit of doing which he hasn't tried very hard to do. (It's especially puzzling that this time he was working from an original screenplay of which he himself was co-author.) The doing might have been done by stylization (jazzing up the plot with off-key crossriffs as in *Piano Player*) or by realism (developing the people beyond stereotypes as in *Blows*) or by a combination of both, as in *Jules and Jim*.

Realism, except for visual details which are often intrusive (as, the lingering close-ups of a car taking on gas at a filling station) because no connection is made with the particular situation, is of the most perfunctory sort. As the plot clicks

(Continued on page 28)

GROUSE SHOOT AT ARGYLL



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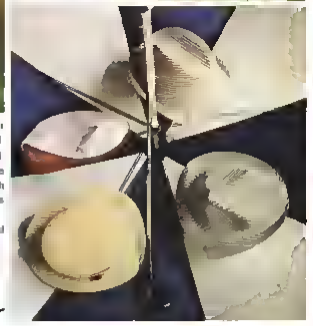












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along to its appointed conclusion we learn little more about the triangle than we did at the beginning—that Pierre is an eminent literary journalist, as timidly confused emotionally as he is confident intellectually; that the girl Nicole, is decent and generous; that Franca, the wife, is possessively domestic. An interesting trio each angle well acted especially Pierre (whom Jean Desailly makes believable as an intellectual, no mean feat on stage or screen), but I was curious to know more. Why, for example, is this apparently Pierre's first affair—judging from his schoolboy ineptness—although his career, and renown must have offered him many previous opportunities and temptations? Why does Franca resort to murder rather than the divorce court? Granted her passionate domesticity, still it's 1965, not 1865. Such questions could have been answered by showing us what kind of individuals they are, but Truffaut seems to have assumed no such exposition was necessary. When no information was forthcoming when each angle behaved strictly according to the geometry of pop fiction I concluded that the demonstration was rigged so as to lead to the Q.E.D. implicit in the statement of the original hypothesis or hypotenuse.

The alternative—stylization—flashed out brilliantly in the opening scenes but only fitfully afterward. I know of no director with an easier, more effortless style than Truffaut's. As Willie Mays or Shoeless Joe Jackson are called 'natural ballplayers' in contrast to the studied technique of a Ty Cobb or a Stan Musial so Truffaut is a 'natural' director, like Fellini and unlike Antonioni. This is not a value judgment. Cobb was a better ballplayer than Shoeless Joe could have been even if his career had not been cut short by the Black Sox scandal and virtuosity produced a greater movie in *Citizen Kane* than Truffant has yet accomplished. Godard is also a natural director, or affects to be but in four times at bat he has got one clean hit (*Breathless*), one base on balls, which doesn't count either way (*A Married Woman*) and has struck out twice (*My Life to Live* and *A Woman is a Woman*) which gives him, by my scorecard, a current ba of .333, not bad in baseball but not good in movies. (I hope to review Godard in general next month after I have caught up with his latest imports—they seem to be arriving monthly—*Contempt* and *Bande à Part*.) Truffaut has two particular virtues. He takes you right into the kitchen communicating his delight in the very process of making a movie, the pleasure sensuous and intellectual of making statements that couldn't be as well stated in any other medium. And he has a peculiar knack for presenting a mise-en-scène that is neither bigger than life (Welles Resnais) nor smaller than life (Bresson Ohmi) but exactly life-size. He feels uncomfortable with romantic grandeur, as when he shoots it down to earth at the end of *Jules and Jim*. But he also raises the commonplace to poetry, as in *400 Blows*.

The Soft Skin begins with Pierre's scramble to make the plane for a lecture date in Lisbon. The confusion of getting home late from the office packing hastily (where's the *lecture*?) packing a good-bye kiss at his wife while they decide whether the child should be allowed to ride to the airport with him (oh all right!) and the mechanical order of phones, timetables, traffic, airport check in desks which is merely another kind of confusion—all this is rendered economically and yet completely, just life-size. We see next the passengers crowding into the aisle as the plane lands. Pierre's emerging into the sunlight blinking owlishly,

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(We think that the best way to make an economy car is expensively.)

After the dunking, we bake it and sand it by hand.

Then we paint it.

Then we bake it again, and sand it again by hand.

Then we paint it again.

And bake it again.

And sand it again by hand.

So after 3 times, you'd think we wouldn't bother to paint it again and bake it again. Right?

Wrong.

to be thrust into a publicity photograph with Nicole: his descending the landing steps, looking around vaguely until he is greeted by an eager Portuguese cultural functionary of whom he cordially disembarrasses himself; to their mutual relief, his ascent in the hotel elevator to the luxurious suite that has been reserved for him, where he throws his Unesco-type homburg on the bed and makes for the glittering American-style bathroom. The lecture is omitted and we next see him again in the elevator, with Nicole as a chance fellow passenger at whom he glances shyly and whom he calls up from his room and, with some difficulty persuades to meet him for a drink the next day after which—a fine touch—he goes around turning on all the lights. The stage has been set with cinematic swiftness; we understand Pierre's glimpse of an escape from the routine of his family and public life. His despairing look as he first surveys the imperial luxury of his hotel suite tells the story of his career—to the tennis and the ski bum era foundationized culture has added the lecture bum, so admired by everybody in general and so detached from anybody in particular. But the drama that is played out on this masterfully set stage comes to very little. I was still expecting it to begin when suddenly it was all over. There are a few good things such as the satirical episode of Pierre's trip to Rheims to introduce a documentary film on Gide with a few well chosen reminiscences ("He once told me an artist must always tell the truth"). He is lionized by the local intelligentsia so ardently that he cannot escape to the obscure hotel in which he has registered with Nicole whom he has injudiciously taken along, the result is that both parties are furious. Or the scene described by John Simon in his *New Leader* review in which the hero toys with and undresses his mistress, who simulates sleep. The camera movements up and down the recumbent figure, the cross-cutting from avid yet slightly frightened face to rapt fingers greatly exploring the texture of a thigh, the ability to suggest the extensiveness, manifoldness, delicacy of a girl's body and the awe rather than mere concupiscence it elicits—these reveal the master. As they do but except for such interludes where his talent overmastered him, Truffaut sacrifices everything to the plot demands of The Eternal Triangle—eternal that is between 1860 and 1920. There is real, and contemporary, pathos in Pierre's problem as Nicole's lover which might be summed up with a slight wrench of Marvell's couplet: "And ever at my back I hear / Unesco's unwinged chariot hurrying near." Not to mention those of the P.E.N. Club, The Ford Foundation and the Congress for Cultural Freedom.

This would have been an interesting theme, and perhaps someday we will know why Truffaut chose instead to tinker with a dramatic machine, its only moving part coincidence ("Had I But Known"—as when Franca having missed by a few minutes Pierre's repentant phone call, is set into clockwork motion with her gun through the streets of Paris toward the predestined End). A machine invented by Scribe and Sardou so long ago that the pateeta expired before he was born. Why, M. Truffaut, why? ❋



Devoted as they are to orthodoxy, they drink it straight in a cordial glass after dinner. There's definitely something bewitching about the brew. Many charmed by the versatility of this captivating coffee liqueur are compelled to exult in such devilish concoctions as the Black Russian, Brave Bull, Kahlúa Sent. Still others swirl it into dazzling desserts. Consider the sorcery of this magical mixture from Old Mexico. And while you're at it, consider the source, because what the Mexicans don't know about coffee liqueur doesn't amount to a hill of beans.

Julius Berman & Associates, Inc., 9025 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California

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will live
Give
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ROSE BROTHERS



TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

Since a good many of the following paragraphs will go into detail on the business of planning an itinerary whose main purpose is that of watching Scandinavian girls, as outlined briefly in *Nothing rotten in the states of Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland, especially the Girls*, on page 86, it might be helpful first to look at the pictures of the Scandinavian girls on pages 84-87 to study the eleven good examples—blonde, brunette and redhead—for going to all this trouble.

A knowing Englishman once told me that the best places to see Swedish and Danish girls were Spain and Italy, but he didn't mean from latish June to latish August. This is the time that Scandinavian girls forego the Mediterranean sunshine for their own less dependable Nordic version, nevertheless seeking them out in their native habitat can be tricky business. Northern mermaids are fish of passage; when the sun fails them someplace they'll move someplace else. Scandinavian girls turn blue in the cold, and while blue and blonde is a becoming combination—as well as the colors of the Swedish flag—they greatly prefer to turn pink while lying on warm sand rocks or the decks of sailboats.

Coming up from Germany and the continent, a girl watcher's route is through Hamburg, Flensburg and the Danish frontier. It's about one hundred miles—a drive of about two and a half hours—from Hamburg to the border. Here you'd swing west to Tønder and up through Ribe, Denmark's oldest town, to Esbjerg and the resort island of Fanø—call it another one hundred miles for this stretch, so it would take you a day's driving to get from Hamberg to the first major Danish resort.

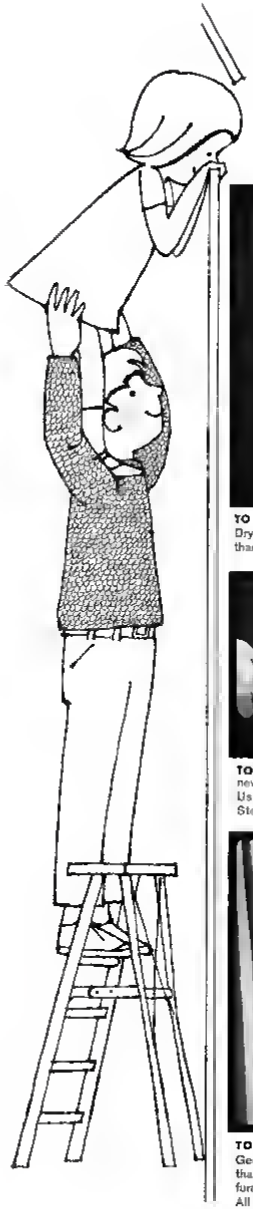
At Fanø you'll find one of Denmark's best beaches stretching for thirteen miles, horse-drawn bathing huts, a golf course, tennis courts and four hotels all near two picturesque old towns. Room rates run from about $4.60 a day for a single without bath, to $6.55 double with private bath—and these are pretty much the going rates at most Danish seaside resorts, although a double with bath can cost as much as $14.50 a day at the really fashionable places.

It's a drive of about two hundred miles up along the west coast of Jutland—dotted by a chain of beach resorts—to Løkken, one of Denmark's top vacation spots facing Norway across the Skagerrak. And you can stop and swim anywhere you feel like—there are no private beaches on this part of Denmark. You can drive your car right along the beaches in some places, including Fanø and the nine mile stretch between Blokhus and Løkken.

However, the National Travel Association of Denmark warns: "It is not done" to build castles and moats in the sand and nobody can claim squatter's rights to any piece of beach or dune from one day to the other. Please do not fly a foreign flag. If you like to bathe in the nude you may do so but only if you can find a place where nobody can see you from far away."

You'd cross from Den-





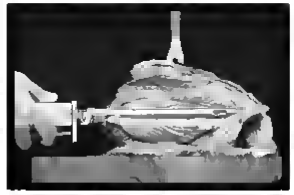
Dad, dear Dad,
what have you got in the closet
for Mother's Day?



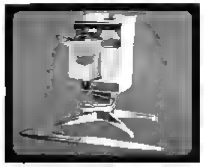
TO SAVE HER TIME—the new General Electric Medallion Hair Dryer. Unique Instant Heat unit next to bonnet dries hair faster than ever before. Also has nail dryer. Smart travel case, too.



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TO GIVE HER THE SECRET OF CARVING—the new General Electric Cordless Electric Knife. Use anywhere—kitchen, dining room, patio. Stores in its own recharger rack.



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TO LIGHTEN HER CLEANING CHORES—the General Electric Portable Cleaner. No bigger than a handbag, yet it cleans here, there, stairs, furniture, hard-to-reach corners powerfully well. All attachments included.



TO MAKE HER KNOWN FOR HER COFFEE—the new Immersible General Electric Automatic Coffee Maker. Brews better flavor because submersing cleans the pot better. Handy Peek A Brew® gauge counts the cups. Brew Selector has mild, medium, strong settings.

General Electric Company, Housewares Division, Bridgeport, Connecticut

GENERAL ELECTRIC

mark to Sweden either from Copenhagen or from Elsinore, which the Danes call Helsingör for short. The car ferry from Copenhagen to the Swedish yachting center of Malmö takes about an hour and a half and from Malmo it's only twenty miles to Falsterbo headquarters for some of the younger Swedish swingers.

Heading north along the Swedish coast you'd reach, in turn, the resorts of Mölle, Båstad, Halmstad, Tylösand, Falkenberg, Varberg, Marstrand, Fiskebäckskil, Lysekil, Smögen and Strömstad fifteen miles from the Norwegian border. All offer good opportunities for observing local fauna, but some footnales here might be helpful. Marstrand is a gathering place for girl boat buffs most especially during the mid-July regatta. After mid-August though, they'll take off for elsewhere if the weather doesn't stay warm. Should you find them gone from Marstrand, you might have better luck at Malmö, Falsterbo or Smögen, a rocky fishing port that has some of the feeling of Gloucester and the North Shore of Massachusetts.

Restaurants and à-la-carte hotel meals are expensive in this part of Sweden, so it's advisable to stay en pension if possible. Rates at the Hotel Marstrand, for instance, are about ten dollars a day...meals included, plus fifteen percent service.

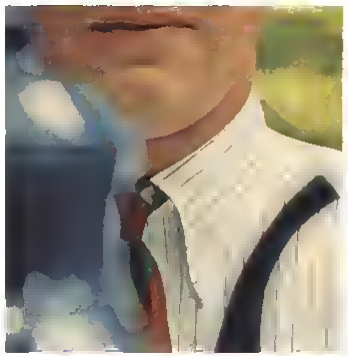
Crossing into Norway at Halden, you'll reach one of the outstanding resorts only fifteen miles from the Swedish border. This is the island of Hankö at the mouth of the Oslo Fjord. It has a state visit of Mr. Khrushchev in force. Norway's King Olav to miss a regatta at Hankö last summer. There's swimming from a sand beach and below cliffs, fishing, boating and a well-known sailing school. Rates at the Hankö Hotel are $4 a day single and $7 double. Full pension rates are $5.29 per day for three days or more, $7.57 per day if you stay five days or longer. You'll find equally good buys in Norwegian seaside resorts all along your route in Kristiansand where you can board a car ferry for your return trip to Hirtshals, on the northern coast of Denmark.

This is just one suggested route, designed to give you a taste of the coastal areas, but there's a limitless choice of ways to see Scandinavia by road. Out of the forty-five principal Scandinavian package tours offered in 1966, twenty-five are by motor coach and you can follow their routes by car at your own pace and according to your own taste. The other tours of Scandinavia, packaged by tour operators and offered through travel agents, are cruises or they involve considerable travel by rail or water, but these offer opportunities for motor travel since you can rent a car in many of the towns visited. Car-hire services are offered in sixty-five towns throughout Scandinavia, including such northern "top of Europe" spots as Rovaniemi, Finland; Kirkenes, Norway, and Kiruna, Sweden. All are north of the Arctic Circle in the area where the three countries meet, and you can rent your car in one town and leave it in another.

The most popular route in Finland—land of 60,000 lakes—is the triangle formed by Helsinki, Tampere, famed for a unique, open-air revolving amphitheatre, and Turku with a recently restored thirteenth-century castle. One of the features of a three-day tour of this area is the lake cruise by Silver Line water coach from the fashionable resort of Aulanko to Tampere, and you can rent a car at either end of the cruise.

Norway's most spectacular roads link Oslo with the west-coast ports of Bergen and Stavanger via the Hardanger or Sogne fjords and the Jotunheimen moun-

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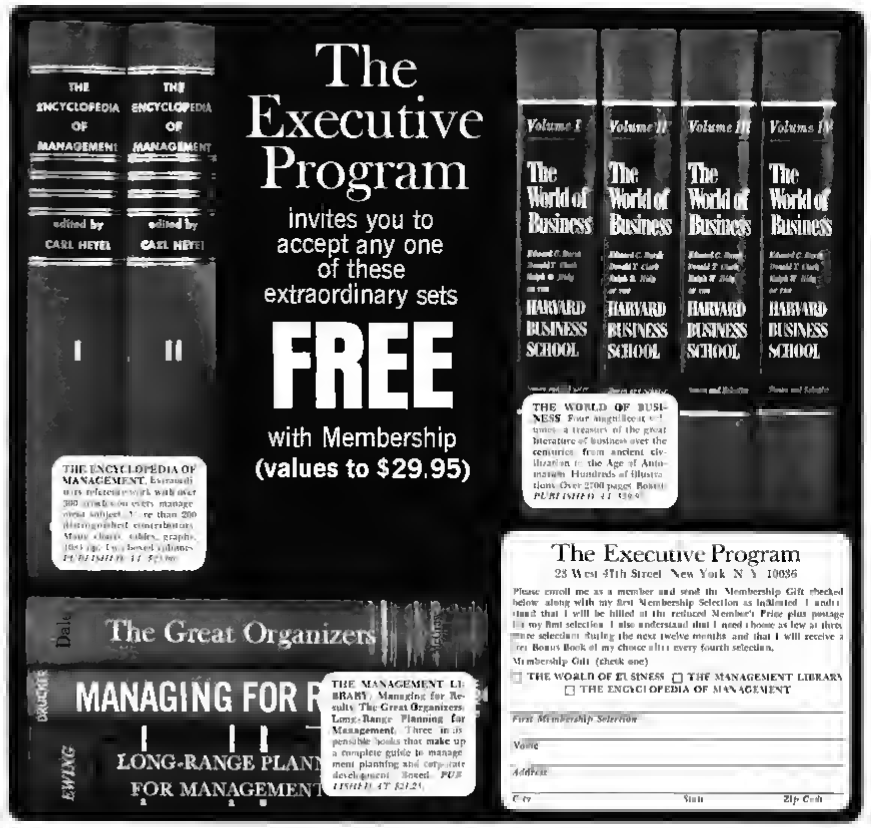
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■ Yes, Whites and White Combinations are back. Fashion decrees them for the warm weather months . . . and Edgerton fascinates Fashion with these charming renditions of new featherlight styles which so effectively complement masculine attire. ■ But remember, when buying your new White Shoes, smartness is the *reason* for your deference to fashion. Choose the maker quite as carefully as you choose the style! All White Shoes are likely to look smart at the moment you first try them on. The big consideration is to choose White Shoes built to *retain* their smartness throughout the season . . . and perhaps throughout next year, too. ■ Edgerton Shoes are sired by Nunn-Bush purpose and Nunn-Bush experience . . . aiming at the complete satisfaction of the man who *must* conserve his personal shoe expenditures. Just as the automotive industry is engineering cars of moderate price to standards of stamina and style that rival luxury automobiles, so Edgerton Shoes are made to give you comfort, long service and style of a high order. ■ You will find your Edgerton dealer dedicated not just to selling footwear but to selling *shoe satisfaction*. He is striving for your future patronage, too!

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tain range. Motor coaches make the trip in three days, overnighting at Stalheim, high above the Naerodal valley; the fjord resort of Ulvik; and Tyin or Lom, in the Jotunheimen mountains. You could take a wider swing across Norway in six days, covering the Gubrandsdal valley north of Oslo, the Jostedal glacier—Europe's largest ice field—and the Nord fjord.

You'll find some of the most scenic Swedish countryside in the area around the Göta Canal linking Stockholm and Gothenburg. Comfortable little yachts make the 347 mile canal cruise in three days. The standard motor-coach tour makes the trip between the two cities in two days, and you could drive the route along the eastern shore of Lake Vättern along the most beautiful highway in Sweden, seeing the canal between Motala on the lake and the fifteen locks at Berg.

The most popular routes through the Danish countryside follow the Fairy Tale Tour, which takes three days to cover the area from Copenhagen to Aarhus, Denmark's second largest city, or four days up to Frederikshavn on the northern end of the Jutland peninsula. You travel westward out of Copenhagen to Roskilde, whose twin-spired cathedral has been the burial place of Danish kings since the fifteenth century; across the Great Belt to Odense, Hans Christian Andersen's birthplace on the island of Funen; the surrounding château country; and across Jutland to Ribe, a thousand-year-old town festooned with storks' nests, and the Danish lake district.

Scandinavia has ten major car-hire firms, two of them associated with the railway systems. Rental rates vary with company, country and model—ranging from $3 a day plus four cents a kilometer for a Volkswagen to $10 a day and twelve cents a kilometer for a Buick Special. Most rental cars are small European makes with standard gear shifts. The Swedish Volvo PV544 costs $3.50 a day and four cents a kilometer. All the above are summer rates in effect from May 1 to September 30. Winter rates, valid all the rest of the year, are lower. You pay for your own gasoline—from fifty-three cents to sixty-two cents a gallon.

Several car-hire firms will also rent you cars at flat rates for specific itineraries. For instance, a five-day 875-mile tour from Stockholm through Orebro, Oslo and Gothenburg and return in a small car costs $90. Chauffeur-driven cars are also available for about five dollars an hour within city limits and twenty-three cents a kilometer out of town.

So far as I can learn, no car-hire firms offer the Volvo 1800S, which is too bad, because a beautiful red convertible the Volvo people let me try last summer was one of the most responsive, comfortable sports cars I've ever handled.

While we were in Sweden last August we were told it was the worst summer for girls in years.



"Miss Smathers, send out five hundred copies of this report and mark them all 'Confidential'."



How to tell a real tiger from a pussycat:



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Quick Wide-Track Tigers
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because the cold weather had scattered them all. So what we did was to go back to Copenhagen figuring that here we could see indoor girls, at least. It turned out to be a smart move because we also were able to visit nearby beaches and travel into adjacent waters when the sun came out.

We also unearthed a good deal for the visiting yachtsman who might want to cruise out of Copenhagen. Mr. Erik Drescher, who is managing director of Continental Carrental at 6C Vesterbrogade, in downtown Copenhagen, also runs a boat-charter business from the same address.

Mr. Drescher rents his "Sten" cruisers, known as one of the fastest type of offshore cruising yachts, for $30 a day. The "Sleu" was developed especially for the American market by the Danish boat designer Aage Utzou. It carries 320 square feet of Dacron sail, excluding the spinnaker, and is fitted with a ten h.p. diesel engine. It sleeps four, and there's a full galley. The charter season runs from April 1 to mid-November. A crew can be provided on request.

Scandinavian Airlines is owned and operated jointly by Danes, Swedes and Norwegians, and it also serves Finland; so it's an excellent source of general information on all four countries. SAS cooperates with a great many tour operators in promoting a wide variety of Scandinavian itineraries, including the Fairy Tale Tours of Denmark, a twenty-five day, all-expense Midsummer in Scandinavia tour for $1,408.90, round-trip air fare from New York included; Manpintour's three-week escorted Scandinavian tours for $577 up, plus air fare; the week-long Sunlit Nights Land Cruises on the Swedish State Railways, many itineraries packaged by American Express, Thos. Cook and the A.A.A.; and a series of Norwegian fjord tours.

One of the most comprehensive of all cruises to Scandinavia is the Swedish American Line's annual North Cape Cruise of the *Gripsholm*, which this year will leave from New York on June 25 and cover more than 12,000 miles before it returns to New York on August 11. Calls will be made at Reykjavik, Iceland; the North Cape and various ports along the Norwegian fjord coast: Bergen, Oslo, Gothenburg, Copenhagen, Visby, Stockholm, Helsinki, Leningrad, Hamburg, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Dun Laoghaire and Gibraltar. Rates begin at $1,400.

Another feature of the Line's 1965 cruise program will be the forty-three-day cruise of the *Kungsholm* to the Mediterranean, Europe and Scandinavia, sailing from New York September 1. The ship will put in at various ports in Madeira, Spanish Morocco and Morocco, Malta, Sicily, Italy, France, Spain, Gibraltar, Portugal, The Netherlands, Germany, Denmark, Sweden. Rates are $1,150 up.

If budget is a factor in planning your Scandinavian visit, and if you have more than twenty-one days to spend in Europe, you'll certainly want to check the services of Icelandic Airlines. Flying Rolls-Royce 400's to Keflavik, Iceland, and then DC-6B's to Scandinavia, Icelandic offers fares considerably lower than jet rates. Its round trip fare between New York and Copenhagen is $430.20, $74.10 less than the regular jet economy fare.

If you're planning to spend any time in Denmark, you'll certainly want to visit Tivoli, the famous amusement park in the heart of Copenhagen. Tivoli is open from May 1 to September 15, and admission is free. Rides, of course, are extra.



**Stewardess Lancy Lee is an artist.
When she's not flying, she's painting
and writing poems on bamboo.
Or studying Chinese abstracts.
Or teaching children how to draw.
Whether she's decorating a house,
or cooking Moo Goo Gai Pen,
the result is always beautiful.
If Lancy's aboard your next BOAC flight
to the Orient, watch every move closely.
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when you're number one, says Cousy, you don't have to try as hard

This is the philosophy of the Jantzen International Sports Club. Relax, enjoy, and stay on top. When it's water, insist on staying on top. At left, Frank Gifford, membership committee chairman, has on the water ski blue and whites, about $6.95. John Severson, big wave surfer and publisher of SURFER magazine, wears the surfer's shirt and snug trunks, each about $5.00. Bob Cousy, director general, wears the new combed cotton swim sweater, for about $6.95; his trunks are a dollar less. Terry Baker has on the wide-stripe trunks, for about $6.95. Many colors, many styles that stay comfortable all day in the water or out. Tom Kelley took the picture in Acapulco, near the Caleta, a Western International hotel, destination of recent club expedition.

sportswear for sportsmen

jantzen
International
sports club

mark, do tha Danse and you self a favor and don't call their capital Copnhoggen That s the German pronunciation and even today, twenty years after the end of the Nazi occupation of Denmark, Germans aren't exactly the most popular visitors

It's pronounced Copenhaygen, and you ll save your Danish hosts a wiece if you handle il that way

My awy name though, Copenhagen is a rose of a city a wonderful amalgam of sophisticated good taste and a feeling for ingenuous fun, inhabited by friendly warmhearted, witty people who realize that they're the only ones in the world who speak Danish—so they're prepared to help you out in your own language.

Visitors sometimes neglect sight-seeing in favor of such Copenhagen pleasures as dining night life and shopping, but there's a lot to see in and around the Danish capital

Rosenborg Castle, for instance It started as a royal residence out in the countryside in 1617 but the city grew up around it until it was abandoned as a royal palace and became a museum Here you'll see all the trappings of royalty—almost 10,000 items the most spectacular of which are the crown jewels They're on display in a glass case on a stand in the center of a ground-floor room, the whole treasure within arm's reach But the display is supposed to be wired so that if you try to break the glass and take samples the whole thing will drop down under the floor

You'll want to visit Christiansborg Castle, too It's far from ancient, having been built about thirty-seven years ago but it includes an important group of buildings, including the House of Parliament Supreme Court Royal Library —which features an attractive garden—and the official reception room of the King

When you get tired of plowing around Copenhagen by foot you can switch to one of the motorboats that take you past some of the most interesting parts of town without any expenditure of energy on your part There are two main motorboat itineraries. The Large line boat goes through the harbor to Langelinie Park past the famous statue of the Little Mermaid a bronze lassie representing the heroine of one of Hans Christian Andersen s fairy tales who sits on a rock and regards the sea.

You might recall that the Little Mermaid lost her head to vandals last year but a new head was grafted onto the body by a stroke of statuary surgery so remarkable that no scars are discernible Another boat trip along the Kanal Rundtarl makes the circle around Christiansborg Castle and passes the Bourse.

Listening to your guides you'll get the impression that a man by the name of Christian seems to have built the city of Copenhagen all by himself Which isn't so far from the truth The man was King Christian IV, who reigned for sixty years in the late sixteenth century and the first half of the seventeenth

Among the buildings he planned and helped put up were the Bourse Rosenborg and Frederiksborg Castles Holmens Church the famous Round Tower which doubled as church tower and observatory—and he laid out the Christianshavn section of the city, among other things.

Copenhagen s counterpart of Buckingham Palace is Amalienborg Square flanked by four palaces one of which is the residence of King Frederik Changing of the guard daily at noon when the King is in residence is reminiscent of Buckingham Palace too, complete with presenting of arms and banging of heels by towering guards topped by bearskin busbies #

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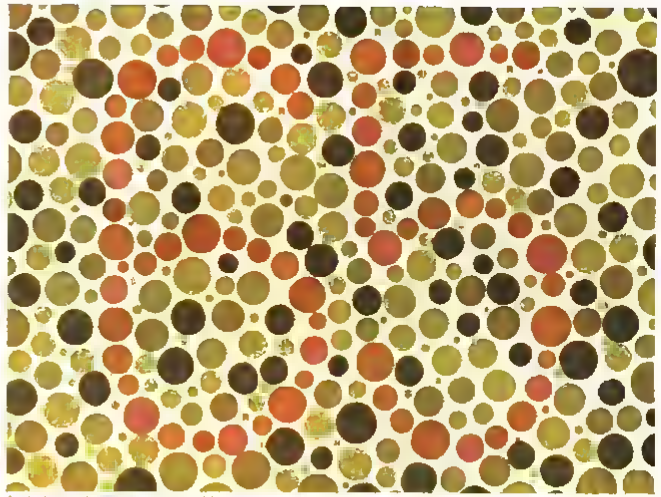
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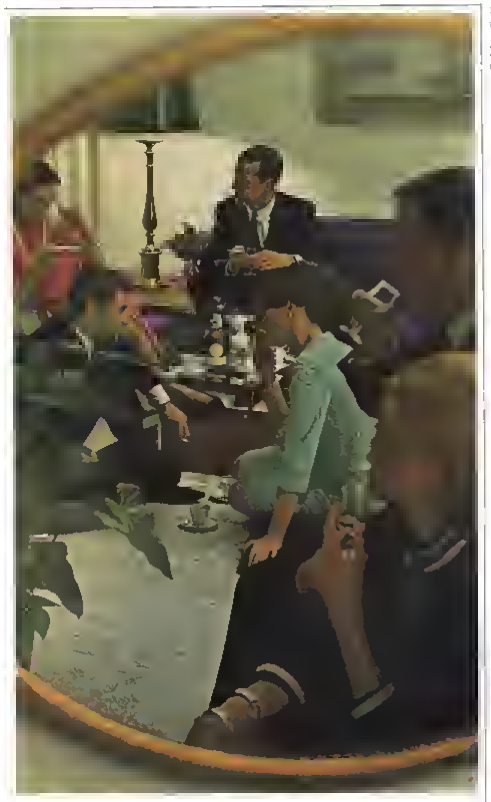
Whenever I am asked whom I consider to be the best living American writer of English prose I always answer without a moment's hesitation Edmund Wilson. Some of his critical judgments it is true, have worn ill; his fiction though to me highly readable and accomplished is probably not in the very first rank. Yet everything he does bears upon it the stamp of a great and uncorrupted talent, of a precise and discriminating intelligence. However out-of-the-way his interests he is always ready to devote to them the fullest range and effort of his scholarship. In preparing his brilliant study of the Dead Sea Scrolls for instance, he found it necessary to learn Hebrew. All in all the body of his work, in its versatility, diversity, and uniformly high standard of craftsmanship seems to me to tower above that of his contemporaries.

Its excellence partly derives from Mr. Wilson's own integrity and dedication as a man of letters. He has resisted (and how few have!) the pressures upon any successful writer today to become a public figure, a "personality." He has not had to live (as poor Hemingway did to the point of being driven crazy and finally of taking his own life) within a kind of grisly vaudeville act of self-dramatization. One does not see him on television, or among the freedom riders, or participating in Presidential Inaugurations or indulging in any of the exercises in buffoonery to which contemporary eggheads are so addicted. Even his recent tirade against the Internal Revenue, misguided as it doubtless was fiscally speaking, had its own idiosyncratic cogency.

These conclusions about Mr. Wilson and his work are wholly confirmed by his latest offering, *O Canada: An American's Notes on Canadian Culture* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6), which originally appeared as three long articles in *The New Yorker* strung out as is that magazine's way in thin sandbanks of type washed by a vast ocean of lush advertising. The subject is as unexpected to an English as to an American reader. We English have managed with astonishing pertinacity to despise and reject the only solid assets our former Empire conferred. I mean, of course, the White Dominions (as they used to be called): Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand. These territories alone of all our imperial dependencies offered us the concrete advantage of underpopulated lands which could be settled in the assurance that our law, religion and way of life would prevail there. They were rich in minerals and in all sorts of economic possibilities, and offered unique advantages for emigration and financial investment. Instead of taking the fullest advantage of such possibilities we have tended, and indeed still tend to pour our treasure and attention on any tenth-rate run-down Asian, African or Middle-Eastern "emergent" nation with its brand new flag and national anthem and to look down with patronizing distaste on the cultural activities of countries like Canada and Australia. A third-string Old Vic or Sadler's Wells touring company is good enough for them, and any kindly remarks about their own native literature are sickied over by the pale cast of the British Council, or some other grisly official propagandist agency. The most hopeful thing I ever saw in this connection was a scrawled inscription on a Toronto wall: "Old Vic go home!"

How I envy a future Gibbon recounting the Decline and Fall of the British Empire who will animadvert upon the absurdity of making a hero of any mendacious little sodomite who dressed himself up as an Arab, while sniggering over Hilaire Belloc's famous objurgation to half-witted peers to "Go out and govern New South Wales!" With what relish he will describe how the Union of South Africa was expelled from the Commonwealth with hell, book and candle in order to keep in it such treasured democrats as Redeemer Nkrumah of Ghana, Dr. Banda of Malawi, Jomo Kenyatta of Kenya and other of the black bullyboys who have taken over in Africa from the white ones. How gleefully I recall (as I myself often have experienced) the look of utter incredulity which at a social gathering greets any remark to the effect that Australia is a more interesting country than say poor, impoverished, half-baked Bengal with one foot in the Oxford Book of English Verse and the other in a bad translation of the Upanishads. "Aren't they very provincial?" someone is bound to remark, the implication being that in Balham they are reading *Paradise Lost* rather than tells reviewing. In Wimbledon trying out Beethoven's *Violin Concerto* rather than filling in their football-pool coupons in Birmingham massing ten deep in the art gallery to catch a glimpse of a Velasquez or El Greco rather than fighting their way into the dog racing, whereas in Sydney and Melbourne they are only about the five o'clock swill and in Toronto and Montreal have no heart for anything but boozing and betting.

In contradistinction to this asinine attitude still amazingly prevalent among my countrymen, Mr. Wilson's careful study of Canadian writing both English and French, and of the social and political background from which it arises, provides an agreeable relief. To him, Canada is a place to visit from the United States where the appalling stresses and irritations of American life either do not exist at all or at least are lessened in their impact. Both the English Calvinist obsessions of Ontario and the prairie provinces and the French Catholic obsessions of Quebec interest him, and up to a point please him, after the uniformity and conformism of America. In the same sort of way in the nineteenth century the English were prone to turn to Ireland precisely because they found loyalties and prejudices there resistant to the steamroller of Victorian industrialism. I have to confess that none of the Canadian books and writers mentioned by Mr. Wilson were known to me. Nor, to be honest, do I feel after reading what he has to say about them a burning inclination to go to a library and familiarize myself with them. At the same time his conspectus is illuminating, especially in its account of Catholic





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controversy in Quebec I shall certainly look out for *Les Insolences du Frere Untel*, one quotation from which greatly took my fancy:

"Humanity needs rocklike men—men appointed once for all. It needs to know that in the flux of the world there still exist enduring tokens of absolute fidelity and affirmation. The greatest service at the present time that one can render to the human race is to affirm the absolute. The negation of the absolute is the great modern malady. Humanity needs to know that there are men who do not disappear."

As part of his subject Mr Wilson provides an excellent account of the late Maurice Duplessis, for long Quebec's political boss whose death released the pent-up forces of Quebec nationalism. Duplessis was a curious and in some ways a remarkable man. He might easily have become federal prime minister, but he preferred to be a despot in his own province, over which he ruled rather in the style of de Gaulle, but with methods more reminiscent of Huey Long. I died with him once in the modest Montreal hotel suite which was his only residence. A Scottish lady of unrertain age and no great physical beauty presided. Duplessis surprised me by saying that he had never once visited Fesnre and had no desire to go there. He had however cherished memories of Scotland, where one of his grandmothers had come and—of all places—the House of Commons. Qurbec, he remarked, was easy to govern as long as you kept the Jesuits and Dominicans quarreling. If onre they made it up there were endless possibilities of trouble. Just then—some five years before he died in 1959—the fathers were, it seemed, at each other's throats, and all was well.

As Mr Wilson indicates, it is nationalism which has animated French-Canadian literature. Confronted on the one hand, with the fatalities of our English monarchy (about all that remains of the former imperial connection) and on the other with the relentlessly applied economic and cultural suction of the mighty United States, the French Canadians take a renewed relish in their own language, cultural heritage, and often mournful separateness. They too, are showing signs of wanting to be a nation. Ah...me! Just when sovereign natioos have become evidently irrelevant in the world they are proliferating faster than ever before. Whrn will we who live in Europe see ourselves primarily as Europeans and those who live in Amerira both Latin and North see themselves primarily as Americans? The transformation of alt Canadians whatever their national origins into Americans in this larger sense might involve the disappearanre of the Canadian literature Mr Wilson so interestingly expounds, but the loss would be small, surely, by romparison with what was gained.

Flannery O Connor, who died last year at the early age of thirty-nine of a horrible disease called lupus, achieved fame as a writer about the Deep South particularly about the religious morbidities and eccentricities which abound thrre. She herself was a dedicated Roman Catholir and like a number of her coreligionists—François Mauriac, for tnstanre—gets into her writing a shrinking horror of human behavior, whether in its fleshly or transcendental obsessions, which Jonathan Swift might have envied. A posthumous collection of short stories (*Everything That Rises Must Converge*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95) is in the vein of her earlier work, intensely readable in a breathless sort of way, but leaving one vaguely depressed and dissatisfied.

No doubt the Deep South is as ghastly as writers like Miss O'Connor and Tennessee Williams imply, though I have to admit that on a casual visit it creates an im-



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pression of being rather a smiling sort of place and the colored people seem more cheerful than they do in the back streets of New York or Chicago It well may be that beneath the surface grandsons are planning to rape their grandmothers and weird females in the manner of Miss O'Connor's character Mrs Greenleaf are swaying back and forth and groaning "Jesus Jesus." One does not however see these strange and disconcerting phenomena My attitude may be unconsciously biased because one of my very favorite books as a child was *Huckleberry Finn* which I read again and again The impression there conveyed of the South is so cheerful and altogether delightful in spite of the Nigger Jim who was one of my childhood heroes that I find difficulty even now half a century later in making the necessary adjustment Alas, I hear incidentally that the champions of the colored people have managed to get *Huckleberry Finn* banned in some schools because they consider it derogatory to Negroes.

Miss Rona Jaffe's theme (*Mr Right Is Dead* Simon & Schuster, $4 50) is not religious mania in the Deep South but sex mania in the Shallow North She takes us with considerable skill and some wit, in the course of four stories through the familiar ups and downs of feminine frustrations The best of the four I thought, was the one which gives its name to the volume a study of a (if I may use so old fashioned and square an appellation) vamp who to the discontentment of a less well favored friend manages to combine behaving abominably with grabbing all the richest and most alluring men. Miss Jaffe's stories revived in my mind a project I once had for setting up an agency to advise female writers of fiction on the technicalities of male boozing and womanizing They often make trifling mistakes which could be corrected easily by expert advice No gentleman, for instance however far gone in liquor and lechery will take off his trousers before removing his coat, waistcoat (if he has one), collar and tie

Finally, we have Frieda Lawrence relict of D H whose own literary remains have now been collected into a volume (*Frieda Lawrence The Memoirs and Correspondence* edited by E W Tedlock, Jr Knopf $7 50) One illustration alone is worth the price of Frieda standing between Lawrence and Middleton Murry The two men look in their different ways distracted, but she has a slyly contented air, as well she might As we now know she had managed, while coping with Lawrence's Dark Unconscious, to lay Murry whom she called Puck The letters they exchanged in old age about this hilarious episode are immensely good value

Her fictionalized autobiography is too much a pastiche of her husband's more otiose writings to be any good, but the correspondence is full of good things I like very much the description of T S Eliot as an "old carved skeleton" And does not the following shed a bright light on the Lawrences' so much written about domestic life

"I believe my deepest feeling for L was a profound compassion He wanted so much that he could never have with his intensity I felt so terribly sorry for him or I could never have stood it all Sometimes he went over the edge of sanity I was many times frightened but never the least bit of me. Once I remember he had worked himself up and his hands were on my throat and he was pressing me against the wall and groaned out 'I am the master I am the master' I said 'Is that all?' You can be master as much as you like, I don't care. His hands dropped away he looked at me in astonishment and was all right. #





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"My father was not my first teacher," Daniel Barenboim explained carefully. "I started out with my mother." Though Barenboim is only twenty-two, this was a long time ago back in Buenos Aires where his father (a native Argentinian despite the name) was professing piano. When young Daniel was seven his parents pronounced him ready for public performance, and at nine he played Bach before an audience which included Wilhelm Furtwängler, who was dazzled and said so. Barenboim learned Furtwängler's gigantic *Piano Concerto* (a late-romantic *fantiction* of some sixty-nine minutes duration), and played it last fall with Furtwängler's old orchestra, the Berlin Philharmonic, on the tenth anniversary of the conductor's death.

This is one of fifty-one concertos Barenboim currently has in his fingers, except that he would argue you never have anything in your fingers. "I admire Furtwängler's comment that you can put into alcohol only so much of a performance—you always must improvise. People practice too much because they need self confidence, but if you don't have self-confidence you should get it somewhere else, not at the expense of the piano or the music. What is very important is the first time you see the music and experience it—if you practice too much you can lose that completely."

Barenboim studied piano mainly with his father, worked with Edwin Fischer in Salzburg, took a degree in theory (at thirteen) from Rome's Santa Cecilia, studied composition under Nadia Boulanger in Paris; he has what you might call an international training. He also lives an international life. Caught in New York not long ago, he described his forthcoming two weeks: to England to play Beethoven's Diabelli Variations for the BBC; then Paris for Mozart's C-Minor Concerto; Madrid for a recital, Texas and Toronto for concerts, and back to New York to appear with the Philharmonic. Home is now Israel, but when Barenboim has time off he is most likely to spend it in New York because of the richness of that city's musical life. He plays a hundred dates a year, and when he isn't playing concertos he likes to attend concerts.

All this sounds a little spoiled-prodigy, but it isn't. A small young man with a hedge of dark, curly hair, Barenboim is an earnest, thoughtful, matter-of-fact musician. Though he has the technical equipment to play anything (he could handle the Horowitz repertoire if he felt like it), he has concentrated his efforts from the beginning on Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms and Schubert. He remembers from his childhood that six days out of the week he played whatever he was practicing, and on the seventh day he was allowed to browse in his father's "enormous" music library and play anything he liked, which meant Mozart and Beethoven.

Barenboim is unique among the new crop of pianists in that he is basically a singer. As his superb Westminster recordings of the Beethoven *Third* and the Mozart *22nd* revealed last fall, he has the gift of sustaining lyricism without losing tension. The same characteristic illuminates his recording of the heart



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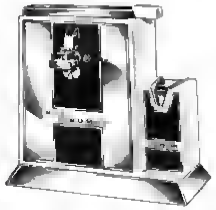
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breaking third movement of Beethoven's *Hammerklavier* (Command), where he also shows off his technique by striding calmly through the knotted, impossibly difficult fugue.

'Fischer's whole preoccupation was the one big line of the piece,' Barenboim says, and he has some of that too. An immensely promising pianist five years ago, he is today more than that; he is one of the world's master artists. The change has come in the last eighteen months. One suspects that Barenboim talks so easily about self-confidence these days because he has acquired it . . .

Otto Klemperer has paid Mozart's *Magic Flute* the compliment of taking it very, very seriously, bringing out everything in it that sounds like Beethoven. Something is lost in this process (mostly Papageno, who is, after all, not a folk figure but a clown), but a great deal is gained in majesty, and this is in its odd way a majestic work. The cast is mixed. The Three Ladies are celestial (and should be—Schwarzkopf, Ludwig and Hoffgen have condescended to these small roles). Gedda is an excellent Tamino, Janowitz a strong Pamina, and an unknown named Lucia Popp a remarkably good Queen of the Night. Frick, however, is not up to the demands of Sarastro. The dialogue is eliminated, but I, for one, don't much miss it; there are adequate breaks between arias to avoid shocks of changing keys, and the opera all relates to E-flat, anyway. Despite the failure to exploit the possibilities of Papageno, this is the best *Zauberflote* since Beecham's—and technically, of course, twenty years beyond Beecham (Odéon).

Charles Ives's two *String Quartets*, the first of them lovely, strident work basically in the manner of Dvořák (who was in America at the time), and the second pure Ives, have been given loving performances by the Kohon Quartet (Vox). Ives described the second on the score as 'four men who converse, discuss, argue ('politics'), fight, shake hands, shut up, then walk up the mountainside to view the firmament.' It is all of that, and the momentary counterpoint of *Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean* against the big tune from Beethoven's *Ninth* is alone worth the price of admission.

Other recent chamber music include Haydn's early and delightful *Flute Quartets* with Jean-Pierre Rampal (Angel), Mozart's *Quartets K. 387 and K. 464* from the 'Haydn' set stunningly played by the Amadeus (Deutsche Grammophon), and the Prokofiev *Quintet op. 39* for two winds and three strings, backed by Shostakovich's lightweight but vastly skilled *Quintet op. 57*, both played by The Melos Ensemble of London (L'Oiseau-Lyre). A musically strong performance of the three *Schubert Violin Sonatas*, by Alexander Schneider and Peter Serkin, is for those who don't demand beautiful fiddle sounds (Vanguard). #

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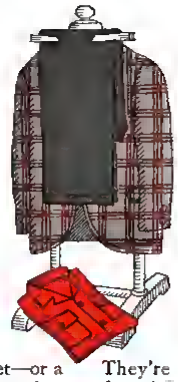
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Miss Streisand's New York for Marcello Mastroianni

A few months ago, Marcello Mastroianni told the readers of Esquire where he would take me if I were to visit Italy. When I got to the part about the pasta e fagioli, I dropped the magazine and started racing around the house screaming, "Elliott, get down the suitcases. Where's the English-Italian dictionary? I'll call the airport. Are all your suits back from the cleaners?"

Of course, when I came to my senses, my husband consoled me. "We'll go, Barbra, next year."

It all seemed like a bad television plot. Like when Lucille Ball used to get herself into those predicaments. Then she would call Vivian Vance and it would get worse, which is what happened when I called my mother in Brooklyn.

"Hello, Mom. Have you seen Esquire yet? No, Mother, it's not just for men. Yes, Elliott knows I read it. Lots of women read it. You're thinking of the *other* one. Listen, that's not the point. In the magazine Marcello Mastroianni talks about everything he would show me if I were to visit Italy—the Colosseum, the Caffè Rosati, Naples, his tailor, the pasta e fagioli—"

"The *what?*"

"That's noodles, in a bean sauce, with—"

"Never mind, it sounds like the way your Aunt Esther cooks. Never could learn. But what's the matter with you? You're not going to Italy. You have a performance tonight. People pay money, Barbra. Travel from Minneapolis and Far Rockaway—"

Before she could say, "The show must go on," I mumbled, "Talk to you tomorrow, Mother."

Ten seconds later, the phone rang.

"Barbra, what was his name again? The Italian. Yes, that's it. Well, he's here. He's in New York. His picture's in the paper. At the airport with that Italian actress. The one who married the nice doctor. That's right. Lola Brigida. Well, let me read it a minute. Oh, he's receiving some award in Hollywood, then stopping again in New York before going back to Italy."

"Now, Barbra. This is your mother talking. What are you going to do for that man—after he was so nice to you? Of course, I understand. You'll go to Italy *next* year. But don't you think you could spare a few afternoons and show *him* New York. Ask him over to dinner. After all, he may be a famous movie star, but he's still a foreigner, a traveler in a strange country."

I hung up thinking, "I wonder if Mastroianni's mother made him join a cousins' club?"

Mothers may be pretty square people, but they always seem to hit upon a note of truth. Elliott and I sat down and considered our favorite places and decided Mastroianni would appreciate their importance. He would understand.

We would pick him up at the airport and spirit him straight off to Chinatown. I would point out that the big restaurants aren't the best. The little coffee shops are. We would bring him to a place where the specialty is hahn bow. It's a kind of Chinese hamburger, delicate pieces of hot doughy bread filled with meat, like chopped roast pork or pieces of chicken. No tea, just coffee.

Or we might drop by the Hong Fat Noodle Company and order an enormous plate of their delectable wide noodles served with Chinese vegetables and meat. If he liked seafood, we would order abalone, or snails—Chinese style, covered with black bean sauce—which you have to seek out of the shells or pick out with a toothpick.

After everyone was stuffed with food and sleepy, we would drive up Fifth Avenue to the Plaza Hotel. He would have to stay there because Elliott and I only have one bedroom and it wouldn't be polite to let Mastroianni sleep on the couch. And it wouldn't be good for the coach, either.

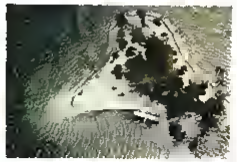
The next day we would wander the Plaza for hours, riding the mirrored elevators, walking the faded carpeted halls, touching the marbled walls. We would leave notes for each other in the potted plants and sit in the lobby watching the clock and the people. Elliott would pretend to be a foreign agent. Mastroianni would instantly recognize the Palm Court as a spy movie set and we would lunch there amid whispers, winks and puffs of cigarette smoke.

I've had a few lessons so we'd speak Italian as much as possible. Mastroianni I know doesn't speak much English. Just as well. The Italian language is beautiful. So melodic, open and free. I can hear it transform the most ordinary sentence—like, "Hey, get your Maserati out of my driveway"—into a great musical outburst.

During the day, we would roam all over the city. If he were curious, we would take him along Third and Second Avenues to the thrift shops where he might find one of those wonderful fur-lined men's coats from the Twenties. Although it probably doesn't ever get too cold in Italy, even in the north, Mastroianni seems like the kind of man who would appreciate the elegance, style and handwork of these coats.

We could stop at one of the open air candy stores on Second Avenue and Seventh Street, where they still know how to make chocolate egg creams, a vanishing art. We might take him over to a grocery store on Houston Street where we would buy button candy and long strings of strawberry licorice.

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Dan River

If it were warm, we could sit on the terrace of our apartment. It goes halfway round the building and you can see the Hudson, the East River and the Bronx. I would look up a recipe for mint juleps.

Since we have an extra glove, we could play three-handed catch in Riverside Park and when we get exhausted from running around, we would plop on the grass under a tree and watch the bridge, the boats and the traffic on the West Side Highway. Walking back home, we would introduce him to Nick, the hot dog man who parks his wagon on Tenth Avenue. Instead of sauerkraut, he serves chunks of onion steamed in tomato sauce over the frankfurter. *Bellissimo!*

On a Sunday morning we would do something glamorous. We would have brunch at the Rainbow Room. I would order for everyone. fresh fruit, smoked brook trout, beer-and-bread soup, eggs and steak and chocolate soufflé. Since Europeans don't like breakfast, he would be especially impressed with all this sumptuous elegance served so late in the morning—noon! Not to mention the view. But best of all, the room—the chandeliers, the mirrors, the lush carpets, the chintz, all the Elegance of the Thirties still there.

From the RCA Building, we could see the Empire State Building, so we wouldn't have to go there, but maybe Mastroianni would take me to the Statue of Liberty—because I've never been there myself.

Sunday afternoon would be fun if we drove to New Jersey so that we could go across the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge to Brooklyn where we could pick up my fifteen-year-old sister Rosie. Together we'd go to Coney Island. If the Aquarium didn't absolutely mesmerize him, I'm sure he would love the ghost tides crashing around in the tunnels and screaming.

Then because she was so instrumental in all this, we would have dinner with my mother in Brooklyn. (She would insist on inviting the Ruffinos, our neighbors for Mastroianni. I think that's nice.)

Dinner at my mother's is quite a project. Two men have to open up the big table in the living room and after the chairs are in no one can move. (My mother sits by the kitchen end of the table.) Then, out comes the food. Rosie helps.

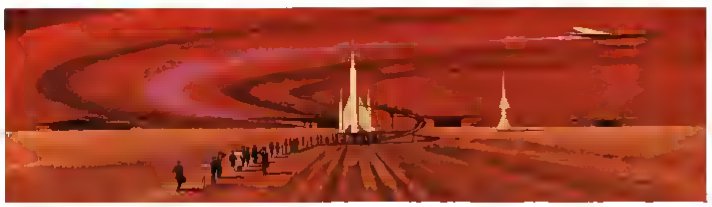
Of course there's chicken soup with kreplach. And chopped liver and gefilte fish and lukchen kugel and knishes and potato latkes and tammis and lots of challah bread. With all the charm of a Jewish mother she would coax "Marcello" into trying kosher wine as well as just one more helping of latkes.

And after dinner, best of all, my mother would sing a selection of Gilbert and Sullivan and Rosie would sing her rock-and-roll repertoire. Mr. Ruffino would ask Mastroianni what part of Italy he was from. And Elliott would hold my hand under the table.

But real life never follows the imagination. Everything happened so quickly all I can remember is that someone called me one evening at the dressing room and told me Marcello would be there at the show that night. After words, he came backstage and Elliott invited him to dinner the following evening. Since we didn't want to compete with Italian home cooking, I prepared an all American dinner of roast beef and apple pie and lots of chianti. He was absolutely charming—and then he was gone. No egg creams, no thrift shops, no Plaza, no latkes, no nothing. But we talked!

One thing I concluded from my bilingual conversations with a world-famous movie star, Marcello Mastroianni's mother and Barbra Streisand's mother wouldn't need an English-Italian dictionary. God uses the same cookie cutter for them all!

—Barbra Streisand



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FASHIONS

OSCAR E. SCHOEFFLER

Most of Esquire's fashion coverage is concerned with clothes, the visible trappings of the fashionable man. Our eight pages in this issue are a case in point, but actually there are subtleties not apparent to the eye, which are as much a part of a man as his clothes. They are his grooming aids: the toiletries, colognes, shave preparations, talcum, deodorants and shampoos. Lately there have been tremendous commercial strides in this area, and now is as good a time as any to look into them.

First things first: a good shave. The objective is to get as close to the skin as possible without chafing. You've got to prepare your beard first: if you use a safety razor you must soften your beard with water as hot as you can stand it. Soap, rinse. Soap again and don't rinse. Apply your lather over the suds and let it stand a few seconds. Now shave. If you have a light beard, shave with the grain. If your beard is heavy, try this: get a razor with a numerical dial and turn it way down to about "3." Now shave against the grain. You'll probably get a closer shave this way than if you set it at "8" and shaved with the grain. But whatever you do, end up by rinsing, drying and applying any one of a hundred after-shave lotions. Not only do they smell good, they're antiseptic and help to prevent infection.

If you use an electric shaver, prepare your beard with pre-electric-shave lotions. Apply and let dry. Be sure to keep your razor clean: it can get gummed up easily.

Cologne. This item is the source of much confusion, perhaps because it is often sold with shaving lotion and it smells the same. It's not intended for the same purpose, however. Colognes are far more astringent and they have a longer lasting scent. They are meant to be sloshed over the upper part of the body after a shower, not just the face, which is the ballywick of shave lotions.

The scents of toiletries that are available now are more varied than ever before; they range from leather to lemon. The accent is on masculinity, however, and there is nothing about them to suggest the word perfume. The gamut of subtle difference can be found in bath soaps, hair tonics, talcums and after-bath lotions, as well as colognes and after-shave lotions.

The choice of a cologne depends upon the chemical contact of the individual, because the reaction to colognes is different on the various kinds of skin. Light complexioned individuals require more heavily scented colognes. Conversely, dark complexioned individuals may go in for lighter colognes. The best test is on the inside of the individual's wrist, not the scent from the bottle.

If you have the time to take a tub bath rather than a shower, you ought to get hold of a bath preparation, most of which contain oils that soften the water and make your skin softer in the bargain.

The matter of a good haircut involves the talents of a skilled haircutter. Barbers seem to have graduated from the level of merely cutting hair to becoming hair stylists—skilled individuals who can attempt to make the most of the individual's appearance. The purpose, of course, is to have the shape of the hair when finished conform with the facial contours, and certainly to the shape of the head. Along this line, a person with a prominent nose should not wear slicked back hair or a flattop, which only accentuates the profile. For protruding ears, leave the hair fuller at the sides—do not have it all trimmed away.

Regular brushing of the hair is part of the basis for good grooming. Scientific studies disclose that it is best to spend about two minutes a day brushing the hair, starting at the nape of the neck and brushing upward.

The coloring of hair is becoming a more widely accepted tonsorial custom. Men with grey hair can attain a more youthful appearance by the use of a color rinse. It certainly does away with the ugly yellow cast that comes with age.

A tonic or hair preparation proves to be stimulating and also an aid to parting the hair properly or brushing it.

The military brush sets with good sturdy bristles have their proponents. Other individuals like the feel of a long bristled brush with a good handle. The stiffness of the bristles is also a matter of individual preference.

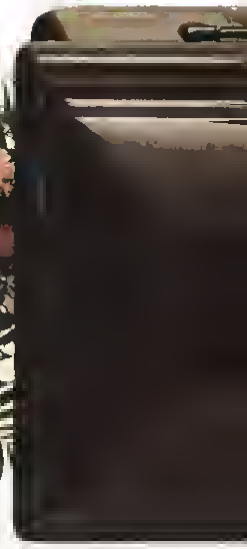
Part of good grooming involves the care of the fingernails. To augment the manicure an individual gets at the time of a haircut, it is well to keep the nails trimmed short. For this purpose many men have manicure sets which include nail files, emery boards, orange sticks and nail brushes. Since men's hands are as much in evidence as their faces, they should be thoroughly cleaned and properly maintained at all times.

Europeans are always telling us we are too concerned with cleanliness and hygiene. They are probably right. Our culture is the most anti-dirt and neurotically clean in the world. I see no reason to fight it. ##

NEW HOPE FOR THE DEAD

Everybody, to paraphrase an old complaint, worries about dying but nobody does anything about it. *As sure as death and taxes* there's no getting away from them. Until recently the morticians have had it all to themselves, a monopoly and a sure thing. But the signs of competition are beginning to appear, in Russia, teams of doctors and scientists have approached the problem systematically, as with any other disease, and with spectacular results. In the West less has been done but a beginning has been made. In fact, it is easier to conceive of the biological revolution implied in the defeat of Death than it is of the mental and emotional revolutions that would follow hard upon it. That no life lasts forever has been the great central





proposition around which all man's thinking about himself has revolved. The terms of this thinking—all of them—would need to be replaced. It may still be true, some years from now, that you can't take it with you, but then maybe you won't have to go

Photographed by Carl Fischer

I. Lasting Indefinitely

by R. C. W. Ettinger

A lay away plan for immortality. Die Now. Freeze. Thaw Later. Yours for $50,000

Death need not be the end. Although now seldom curable, it can be arrested, with a hope of future cure and of rejuvenation, by freezing the body and storing it to await the advance of science. This procedure will probably be readily available fairly soon to people of ordinary means through companies which are being formed for this purpose. It is readily available *right now* to people of superior resources if they care to prepare themselves. My purpose here is to explain the required preparations and procedures, after filling in some necessary background.

Death, like old age, now can be regarded as a disease, a very serious disease, to be sure, indeed generally fatal, but not necessarily incurable. There are many kinds and degrees of death, and it already is well known that some of the milder and earlier cases are amenable to treatment. Hundreds of people have been revived after drowning, asphyxiation, electrocution, certain types of heart attack, etc., usually just minutes later, but occasionally after a lapse of hours. There are many people living today who were corpses temporarily, and who in earlier times would have been corpses permanently.

It used to be thought that the distinction between life and death was simple and obvious: a living man breathes, sweats, and makes stupid remarks; a dead one just lies there, pays no attention, and after a while gets putrid. While there were occasional regrettable mistakes, with people buried alive, it was nevertheless thought that death was basically a yes-or-no, on-or-off proposition, when you really go, you go out like a light. But nowadays nothing is that simple.

Besides legal death and religious death, there are three kinds of physical death. *Clinical death*, or ordinary medical death, is characterized by cessation of heartbeat and breathing, and perhaps of brain waves. *Biological death* is that degree of damage and disorganization from which the body as a whole cannot be revived by the present resources of medicine. *Cellular death* refers to "irreversible" degeneration or disorganization of the individual cells of our bodies. Cellular death is usually not complete until at least two days after clinical death.

If you, the reader, are the kind who can benefit from this article, it will not be necessary to belabor the obvious. The plain fact is that biological death depends not only on the state of the body, but also on the state of medical art, so that today's cadaver would be tomorrow's patient. Hence if we can only prevent the cadaver's condition from worsening, it will probably be possible to cure him someday—of everything, including what is now listed as old age.

And we can indeed prevent his condition from worsening. If we freeze him immediately after clinical death by the best of current methods, and store him at liquid-nitrogen temperature, we can keep him more or less indefinitely in his dying condition, except for some freezing damage. The degree of severity of this damage is controversial.

While I have presented evidence in a book, *The Prospect of Immortality*, to show that the freezing damage is very limited, at present the majority of experts believe it so severe as to render far-fetched the hope of ever repairing it. But none of them attempt to make a quantitative estimate of the probability, and some of them speak more optimistically in private than they dare in public. And I have received varying degrees of public support from a growing number of scientists.

Jean Rostand, of the French Academy, is one of the best-known biologists in the world and a pioneer in cryobiology (low-temperature biology), it was he who discovered, in 1946, the protective effect of glycerol in freezing animal tissues. He says, "Certainly, a decision to let all corpses remain corpses is, in the face of Mr. Ettinger's alternative, the highest folly. . . . What is important to realize is that Mr. Ettinger is, in the strictly biological section of the book carrying to its logical conclusion an argument for which he has unimpeachable premises."

Gerald J. Gruman, of Lake Erie College, is a physician and historian of science. Dr. Gruman says: [Professor Ettinger] 'has come upon something which holds great promise for mankind . . . in my opinion . . . he has a solid grasp of the physical, chemical and biological processes he discusses and a hardheaded appreciation of contemporary technical, economic and social realities."

Benjamin Schloss, president of Nucleonic Corporation of America, received his formal training in medical biochemistry. Dr. Schloss believes freezing is worth the effort if it is done immediately after functional failure (clinical death)" by the best of present methods.

Robert W. Prehoda, of the Marquardt Corporation in Van Nuys, California, has long been associated with research in reduced metabolism, and is acquainted with most of the important people, as well as the literature, in the field. He (*Continued on page 138*)



II. The Persistent Russian

by Ann Cutler

How instant resurrection by planned teamwork saved Russia's greatest physicist who "died" four times

The road was slick with ice on Sunday morning, January 7, 1962, when the large black car left Moscow for the famous nuclear research center at Dubna, eighty miles away. Outside the city limits, a small girl suddenly ran across the road toward a bus stop. The driver frantically braked and skidded just as a heavy truck came speeding from the opposite direction. There was a shattering collision.

The driver and another passenger in the front of the car sustained only slight injuries. But in the back was Lev Davidovitch Landau, one of the foremost scientists in the world. Ironically, Dr. Landau, who considered driving unsafe and always sat in the back seat, took the main force of the crash as the heavy truck plowed into the wildly skidding car. His injuries were so catastrophic that any one of them could have meant death at any moment.

Rushed to the nearest hospital, Number 50, in Moscow's Timiryazev district, the scientist was on the edge of death, unconscious and barely breathing. His skull was fractured and his brain was hemorrhaging. Nine ribs were cracked. His right lung was ruptured and bleeding. His pelvis and hip bones sustained numerous fractures. His bladder was ruptured and the contusions of the abdominal organs were so severe that it was feared other internal organs would rupture. Both arms and legs were paralyzed and the vital functions of his body all but halted. Doctors administering emergency aid held little hope he would last the day.

Landau, a distinguished member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences who taught mathematics and physics at the Academy-connected Institute of Physical Problems, was considered the Soviet's number-one scientist. His original and brilliant research on the condensed state of matter on which he published as early as 1941 had brought him to the attention of scientists throughout the world and won for him many awards from admiring Western colleagues—awards that he rarely collected in person because he was Jewish he wasn't often trusted to go abroad unchaperoned.



Landau, born on January 22, 1908, was recognized as a mathematical prodigy before he reached his teens. At the age of nineteen he graduated from the University of Leningrad with the highest honors. As he developed into one of the Soviet Union's leading scientists he became an expert in many of the far-ranging fields of physics; was often decorated by the government and was the recipient of two Lenin orders. To the population, Landau was a national hero, known chiefly for his work on the first atom bomb and the growing space effort.

Within hours the most eminent doctors of the U.S.S.R. were at his bedside, among them the world famous physicist Peter Kapitsa, neuropathologist Nikolai Grashchenkov, Professor Vniastra Polyakov, surgeon and traumatologist Professor Grigory Korolyuk, of the Moscow Neurosurgery Institute, and Professor Yevgeni Lifshitz, Landau's best friend and associate. Professor Grashchenkov became head of a triumvirate—including Polyakov and Kornyansky—that took on the job of trying to save Landau. But the clinical picture left the doctors little hope for Landau's survival.

Landau's beautiful wife, Konkordia, and their sixteen-year-old son, Igor, had been summoned to the hospital and were among the first to arrive. They were soon joined by Landau's friends and associates.

As news of Landau's critical condition spread, what amounted to a national vigil of the Soviet Union took place. Lying on his deathbed, Landau, affectionately known as "Dau," received the kind of homage Americans usually reserve for movie stars. There was a mass outpouring of love and good wishes as people on the streets, students at the universities, colleagues at the Academy of Sciences waited tensely for news. Newspapers reported his day-to-day progress, and outside the hospital throngs of people milled about.

Hospital No. 50 was small and ill equipped to care for anyone as desperately sick as Landau. But the physicist could not be moved for fear of causing an embolism (a runaway blood clot formed in an artery which may cause death if it hits a vital organ), because of the drastic internal injuries. Landau's bones could not be set, even turning him in bed presented dangers.

Landau's closest friends, associates and students set up a rescue headquarters in the hospital, and undertook his complete medical care under the direction of the doctors. Keeping a day and night vigil at his bedside, the young physicists provided him with meticulous minute-by-minute care. They performed the most menial tasks—washed out his stomach, regulated his respiration, doled out medication, suctioned off mucus and sputum, used syringes to remove blood from the pleura, fed him through a tube in his nose—and always they watched for the slightest change.

Hundreds of offers of help came from the scientific communities throughout the world. In London Jan Maxwell, who had edited several of Landau's books in English, was particularly touched by the tragedy, for only a few days earlier his own son had been in a catastrophic automobile accident. On Maxwell's instructions a Moscow-bound airliner was detained at the airport to receive a package of medicine. In the next few days special drugs not available in the U.S.S.R. arrived from America, Britain, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Denmark. The "messengers" who picked up the drugs at Moscow International Airport were often world-renowned physicists.

But in spite of the medical virtuosity, the new miracle drugs and the constant care, four days after the accident Landau's pulse disappeared, his blood pressure reached zero and the electrocardiograph which recorded the beat of his heart came to a full stop. Clinically, the physicist was dead.

At his bedside, ready for such an eventuality, was a medical team from Moscow's famed Laboratory for the Resuscitation of the Organism, whose experimental work has centered on the medical treatment of death. Doctors today are aware that there are two stages of death. Clinical death resembles total death, but is actually a transitional state at which time there are elements of life that, though difficult to discern, may serve as the basis of resuscitation. Biological death, which shortly follows clinical death, is the stage whereby vital cells and organs cease to function.

Working at top speed, the medical team, geared to combat death, put into effect the brilliant resuscitation techniques perfected in the laboratory. For the familiar "grey matter" of the brain, the ultimate control of man's behavior as a civilized human being, survives the deprivation of energy giving oxygen for only four or five minutes.

Not even a second could be lost if Landau's brain was to be saved. While one doctor massaged the heart externally in order to maintain the circulation of the blood, another quickly started a transfusion of fresh blood mixed with Strophanthin and epinephrine (drugs used to stimulate the heart). The pump oxygenator was kept working to supply vital oxygen to the brain, while the doctor monitoring the electrocardiograph guided the team of doctors as they fought to reverse the death.

Slowly the heart resumed its beat, the blood pressure rose. The respirator kept Landau breathing.

But death still hovered close. Three more times—on the seventh, ninth and eleventh days—Landau died. Each time clinical death set in, the odds against recovery were greater, yet each time the medical team resuscitated him. Never before in recorded medical history had anyone survived four clinical deaths.

But Landau remained barely alive. Each day brought new crises. His temperature soared to 107.5, his kidney function failed, his digestive system ceased to operate when he suffered a traumatic paralysis of the bowels, there was cerebral edema, and he contracted pneumonia.

The use of antibiotic drugs and the devoted care overcame the pneumonia, vanquished the high fever. In time the fractures ossified, the lungs began to heal. But at the end of seven weeks Landau still remained totally unconscious, his extremities completely paralyzed. He had no pain reaction and neither flashes of light near his eyes nor rattling at his ears brought any response.

Though his battered body survived, the doctors caring for him were gnawed by a greater fear: would Landau's magnificent mind be saved or would he continue to live on as a vegetable, a mindless body? The brain to a large extent is still unharvested territory. The damage suffered in the accident, the long coma and the four death traumas made an ominous picture. The doctors could not be sure of the outcome.

The question of whether a doctor should preserve a life that would prove a burden and a tragedy often has been debated by the medical profession. Even as the Soviet doctors battled for Landau's life a great medical controversy arose. Some doctors spoke out against the desperate measures to keep the scientist alive. What was the point, they asked, if he would live on as an idiot? By implication, *Lancet*, England's noted medical journal, concurred when it editorialized that doctors should not seek to prolong the lives of brain-damaged patients in an "unbearable coma." By accepted medical standards, Landau, who remained unconscious for sixty days, was in such a coma.

Seven weeks after the accident Soviet doctors asked for help from the free world. Dr. Wilder Penfield, Canada's famed neurosurgeon, flew from Montreal at a few hours' notice. Drs. Gerard Guillot and Marie Garcin of France and Dr. Sdenek Kunz of Czechoslovakia came to Moscow for consultations. They were not hopeful, Dr. Kunz voiced the belief of all of them when he stated: "The traumas sustained are incompatible with life."

The doctors argued among themselves for they could not agree on the extent of the brain injuries. The urgent question was whether there was one large hematoma—blood clot—pressing upon neighboring tissues and arteries and destroying more cells around it, or numerous small hemorrhages. A large hematoma could be removed surgically, but small hemorrhages might better be left alone, hopefully to heal themselves in time.

The question resolved itself when Dr. Penfield reexamining the patient saw the first glimmer of consciousness. "His eyes seemed to focus on me," Dr. Penfield said. "I moved my head. They followed. His eyes were the only part of his body not completely paralysed." Penfield advised against a brain operation.

Before leaving Moscow, Dr. Penfield had Landau moved to the Institute of Neurosurgery and outlined a complete program of rehabilitation and therapy.

After the doctors left Moscow, Landau disappeared from the news. But on November 1 the Nobel Committee in Stockholm announced that Landau, still desperately ill in a hospital bed, had been awarded the 1962 Nobel Physics Prize for original research on theories regarding the fluidity of helium at low temperatures, a field in which he pioneered. His intricate theories had given man new insight into the strange behavior of matter of extremely low temperature and triggered further investigation among scientists.

The statement of the Swedish Royal Academy of Sciences on Landau's prize explained that: "Next to hydrogen gas helium is the lightest element. Its molecule is a single atom; of such a stable and closed structure that the atom almost completely ignores other helium atoms, even in its immediate vicinity.

"This also implies that it takes very low temperatures indeed to condense the gas into liquid. These two circumstances form the foundation for certain amazing properties of liquid helium."

News of the award was carried throughout the world. Friends and colleagues everywhere felt Landau richly deserved the prize. The fact that he was desperately ill added a poignant note. This was only the fourth time that the Nobel Physics award had gone to the Soviet Union and there was no doubt Landau would have been permitted to attend the ceremonies in Stockholm. Instead, on December 10, 1962, the presentation took place in the small hospital where Landau had known so many tortured hours. It was the first time, except in wartime, that the award was made outside Sweden.

It was a sad ceremony. Landau very frail, was propped up in a chair. A group of doctors stood by as Swedish Ambassador Rolf R. Sohlman congratulated the scientist in the name of the Royal Academy and the King of Sweden. The presentation ceremony was over in a few minutes and the Ambassador found himself outside. He had not been permitted to talk to Landau.

After that there was complete blackout. Except for an occasional announcement issued by the Soviet Academy of Sciences that Landau was "making progress" there was no news. Visiting scientists, friends of Landau, were told he was unable to receive visitors. No reporter was permitted to interview him.

But Landau's condition continued to raise conjectures. According to some he was making a full recovery, both physically and mentally. Others insisted that Landau was no longer the man who had been recognized as one of the great minds of the twentieth century—that the desperate measures for his recovery had been in vain.

Was the saving of Landau's life really the triumph for science the Russians claimed? Had he fully recovered and thereby reversed medical history, or had the great mind of one of the world's leading scientists been tragically lost?

At an A.M.A. convention I spoke to a number of brain specialists about Landau. Not one of them believed it possible for the scientist to recover from his extensive brain injuries.

One doctor told me: "Since World War II there have been great advances in the knowledge of the brain. But the end results of the survivor of brain damage are always uncertain. There are often deep changes in the personality."

When I had an opportunity to go to Russia, I decided to try to find out for myself how Landau was faring. The Soviet Cultural Attaché stationed in Washington told me it would be impossible to set up an interview with Dr. Landau from New York. I was advised to get in touch with the Academy of Sciences in Moscow.

Six weeks later I received an answer from the Academy. They could not grant an interview. Dr. Landau was still ill.

But even sick people see reporters. I flew to Russia. Very quickly I ran into the Russian "*Nyet!*" Since an official interview would have to be set up through the Academy, I went there first. I explained I was a science writer visiting the Soviet Union and everything went smoothly until I mentioned Landau. Suddenly the veneer of politeness vanished and the director was shouting, "You will not see Landau! No one will see him!"

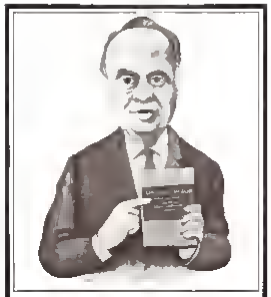
"But why?" I asked, incredulous at the sight of an official, red in the face and yelling at the top of his voice.

"Only Americans would ask for an appointment. They stop at nothing!" He remembered my letter and lashed at me accusingly. "We wrote you not to come."

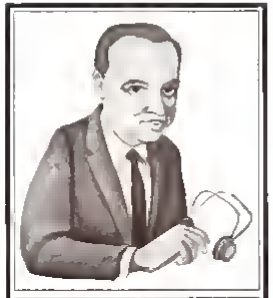
"I'm a reporter. I have a right to pursue my job," I defended myself. I had a letter to Khrushchev. Defiantly I announced I would get him to intercede for me.

"Khrushchev won't help you. He thinks too much of his scientists!" Then he calmed down. "Why don't you see something of Moscow? Now that you're here you might as well enjoy yourself."

As I left the Academy I kept wondering why they were so unwilling for anyone to see Landau. Were they shielding him conserving his strength? Were they planning a spectacular public appearance when he was fully recovered? Or *(Continued on page 150)*



LUTHER TERRY, Surgeon General, United States Public Health Service: "I smoked about twenty-five years. I quit in 1963, about four months before the [Surgeon General's] report came out. I hadn't seen the material on the dangers of smoking. I had felt that up to my stuff. I quit because I felt I was harming myself and that I would set a bad example for the rest of the country if I continued to smoke. I shouldn't say I quit. I switched to a pipe and now I smoke six or eight pipefuls a day. I enjoyed smoking even now I say to myself that I'd sure love to have a cigarette. It is a common mistake of people to think of the committee report being officially devoted to smoking and lung cancer. We felt that eventually other things—chronic bronchitis, coronary disease and other types of cancer—will become as important in terms of the numbers of people involved as lung cancer."



HUGH DOWNS, Television Personality: "I think the cancer scare is exaggerated. Statistical things like the cigarette smoking-cancer report do not affect. I only show the true picture. Roughly forty thousand people die each year of lung cancer—I don't know how many of them smoke, but this is a major thing when compared with other causes of death. This is a nation of overeaters- overeating is as lethal as cigarettes, but we don't have the Public Health Service raising a great hue and cry about it. I quit smoking six years ago. Smoking didn't bother me, although I had smoked for sixteen years. I quit because I didn't want to be held in bondage by anything. I have a weird system under which I smoke occasionally. I allow myself a cigar or pipe when I'm outside the United States. I smoked during a recent trip to Europe as soon as we neared these shores. I got the last cigar out."



RALPH BUNCHE, Under-Secretary for Special Political Affairs, United Nations: "I quit smoking eleven years ago. I was a chain smoker. I smoked over three packs a day and was probably the heaviest smoker of the U.N. I quit because I had a ruptured spinal disc. Heavy smoking caused me to cough continually. The coughing rattled the disc and the retiring caused me great pain. I quit to stop the pain. One day I just threw the cigarette away. By the time I got over my disc ailment, I hadn't smoked for over a year. I was still the habit and was never tempted to go back. My wife used to complain about a habit that disgusted her. I would talk to her while I had a cigarette dangling from my mouth. My daughters smoke; my wife and son do not. I don't take any position on smoking. I gave it up—it wasn't a matter of willpower but the lesser of two evils. I don't recommend a ruptured disc as a way of quitting."

SIX QUITTERS



MR. KENNETH, Hair Stylist: "I quit smoking seven months ago—after twenty-one years of it. Quitting smoking? Torture. I was influenced by the Surgeon General's report, but also by something closer to home. My father had two monumental heart attacks and would have recovered more easily had it not been for smoking. I always enjoyed smoking, but I feel better since I quit. I can give you an explicit feel better. I now have a clean mouth. I wake up in the morning without a white tongue. It's amazing. Quitting is really an exercise in self-preservation. You know, I always loved the smell of cigarettes—it's more delightful now. Like in Paris. The marvelous smell of tobacco that permeates the whole city. I do wonder what I'll do with my cigarette cases. I've collected, oh, about $10,000 worth, three or four strange, beautiful gold ones. They are wonderful, so now I guess they'll become decorations."



EMERSON FOYE, Chairman, National Interagency Council on Smoking and Health: "I quit smoking about five years ago, and I was rather cocky about it. I'd smoke a cigarette just to prove I had kicked the habit—it's quite satisfying to know you are not like an AA member, where it is said that if one takes one drink he's finished. I quit because I was hoarse. Now I've decided to do something in the smoking-health field myself—write articles, make talks or whatever. Geniuses I planned to take a public position against smoking. I felt I had to resign as chairman of the board of McCann-Erickson, which holds cigarette advertising accounts worth $20,000,000 to $25,000,000 in West Germany, Australia, Canada and London. I left McCann-Erickson last November. In my current work I will try to convince people that smoking damages the health of most of those who don't use to smoke."



MARIANNE MOORE, Poetess: "I've never smoked. I'm weary of drugs and smoking certainly is [a drug]. It seems unnecessary to me. It isn't a food. It's a slight expense and it's very unassociable. I've sat at lunches and dinners and someone between me and the paint from which the draft is coming lights cigarette after cigarette, blowing smoke right in my eyes and mouth, and I'll feel it for days. I have read the literature on smoking and I am quite pleased that somebody is not afraid to express the medical findings. I do know that a cigar can be therapeutic in a sedative. I know a man who was rather shattered and disliked tobacco, but the doctor prescribed cigars. He got so that he could smoke cigars as a soporific. But cigars and pipes aren't supposed to be lethal. People offer me cigarettes. I say, 'No, thank you.' They ask, 'Do you smoke?' I say, 'Never.' They say, 'You're better off.'"



SAMMY DAVIS, Entertainer: "Why quit? Why? Why? What is this thing we're trying to reach, like immortality? Yeah. This guy is sitting at home reading a newspaper, and he picks up the cancer report and says, 'See! See! What'd I tell you? Smoking'll kill you!' Then he walks out in the street and gets hit by a car, killed. Pshhhht! What's all the panic about? Smoking is marvelous! Marvelous! I smoke everything—a pack and a half of cigarettes a day, a pipe, cigars. Smoking is a nervous habit, I guess. I do too many things to think about it. It's too late for me to quit anyway. I smoke during my act. Smoking is a marvelous relaxer for an audience. They come in and fight me. I come out and light up. It makes things more informal, more intimate. It breaks the ice, relaxes me. Besides, when I sing with a cigarette stuck in my mouth they say: 'Hey! That's great! How does he do that?'"



EDIE ADAMS, Actress: "I began smoking small cigars several years ago and discovered they were much more satisfying following a meal than cigarettes. They have since become part of my wardrobe. It is now considered chic for a woman to puff on a small cigar. Many of the top fashion designers even have their models sporting a stogie when posing for those terribly smart ads. I also recently designed especially for women a cigar holder that fits the index finger like a ring. This is most definitely the feel of the future and I intend to keep puffing away at it. I don't see anything wrong with smoking anything. Love it."

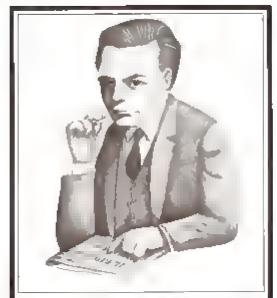


HENRY MORGAN, Satirist: "What do I like about smoking? I don't know. What do you like about a sunset, what do you like about breathing? I like it. I'm not one of those textbook smokers who has to see the smoke. I even like smoking in the dark. I'm against doctors. They always come up with the things that will kill you. We don't need these Cassandras around telling us we're going to die. It's ridiculous. Everybody dies. I'm a firm believer in that. I've been smoking for thirty years. I smoke four packs a day. The only side effect I have from it is apathy. You get up in the morning and say, I could smoke right now. I think I will. I could smoke all day. I wasted tax, and I do. Besides, I don't want to chew gum all the time. It gives you ugly jaw muscles. It doesn't take much to quit. I could stop smoking this afternoon. Then go out and get hit by a bus. Wouldn't that be ridiculous?"

SIX SMOKERS



AL CAPP, Cartoonist: "Yup, I smoke constantly. I feel incomplete without a cigarette in my mouth—it's just as important as having pants on. I take my first cigarette a minute or two before I wake up, then just smoke all day—even in the bathtub. Like all one-hundred-percent red-blooded American boys, I suspect the Surgeon General's report. But only one side of this smoking business has been explored. I'd like to see the Chaplain General's report on the immense spiritual advantages of smoking. The ritual good smoking does may far outweigh any bad effects. The moment of peace involved in just lighting a cigarette must save countless lives. When I stop to light one it's a peaceful, easy pause, even a creative process. Smoking's important in all the arts, also in business and driving. Show me a man who enjoys smoking and I'll show you a man who doesn't drive like a maniac. He's relaxed."



MARCELLO MASTROIANNI, Actor: "I continue to smoke forty cigarettes a day because my doctor tells me not to."



BETTE DAVIS, Actress: "I enjoy it. I smoke in the area of two packs a day and I've never had a problem with it. In spite of all my imitators, I don't inhale very much, which is rather strange. I could give up anything but smoking. Actually in my case, because it is something I enjoy very much, I think I would be a far sicker woman struggling with it, chewing gum and candy and all that. I could not make it. I have great respect for the medical report. But I'm one who has smoked so many years as I have, it would be harder to give it up, and for me, I think more harmful. I am convinced that the biggest part of the habit is that it's something to do with your hands—that you automatically feel lost if you haven't a cigarette in your hand. Professionally I always smoke if I feel the character would. In private life I thoroughly enjoy smoking. That's all there is to it."

Drawings by Blake Hampton

A MAN OF AFFAIRS

by Christopher Davis

Putting them in order can be very difficult, even if you have only one affair in mind

We met by appointment near the church called Trinità del Monti. Having counted on the unexpected—his voice on the telephone told me he was small, neat, fussy, so I expected him to be hurly—I discovered him to be small and neat and to wear a fussy little moustache. He also wore the grey bowler he had told me about as identification and a gray topcoat with a grey-velvet collar, and black shoes with Rome as far as St. Peter's reflected upside down in the toe of each.

"Mr. Vicenza?"

'Good, good,' he said, looking me over. His face was brown and leathery, lined all over yet filled as tightly and neatly as a little brown nut; the bright white eyebrows and the monatache, silver, twisted and fixed with wax, glowed in the sunset. "Fine," he murmured. "Yes." He waved a leaf-brown hand at Rome lying below the Spanish Steps, not himself looking where the hand pointed. "Lovely? What do you think of that? A vista and a half."

His English was excellent. It had seemed so on the telephone, and I wanted to ask at once why he had bothered about my advertisement, what need he had of English lessons, but I was too shy and too scared the fish would get away, so I gazed, grinning a little into the twilight filled well of the Steps, nodding. "Beautiful," I said. "It's wonderful with these azaleas all ever—"

"At Easter. No. I think it's not. Such an awful odor-making clutter, and such colors!" As if with reluctance, he took his quick grey eyes from me and started down the Steps at a brisk pace, addressing me over his shoulder as I followed. 'The Keats House there on your left. See the plaque."

"I know—"

'When I have fears that I may cease to be—' Twenty-six-years old only. How old are you, Green?'

"Twenty-two."

"Good, good." *'Bene, bene,'* he would always say in Italian. I thought a speech habit. But looking back I think he meant what he said literally. He gave the flower vendor opposite the Bernini fountain a sharp look. "All right, then." He bought a cornflower and, sticking out his lower lip with concentration, fixed it in his lapel. 'Cornflowers. Forget-me-nots, but not azaleas."

He led me rapidly down the Via del Babuino, nodding right and left. 'English tearoom. Not bad, but dear. Excellent tailor there. Our Roman clothes are the best. I buy my hats ever there, in that little shop. That man, Biondo, has good eighteenth-century prints of Rome and a few genuine Etruscan pieces and lots of—junk?"

"What?"

"I want the American word."

"Junk, I guess."

"He will cheat you in any case. I buy my shirts over there. See that restaurant? One of the most expensive in Rome and I found a spider in my spinach. That man standing in his shop door is a forger of paintings."

When we reached the Piazza del Popolo he chose his café table with care and sat down, sighing and smiling in the attitude of a man who has reached a harbor. "Good. Fine. Swell?"

I stared.

"I want the American word."

"Well—swell."

He ordered two iced campari, then addressed me in a business-like tone.

'You guess my secret, of course. I want to learn American, as distinct from English. You observe that my English is good—good enough for all practical purposes anyhow. I am in the exporting business—cotton, which I buy up in various parts of the Mediterranean, and which, until recently, I shipped to England. Now I have American orders and I want to speak exact American. For example, the clients when they come to Rome. I greet them personally at the Excelsior or the Eden and I say?' He peered into my eyes.

'Well—you say—" I frowned. Now the fish would get away. 'You say, 'How do you do?' I am Mr. Vicenza.' "

"That's English!'

"It's the same."

"No, no, no." He looked irritated. "I know better. Green. They are nearly distinct languages. First cousins, perhaps, but distinct. Another thing is that I want an American to tell me all about America, and, inasmuch as you said in your advertisement that you are a writer, all about American writers. Criticism is my hobby, and I have now arrived at the criticism of American literature."

It looked good. I said, 'I know something about that."

He surveyed me again in that appraising, nearly admiring way that had come close to unnerving me earlier. "Good, good. That's what I want. The fresh viewpoint, unspoiled by success."

"I wish I was spoiled by success."

He showed a row of white teeth under the glowing moustache. "You're right. You imply that success spoils those who will be spoiled in any case, and I agree. I wish you success in your work. Can you guess something?" He had thrown his head back, disposing of the subject of success and was gazing straight up into the sky, the taut wrinkled-nut face shining. 'You can't, I'll bet?" He rolled his gaze sideways to me, proud of the phrase. "I'll bet a million you can't guess something. I once jumped out of an airplane with a parachute—only two years ago, and I am today sixty-three-years old—in order to see Rome in that way. Can you believe it? No one believes that, but it is true. I could produce the pilot of the plane tomorrow." Staring up into the sky, he noddanly trilled a complicated birdcall. "I'm happy. I do that when I'm happy, and now I'm happy thinking of American authors and of learning American. What a fine silence here, despite the Roman—traffic?"

I nodded.

"Do you know the silence at twilight when the swallows go to their nests? Like a cloister, isn't it? Once, in that silence, there was one swallow left (I was walking in the Largo Argentina) and *pat* like a dive bomber right on my new hat—a homburg. That to me was a precise definition of the most humanity may hope for in beauty—but I am cynical."

I laughed and he joined me, his grey eyes bright on my face. "Yes. Excellent, isn't it? Wasn't that a perfect moment of its kind? I adore irony. You'll want to discuss price, of course."

"What?"

"For the lessons. And we must decide how often they will take place."

"Well, at your convenience."

'Of course. My work is arranged as *(Continued on page 128)*



"Some of our ****ing editors think your book is too ****ing dirty, Rosco, but I say * them. You've really written the **** out of your subject and produced one sweet **** of a novel."***



David Jacobs: "I celebrate my space/while others draw their face./Their drawings look like them/but I am everyman"

HOW TO CRYSTALLIZE BASIC PLASTIC ORGANIC UNITY

Seventeen contemporary artists experiment with self-portraits and explanations



Alex Katz: My intention was to crystallize basic plastic organic unity

Whether the motive has been vanity or convenience, the self-portrait has had a long and honorable history. The subject, as one painter has observed, "is always available. It's never late; it takes the right pose; it turns its head the right way; it's very understanding of the painter's problems; and it keeps its mouth shut—and what patience and empathy!" And yet the art seems lately to have fallen on hard times; other subjects, after all, are as easily available—soup cans, Superman and hamburgers among them. It occurred to Shirley Glaser, director of the Visual Arts Gallery in New York, that contemporary artists not known for their reverence of traditional modes might nevertheless be interested in—or cajoled into—an attempt at self-portraiture. No cajoling, as it turned out, was needed. Of the seventy artists represented in the exhibition (it opened last January 6) more than half had paintings or constructions ready to go. Vanitas, perhaps: vanitatum. Seventeen examples are assembled here with brief excerpts from the comments of the artists on their work. Comments as cheerful, interesting and inscrutable as art itself.

Photographed by Bob Richardson



Nervey Dinerstein: God, self-portrait, was painted in 1952, when I was in the Army



Bernard Pfriem. Artists, when making statements for the public usually sound pretty silly—when at last they sound infectious



Wally Reise: At least once a year I break out and am compelled to do a self-portrait. It has been going on for the last twenty years and I guess it's like keeping a diary



Chaim Koppelman: The idea no body as trunk in the space. So the body is like space, as becomes space. I think the crucial opposites in all sculpture are matter and space. Making matter light can be pretty funny too.

Photographed by Bob Richardson



Herbert Marcelin: No comment.



Billy Apple. I don't like paint under my fingernails and turpentine gives me dermatitis. My passport portrait is printed by offset litho on canvas in England.



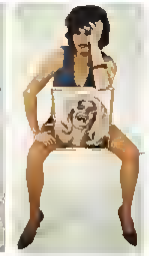
Anita Steckel. This self portrait is not true any longer for before the paint is dry the very act of having made the picture has already altered me



Stanley LanSunan: My intention was to crystallize basic plastic organic unity



Miles Forst. Pictures need be as "real" as possible, whatever that subject, or why waste precious time on them? And expect people to use theirs looking at them?



Audrey Flack. I was thumbing through a magazine when I saw a picture of teeth—thirty two teeth—all perfect, framed by Medina Mercantile lace



Gilbert Stone: I am slowly distegarding all subject matter as I know it, painting out an unusual world but my world. A world that was never here and will never die.



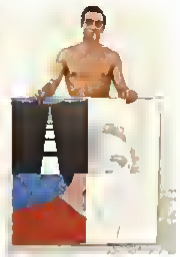
Shirley Blaser. My intention was to crystallize basic plastic organic unity



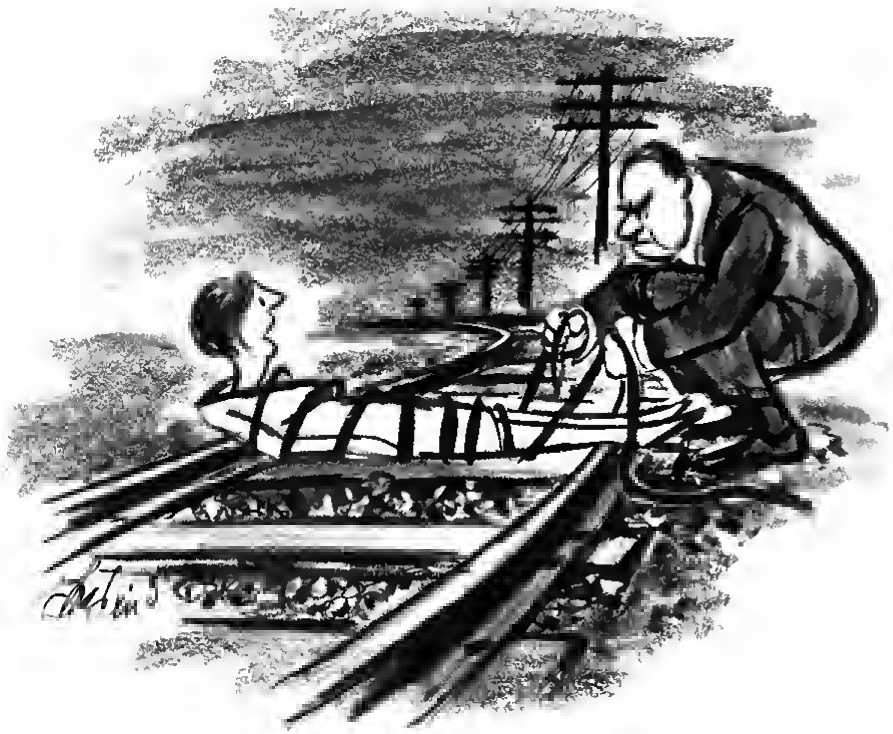
Norbert Kalmeo: The reason for self portraits is not fascination with the subject—but that it is always available to the painter



Jim Dine: I made about forty self portraits in the form of a bathrobe because I felt it was a receptive landscape for some observations (both obscure and obvious) about myself



Allan D'Arcangelo: I haven't painted myself for ten years. Then I got a letter asking me to contribute a painting for this show



"The milkman collects tomorrow . . . don't forget to change the sheets on Thursday . . . be sure to water the philodendron on Tuesdays and Saturdays . . . remember, your blue suit is at the cleaner's. . . ."

Don Marquis to the Young

by Charles O'Neill

It is natural for the young to be confused and wrong. It is also natural for the middle-aged, and the old

NOTE: Better than thirty years ago, Don Marquis took the time to prepare and dispatch privately a sheaf of all-purpose advice. Marquis (1878-1937) spoke as one of the last of a great line of American newspaper-born philosopher-humorists that included Joseph G. Baldwin, David Ross Locke, Samuel Langhorne Clemens, Finley Peter Dunne, Ring Lardner and not too many more. His advice seemed suitable then, and seems suitable now, for the cheerful solution of nearly any question that could trouble a young man in or out of academic halls. The time applied to it was apparently borrowed from working hours theatrically owned by a not particularly appreciative Hollywood studio. The care was Don Marquis' own. The result—for too many years—has been for all practical purposes a lost document.

Occasion for the pronunciamento was the request of a college magazine editor for an added outside opinion on a public row then going on between Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver and Episcopal Bishop William T. Manning of New York. As a possible means of reducing the number of cracked marriages whose issue he too often found in his Juvenile Court, Judge Lindsey had proposed socially and legally approved experiments in trial or "companionate" marriage. Bishop Manning, as quick as Lindsey to launch or keep a headline going, denounced the plan as self-deceptive, self-indulgent and one inviting sweat disaster for all concerned. For many months the newspapers and a considerable section of the public ate it up, egged them on and cried for more.

From Hanover, New Hampshire—as Dartmouth's sawhound sons began training, conspiring or purifying themselves for the annual girl-versus/avec-boy tournament known as Winter Carnival—an appeal went out from the comic monthly *Jack O'Lantern* for counsel from sager heads. Who had more of the right of it, the Judge or the Bishop? If not in all honesty, at least with what plausibility could a Dartmouth senior cast himself as a fellow reformer with the judge? A Skidmore junior as a pledged, if disconsolate, supporter of the bishop?

Heywood Broun, Clarence Knapp, Alexander Woollcott and Don Marquis were among those amiable enough to respond. The messages of all were variously hilarious or helpful, but it was in the one sent by the creator of archy the cockroach and mehitabel the *toujours* cat that the *Jack O'Lantern* got its bait back a hundredfold. The last newspaper column regularly written by Marquis, for the New York *Herald Tribune*, had been called the *Lantern*. Whether the coincidence of names set him off, whether it was the chance to deal by invitation with troubles more easily soluble than his own at the time—a seriously ailing young daughter, entanglement in work commitments to which no more than a fraction of his rare executive powers could be applied—whether simply from a writer's usual preference for dealing with almost anything but the assigned work of a given day, Don Marquis took a full cut at the ball thrown to him.

Since putting out anything for reading at Winter Carnival time then or now is to write in water with frozen other water covering even that, the letter generously sent by Marquis on that occasion has in effect remained unpublished. On learning a few years ago that Edward Anthony was assembling the ore from which was to come a biography of Marquis, the writer of this note remembered the Winter Carnival message and made a number of tries at digging it out. Other chores and the viscosity of his personal information retrieval system allowed it to come to the surface only some months after Doubleday, in 1962, was on the streets with Anthony's excellent *O Rare Don Marquis*.

In contrition, the exchange following is offered as a belated footnote to Edward Anthony's fine book and in the hope that Marquis on Controversy may now get something nearer the wide readership it should have had long ago. For anyone supposing that details of the Lindsey-Manning wrangle are needed for a full appreciation of the jaunty judgment rendered on it from California, perhaps mention should be made of an added personal postscript that made clear that Marquis hadn't in fact known what this particular Lindsey-Manning clash was about when he undertook to settle it.

Enough prologue. Don Marquis coming up, unalloyed, unfazed, unedited, undimmed. And as apropos as ever.

December 12, 1930
Dartmouth *Jack O'Lantern*
Hanover, New Hampshire

Mr. Don Marquis
c/o The Players
New York, New York
Dear Mr. Marquis:

I am addressing you, the President of the Boy Scouts of America, in the hope that your sage counsel can in some way aid to the formation of a sound opinion on how a college student should align himself in the Lindsey-Manning controversy.

In moments of great stress the youth of America turns to its ideals. The faith of a child is a fragile thing. Please don't fail us.

Charles K. O'Neill, Editor

Beverly Hills, California
December 22, 1930

My dear Mr. O'Neill:

Your letter just now reaches me at the above address after having been forwarded through several previous addresses.

I do not know what the Lindsey-Manning controversy is, as I have not been reading the papers for four or five months—indeed, it has been more than five years since I read them with any attention. When I was in the newspaper business I had to read them every morning, and I got so tired of it that I have been celebrating my emancipation by ignoring them as much as possible. Of course, if I get out a book or have a play produced, I have to read the notices. But things of minor importance such as Presidential elections, peace conferences and financial panics come and go and I scarcely know about it.

You address me, for instance, as the President of the Boy Scouts of America. Is this true? Or is it a bit of agreeable satire hinting at my advanced age and prediluvian sympathies? For all I know it may be true; I may have been elected at some time during the past two or three years and not know it. A lot of my mail that looks as if it might be bills or advertisements I throw away without opening. And it is possible that the notice of my election has gone in that way, a formal notification of that character would be sure to look like something that one would instinctively shy away from reading.

One never needs, however, to know what a controversy is about, let alone the merits of it, in order to give valuable advice to the young. Every man more than fifty years old is qualified to give valuable advice to the young whether he knows anything at all about the matter or not. I found this out when I was young. And since I have passed fifty (not too damned long ago, please!) I have endeavored to put it into practice.

It is very easy . . . as, for instance, what do you, being young, think about this controversy? Eh? Or Huh? Well, you are wrong, entirely wrong. Why? Why? Young man, because you are young! Out of my experience of life . . . and so and so and so and so the theme admits of infinite variation and elaboration. I tell

SQUIRES AT LARGE

M. Emilio Terry

French architect and designer,
has a style so sure and personal that he is able to combine furniture, bibelots, objets d'art from many times and places without ever setting a *pied* wrong. Since 1914 he has lived in the distinctive apartment shown here, overlooking the Place du Palais Bourbon. Many of the rooms have wall coverings of satin and brocade especially woven to order, the one in which he sits has its original oak panelling, trimmed with gold. Around M. Terry, as always, are some of his vast collection of books and paintings. The cork model in the foreground is that of an oval house he designed. The effect is one of expansive, classic elegance—much, one would imagine, like that of his house in the country, which he describes as "a nice eighteenth-century house with eighteen bedrooms." To be a great man, as La Rochefoucauld said, one must know how to make the most of fortune.



Painting by Leslie Saalburg

you that you are wrong . . . etc. . . . This is the revenge that middle age always takes on youth because it is sure that youth is gone. Youth considers it hard when it is on the receiving end of the advice . . . but let youth wait. In a few years it will naturally cease to be youth and gravitate into the possession of this privilege, without having done any thinking to deserve the prestige.

In passing judgment on this controversy, it is not even necessary to know what Lindsay and what Manning are involved in it. There was a Lindsay, was there not, who tried to rescue Mary Queen of Scots from priest? If not, there should have been for the honor of the Lindsays. Let us assume that he has fallen out with the Manning who was a Church of England clergyman and became a Roman prelate. Well, one sees at a glance that they are both wrong, without even having to inquire what it is that they are wrong about.

Why are they both wrong? Because some young men think that Lindsay is right, and must be wrong because they are young. Other young men think that Manning is right, and must be wrong because they are young. Ergo . . . but no doubt they lessen you in logic at Dartmouth. It is an infallible formula. It saves the necessity of thought about the matter, whatever the matter may be.

I do not even care to hedge on this judgment as a weaker character might, and say that Lindsay is partly right and partly wrong, and the same with Manning. I say boldly that both are wrong, and stick to it. And if you will tell me what the controversy is about, I can prove it.

Politics? Everybody but I . . . but me? . . . should it be but I, or but me? . . . everyone except myself . . . then is wrong about politics. And I was wrong myself yesterday. A new revelation came to me in the night . . . I was thinking about bank failures . . . financial panics induced by the trust of the great common people in the gentlemen who do what they damned please with their savings . . . and suddenly a new political program flashed into my head, complete. Every tenth banker in America should be shot next Sunday morning as a lesson to the others. I do not expect people generally to agree with me, especially bankers, but I feel nevertheless that I am right.

Is this a religious controversy? Then they are both quite certain to be wrong. No one but myself is capable of settling all religious questions, and I don't do it because it would hurt so many people's feelings. I merely say, everyone else is wrong, and let it go at that. The fact that I am not taken seriously used to worry me, even anger me, but I have grown to understand that I am a good deal safer than if I were taken seriously.

Is it something about sex? Then, of course, they are both wrong . . . each individual must settle his own problems dealing with sex for himself, without interference . . . and, of course, each individual will be wrong most of the time even at that.

There are only three subjects to the world worth spending any thought on . . . religion, sex, art. And these three, if you look closely at them, are shoots from the same root . . . they are tangled up and intertwisted—they all proceed from the very center of creation, they are creative themselves, and the only things that are creative, they are merely different aspects of the same thing . . . they are one.

With regard to these three subjects I feel that I know a great deal more than anyone else. And even I do not know very much.

So what is the use getting into controversies and arguments about them, since everybody is an ignoramus?

Just do what you want to, what you think is right, with regard to these three things which are one, and don't bother to argue about it. If someone objects to what you do and tries to start an argument, put him off pleasantly and continue to do what you damned well please and think the way you please. Of course you will turn out to be very largely wrong in the end—but you would anyhow, you know.

I must confess that the purpose of the universe has never been easy for me to discover . . . not even so far as to see how hard it must be for others. At one time I was quite willing to go halfway with the cosmos. But I did not find it coming halfway toward me. A more ardent (and, perhaps, more admirable) nature would have been peeved . . . would have snubbed the universe publicly and talked about it behind its back privately. But I got into the habit of letting the matter slide.

So now, for the most part, God and I have very little to say to each other . . . we do not bother each other about trivial matters such as controversies and arguments. . . . He knows where I am when He wants me . . . I have the same knowledge about Him. But we no longer wake each other up nights to communicate our very latest impressions of each other. I think that when we do get together at long intervals there is perhaps something more genuine in the intercourse than if we bothered each other too frequently. I don't pray to Him formally . . . and He never did consult me about the way He should run things . . . and I think He appreciates not being worried about small matters. I did get a hint one time, however, that He was not very much interested in theology, and somewhat bored with churches. I feel the same way about it. Not that either God or myself would argue the matter.

Is this controversy something about churches? Personally, I have always been so much interested in religion that my interest in church has necessarily been secondary, I have not had the time for both.

It is my opinion that the only way to deal successfully with churches, when they force a conflict upon you, is to become at once more dogmatic and authoritative than they are. . . . merely say, "Ah, yes? So that is your opinion, is it? Well, you are wrong! but I shall not argue the matter with you. I have had a divine revelation."

Nobody can ever prove, you know, that you haven't had a divine revelation. And maybe you have. Often you do not know yourself whether you have or not—but it may be best in borderline cases to give yourself the benefit of the doubt.

This country has a good many faults, but there is still one nice thing about it: there is no state church, so one need not pretend to take churches more seriously than he really does. They have no civil authority, and as far as divine authority goes, yours is just as good as there is. If any church, Christian, Jewish, Moslem, Buddhist, or what have you, on the ice, ever gets civil authority, it will be as well for the rest of us to.

But I avoid prophecy. It is too easy. All you have to do to be a successful prophet is to prophesy enough things and some of them will come true. People will remember the successful guesses, too. It is like sticking to a number on the roulette wheel. If you don't weaken, some time it will come across for you. Of course, you may be bankrupt long before . . . and a prophet may be spiritually bankrupt before he gets even one of his guesses over.

Is this by any chance a football controversy? If so, I can settle that in a few words to the satisfaction of the undergraduates—the side the faculty is on is wrong. If the faculty is divided, then both sides are wrong. You see, there is nothing like playing a system in these things.

My general advice to the young is always to rush in where angels fear to tread. Find a place where no angel has ever set his or her foot and camp there. The truly competent angel should not be afraid to go anywhere, but angels are not what they used to be. The very fact that angels fear to tread in a place shows that it needs pioneering; youth must do it, and make it safe for the angels, once them in. I don't know whether this really means anything or not, but there seems to be a faint air of wisdom about it which may impress some people. Or would if Bernard Shaw had said it.

I don't know what this controversy is, but I feel that I have settled it. Whether it will know that it has been settled is another matter. Probably it won't.

I should say, playing the system from where you stand, that the way to resolve your doubts would be to find on which side the largest number of grave and authoritative elders stand—grave and elders being current slang for stuffed shirts—and take the opposite side. As you get older you will see, of course, that you have been wrong. But if you took the other side you would also see, as you grew older, that you had been wrong.

This is the ultimate reconciliation of the doctrine of free will with the doctrine of predestination: you are free to do what you bloody well please, and certain to be wrong. And it is always wrong not to do what you please. It is also wrong not to do anything.

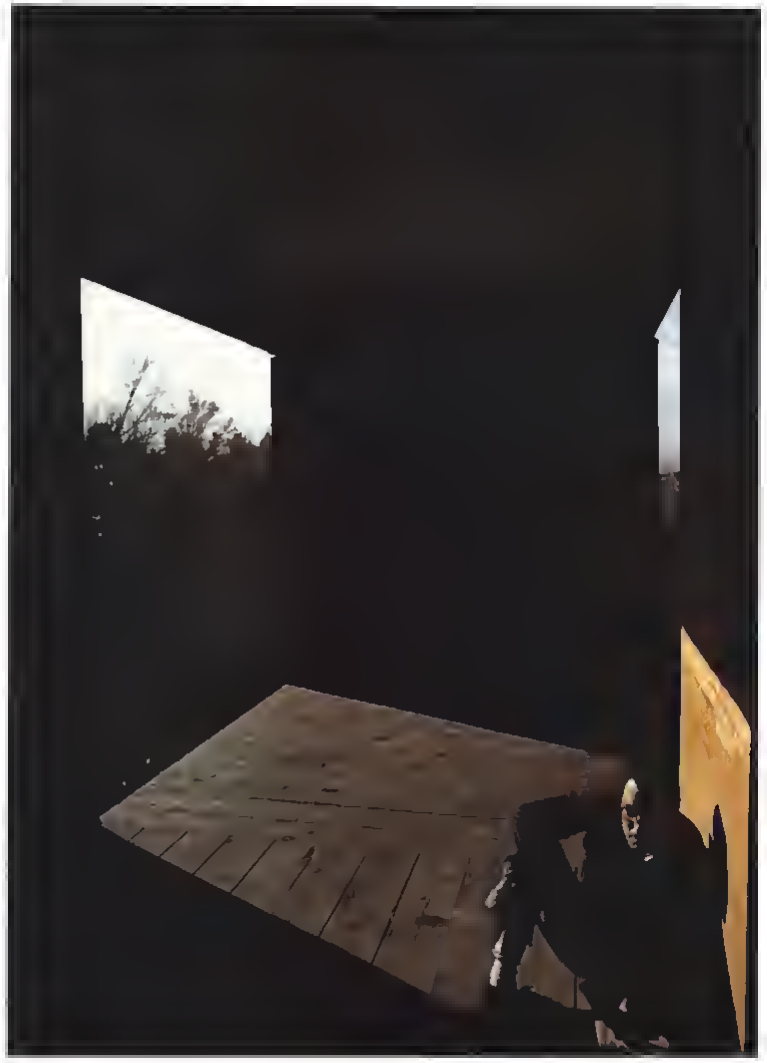
With this optimistic thought I close, feeling assured that if I have really given any good advice, it will not be adopted—and grateful that I do not know anything about the controversy which I have been discussing. It is so much easier to settle them than it is to have to think about them.

When all you undergraduates get married, you won't spend any more time thinking about controversies anyhow. Your wives will quietly settle them all for you without argument.

Yours sincerely, Don Marquis



After finishing his morning coffee,



this man hopped a freight...

by Jerome H. Doolittle

The jungles are empty; there are no rods, no rambling shoes—just Clyde, the author and the ghosts of a hungry army

The first time I rode a freight was out of Texarkana in 1950, when I was seventeen. I had been hitchhiking across Texas with a friend called Sully, who was killed a few years later in Korea while bearing the white man's burden in our Asian sphere of influence. The man who took us into Texarkana had worked up a warm, friendly interest in us young fellows and wanted us to spend the night at his house. There were only the two beds, but his mother was out of town, so we would make out somehow. We said we'd just as soon be let us off.

It was past midnight and there were very few cars on the road. But behind the place he let us off was a freight yard full of crashes and lights and whistles. "Come on," Sully said. "let's hop a freight. Guys used to do it all the time in the Depression." How would we know which one was going where? I wanted to know. Wasn't it dangerous and wouldn't the cops throw you in jail and where did you ride anyway? "We'll ask." Sully said, and he climbed up the bank to do it.

The switchman he found wasn't surprised at all by our questions. "Forty seven's pulling out in a few minutes for Little Rock," he said. "The cars setting there on the third track over. Just find yourself an empty boxcar and climb on in all you got to do. Won't an yard detectives bother you—ain't nobody have this time of night but railroad men.' We did what he said, and it was that easy. Railroad workers don't give much of a damn whether you ride on their trains or not. They ride freights themselves so they don't see anything funny in anybody else doing it. They probably wonder why more people don't. Car inspectors or brakemen are always wandering up and down alongside trains glancing in the cars. Sometimes they say hello or tell you that a railroad detective is down the line looking around; sometimes they just walk on, not curious.

Next day we were in Little Rock. The yard workers said there was nothing out till the middle of the night, so we got out of the way and hung around, which is the biggest part of riding the freights. A railroad will figure a certain train might leave in the morning, maybe, but if it doesn't get out till late night nobody is surprised or worried.

Since we couldn't find any empty boxcars for that second night, we had to ride on a flatcar with some earth-moving equipment which gave us shelter. Even a summer night is cold when you are being pulled along through the wind, and it was only comfortable at the stops. At one of them, a colored boy of about fourteen got on. When we got moving it was too cold to talk much but it seemed like he didn't care for it where he had been in Arkansas, and now he was going to try some other place.

We came up to Memphis just after dawn. While we were still going at a fair clip outside the yards, the colored boy spotted a bunch of track workers who were waving at us and shouting something. 'Must be they re telling us there's cops up ahead," the boy said. "We better get our ass off of this train." He grabbed hold of the side of the car and jumped off, still holding on. For a moment he ran alongside, then he let his grip go and peeled away.

'See how he did it?" Sully said. 'Let's go." We threw our laundry sacks full of clothes off, and Sully jumped into the air, arms and legs sticking out at random. Somehow everything worked out right so that he landed and stood stock-still. It looked as easy as hopping off a step. I jumped facing ahead and running as fast as I could in the air, but the train was going faster than I was running. I pitched onto my face and hands and rolled twice right along beside the big steel wheels before I came to rest. My hands and face were bleeding and full of cinders. My legs were shaking. We hitchhiked on from Memphis.

The second time I rode the freights was in the Summer of 1952, from Milwaukee to North Dakota, where I was going to work in the oil fields. In St. Paul a railroad detective came by my boxcar and found me, but he just told me to get out of the yards, that I was trespassing. Once he left I got back on, the way he probably figured I would. I rode through Minnesota with a bum who started out on the road during the Depression when every empty was loaded with men, and even women and children. He showed me how to wedge a piece of wood in the door track so the door couldn't lock you in if it broke loose, then he shared his can of Vienna sausages with me. "You never get hungry, Slim." I remember him saying, "always ask a poor man to help you out. He will most times, because he knows what it's like." He warned me not to keep on sitting with my legs hanging outside, for fear a sudden stop might slam the sliding door across them like a guillotine.

He got to like the road during the Depression and so he had spent his life at it, washing dishes a few days when he had to, but mostly just riding around. His knew every major yard and railroad in the country, and many of the houses along the line where he could get a sandwich. He went north in the summer and south in the winter, like the jet set.

He recalled the days when a man could lay himself out like a grilled steak on the bank of brake rods under each side of the old-style freight cars. But now the cars have only one rod on each side so that the only way to ride them would be spitted. Just as well, because riding the rods was dirty and cold and sometimes fatal. Sometimes the old steam engines would take on water in flight by lowering a scoop into a trench between the tracks. Some of the water in the trench would splash back when the scoop plowed into it, and a man who got soaked that way could freeze to death in the winter. He could even freeze to death dry.

A man could get killed, too, by riding between the load and the wall of a gondola car—the open-topped cars used to haul pipe or timber or whatever needs no protection from weather. The load might shift in a sudden stop and squash the rider. Or a man could be killed if he fell asleep inside the ice compartment of an empty refrigerator car, a "reefer." Sometimes the crews would drop in three-hundred-pound blocks of ice without thinking to look. You never crawled under a car either because a switch engine might crash into the end of your string of cars any time. For the same reason, you held onto the rungs on both sars all the time you were climbing over the coupling between them.

It was all pretty hot stuff.

But I drove back from North Dakota with two other college students I had met out there. I went back to college, was graduated and drafted into the Army. I became a newspaper reporter and got married and had children and lived in a duplex apartment outside Washington, D.C., and took out insurance and started payments on a car and had a county library card and a ring with five keys on it. Now and then, naturally, I thought about other things. Riding a black Harley-Davidson to Mexico City. Shipping out as a banana boat. Squatting in a boxcar door, waving back at the children who waved as the train passed them in the heat of an Arkansas afternoon. But you don't spend your two-weeks-a-year on the freights. You go to Cape Cod with the family. Everybody knows that.

But still I liked to talk now and then with Harry Gabbett, a Washington newspaperman who had ridden the freights in the early Thirties and had lived in the vast tin-and-tar-paper jungles of the time and sat around fires with the scores or hundreds of others who were on the move, desperate. Sometimes the railroad men looked the other way, but sometimes, too, they stopped between towns and used pick handles on anybody they caught aboard. Nobody could raise the price of a can of Vienna sausages or beans then, and men lived on mulligan stews of food stolen from farms. Harry remembered sitting in a jungle alongside the Rutland Railroad with another boy when two bums came up with a blueberry pie, still warm. When the four of them were finished, the men told Harry's friend that the lady who gave them the pie wanted the empty plate back. So the boy took it back, but the lady didn't thank him at all. She hit him over the head with a broom.

Then last spring my life exposed a little, when I quit the newspaper and began writing for a living. So this winter I took a week to see who was still on the road in the era of the Great Society, in the longest peacetime business upswing ever, in the day of the thirty-five-hour week and of jammed parking lots at high schools.

First I got out an old laundry bag, which is an unprofessional beginning. The man on the road travels with only what his pockets will hold. But I put into the bag two paperback books, a pair of flannel pants, a button-down shirt, a road map of the Eastern United States, a pair of shoes, a razor, a toothbrush, an extra pack of cigarettes, a sweat shirt, the top to a set of thermal underwear, and a knit cap. I wore G.I. boots, Army pants and shirt (the kind called "Class A's," which are useful in civilian life for gardening and other rough work) and a zippered jacket. I carried my wallet and a jackknife. I left behind my ring with the five keys.

Since it was snowing in Washington, I took a bus to Atlanta. But it was something like seventeen degrees when the bus got there, at five in the morning. Outside the station nobody knew where the freight yards were; people don't, usually. At last a cabdriver told me which local bus to take to get to the Inman Yards, which were at the end of the line. While I was wondering how to get through the chain link fence all around the yards, a man in a coat and tie stopped his car beside me. "Looking for work or trying to catch out south?" he said, and I told him, 'Coldest goddamn city to the world. Atlanta." he said. "But the trouble is we only go north out of here." He directed me to the Georgia Yards, all the way across town where the Atlanta & West Point trains leave for Montgomery. Hitchhiking and walking, I got there at ten. The Montgomery train would pull out probably sometime in the afternoon, a yard worker told me. But the waiting was pleasant, because the sun had warmed things up by then. Along about three I walked into the yards and found a railroad man. "That a her down there," he said. "There's three big, beautiful, blue empties on her. I know there is, because I just built them myself.' Railroad men talk about building a train—putting the cars and engine and caboose together.

I got on one of the brand-new, bright-blue Louisville & Nashville





Photographed by Douglas Kirkland

empties, 4,844 cubic feet, with a clean carpentry shop smell inside. The train started soon and was hitting a good speed as we left the yards. Wood bits and shavings flew up from the floor, pieces of newspaper along the track whirled, paced the train for an instant and fell back. Bells rang at the crossings to stop the cars for us. I was king of the castle in my own 4,844-cubic-foot land, where nobody could touch me as long as the train was rolling. Then it stopped.

We were only a few miles out of town, but already the crew was setting a car off the train. It came to me what I must have done—taken a local freight instead of a through freight, a hotshot. All the way along, we would be stopping every few miles to add and subtract cars, or to let other trains go by.

Well after dark we were only to La Grenge, Georgia, about halfway to Montgomery. I was so cold I went back to the caboose to ask if I could warm up inside. But the brakeman said, 'I don't know, I guess you better get off or I might get in trouble." I had made the mistake of facing him with my presence, so that he had to react the way management would have liked. I jumped off the train, which was moving slowly out of town by then, and walked the mile back into La Grenge. There I bought a ticket on a passenger train just due in for Montgomery. I spent the night in a Montgomery hotel. Next morning I found a cabdriver who knew where the freight yards were, and I walked out to them.

While I was waiting around for the evening train, I came across a man sitting on the timbers supporting an oil tank. He was trying to light a half-inch-long Bull Durham butt, using a paper match. 'Damned gopher matches,' he said. "Light one and you go for another." His hand was shaking so that he was having trouble getting the flame to his little bit of cigarette without burning his face. I offered him one of mine.

'Thanks, buddy," he said. "I run out of tobacco, somebody took it off me night before last at the Sally [the Salvation Army which runs a mission in Montgomery]." The man got the new cigarette lit all right. He looked at his shaking hands, lowered his head into them and said, "I'm no goddamn good to anybody." He sat there, bowed over, smoking and feeling bad.

He was a short, thickly built man of sixty-one. His skull was perfectly round, set unevenly with yellowish white hair. A patchy white stubble grew along his jaws and his teeth were gone so that his lips fell inward. Under the corners of his mouth, under his eyes and on his forehead were deep wrinkles, horizontal and vertical, which cut the skin into tiny squares.

He wore a sweat shirt and over that a tan corduroy shirt and over that a faded flannel shirt of checkered pattern and over that a grey zippered jacket. He had on two pairs of pants. A grey felt hat sat beside him on the timber. His shoes were a low-cut dress model the uppers dull black and cracking. He wore thin cotton socks.

At last Clyde—I found out his name later—got up from his seat under the oil tank. ' Slim ' he said. 'I gat to walk back to town, and get some money for a drink. I've been drinking three days now. Goddamn. I don't suppose you drink, do you?"

"Just for one night at a time" I said.

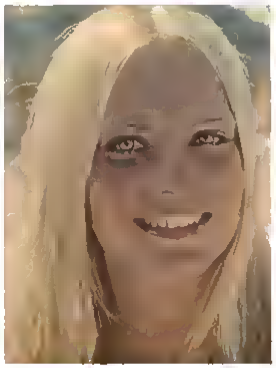
'Well, drinking is my habit.'

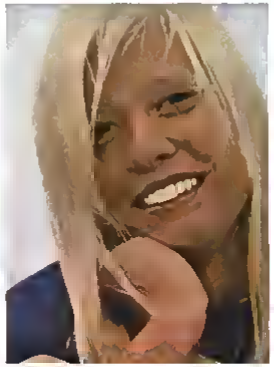
"Isn't there someplace near?" I asked, because Montgomery was several miles away. Freight yards are nearly always far out, like airports.

"There's a café over behind the stockyards, but I got no money left and I hate to bum from somebody else on the road. I always figure they're just as bad off as me.'

I told him I had enough money, and we walked to the café. Clyde ordered a pint carton of milk which was as close to food as he thought he could handle, and I had a hamburger. On the way out, I bought a sack of Bull Durham for a dime and a pint of Barclay's gin for $2.25. We walked around the stockyards, where the cattle were bellowing affably while waiting their turn in the packing plant a half mile down the track. An awful clinging stink came from the plant. It smelled like marrow bones being scared to make a stew base, which was probably pretty much what was happening.

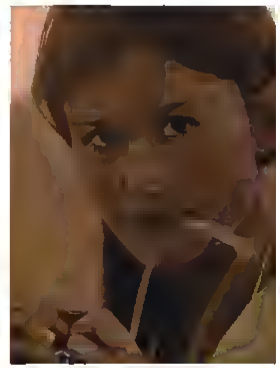
Once we had made our way through the strings of boxcars that lay across our path, Clyde went over to a brackish ditch that ran along the other side of the yard. "I hate *(Continued on page 158)*





Nothing rotten in the states of Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland,





especially the Girls

by Richard Joseph





Too often visualized as an Ekberg in the wildest parts of *La Dolce Vita*, Scandinavian girls actually are much closer to the twenty-two-year-old Ingrid Bergman in *Intermezzo*, or Garbo playing tender love scenes in the silents. The unknowing equate Scandinavian girls' love of the sun with exhibitionism, confuse sexual straightforwardness with immorality, think all Scandinavian girls are blondes, and fail to mark the national characteristics of Swedes, Danes, Norwegians and Finns.

The Swedes are the blondest—although only forty percent of *them* are blondes, and the really exceptional one-in-a-thousand knock-you-off-your-feet, breathtaking beauty is likely to be a Swede. Swedish girls are extremists. They can be the most dignified of young ladies—or the bestest of the best. A Swedish girl either will drink only fruit and tomato juice, or she's able to akvavit you under the table and into your dreams.

The Danish girls are the wittiest—somewhat like the Irish, although Danish humor relies more strongly on the fast punch line. They'll laugh at anything but most especially themselves, you the Swedes, Swedish dignity and drinking habits. Danish girls are more consistent and temperate drinkers, preferring their own fine beer and French wines. They're the most companionable of the Scandinavians, and the most genuinely uninhibited—Danish husbands and wives are usually better friends and closer teammates than any other conjugal combination on earth. Danish girls love good food, if your date really likes you she'll cook up a storm for you at breakfast.

Norwegian girls are the most athletic and self reliant. If she doesn't come from the two big cities of Oslo or Bergen, a Norwegian girl probably skied her way to the first grade. She skied well before that, and she's been skiing and hiking ever since. If Swedish girls are the best in bathing suits, the Norwegians are the most attractive in ski pants which often is even more difficult. Norwegian women are traditionally able to take care of themselves, because their men are away so much. Norway has the world's third biggest merchant marine, and if a Norwegian isn't at sea as a sailor chances are that he's out there catching fish.

Finnish girls have the widest variety in their looks. Some are the archetypal Nordic blue-eyed blondes, but many are dark, green-eyed, high-cheekboned beauties who look like Hungarians—which isn't surprising, since their forebears were nomadic Magyars who wandered up to the Baltic from central Europe. Bathing is a national preoccupation, so Finnish girls must be the world's cleanest. And a roll in the snow with a Finnish girl has none of the connotations of one in the hay elsewhere in the world. She means she'd actually like to roll in the snow with you—after you've both been broiled lobster red in the dry heat of her family sauna.

Seeking Scandinavian girls, your mission is complicated by two factors. Nordic climate and Anglo-Saxon Puritan reaction to Scandinavian mores. Or rather the Scandinavian counterreaction to Anglo-Saxon reactions. Northern weather makes peelers of the Scandinavian people, the first warm sunshine in May has them leaping out of their clothes to bake all the greyness of winter out of their bodies, and they expose as much of themselves as possible as often as possible until the weather closes in again late in September.

Easily understandable as it is, the sight of all this skin often has an unsettling effect on visitors, who attribute to the exposure a sexual aspect which really doesn't belong to it. Actually the sexual mores of the Scandinavians are just about what you'd expect of a highly advanced society, they differ from ours mainly in attitude—the Scandinavians lack the hypocrisy of our Puritan heritage.

But the impact of the tourist influx on Scandinavia can be compared to that of the snake in the Garden of Eden. Scandinavian families that had thought nothing of swimming naked together in the privacy of a secluded beach were made uneasy by eyes binoculars and camera lenses peering over the sand dunes. And Scandinavian girls were rendered skittish by revelations of their alleged *complaisance*.

The result of all this has been an unnatural but logical reticence about the whole subject. The usually helpful Swedish, Danish, Norwegian and Finnish travel officials who'll load you up with all sorts of data on hotel prices, the best places to eat smorgasbord and buy crystal, and the rates for renting a car or sailboat, quickly grew vague when you ask them where the girls go.

So you're on your own in planning a girl-watching itinerary, and it will help to know something of their vacation habits. They're most likely to be found where they can swim, sail or skindive, but they won't be there if the sun isn't, when it fails them someplace, they'll move someplace else. Therefore it's useless to try to zero in on any special spot, it's far safer to rely on the area approach.

You're most likely to find a concentration of Norwegian Swedish and Danish girls, plus occasional Finnish vacationists, in the southern part of the Scandinavian peninsula where the shores of Norway and Sweden form a bight in the shape of an inverted V, into which Denmark thrusts its way. Here they shuttle back and forth, following the sun like schools of vacationing porpoises.

It extends far more than six hundred miles along the shores of the Skagerrak and the Kattegat arms of the North Sea from Kristiansund, along the Norwegian Riviera, up the Oslo Fjord to Oslo, down the coast to Halden and the Swedish border, and along Sweden's west coast to Malmö, just across a strait from Copenhagen, and Falsterbo, the southwestern tip of Sweden.

On the Danish side the parallel route would take you from the northwestern side of the Jutland Peninsula around Løkken, around the northern tip of Jutland and down its east coast, over to the island of Fyn and down as far as Svendborg, over to the island of Zealand to Copenhagen and up the Danish Riviera across the strait from Sweden and up to Elsinore. The driving distance is less than four hundred miles—if your luck is good you may never reach the end of the road. ■



How To Succeed In The Theatre Without Really Being Successful

by Elaine Dundy

After thirty three years these four are still at it creating a method, a style, a purpose —and still seeking desperately for a Theatre

When *After the Fall* was flung into the stagnant waters of last year's American theatrical season, its likeness to *a roman à clef* as well as its *raison d'être* stirred up a turbulence whose ever-widening ripples reached far back to the long-forgotten shores of the Group Theatre itself. Not only, it seemed, was the play the history of one man and his various changes of heart, but the history of a whole special segment of people in the American theatre. We were asked to consider the hero's changes of heart about the women in his life (he's had two wives in the play and is about to marry his third). Miller himself has married three times! We were also asked to consider the changes of heart of his colleague Mickey who announces his intention to name names for the House Committee on Un-American Activities because he now no longer feels any solidarity with the majority of people he could name. *After the Fall* was directed by Elia Kazan, an early member of the Group Theatre. On April 10, 1952, Elia Kazan appeared before the Committee on Un-American Activities where the following exchange enued:

MR. TAVENNER: Now, I understand that you have voluntarily requested the committee to reopen your hearing and to give you an opportunity to explain fully the participation of others known to you at the time to have been members of the Communist Party.

MR. KAZAN: That is correct. I want to make a full and complete statement. I want to tell you everything I know about it. . . . I have such a statement prepared.

MR. TAVENNER: Mr. Chairman, I introduce in evidence this statement prepared and submitted by the witness and ask that it be marked "Kazan Exhibit No. 1."

And then, the statement (". . . I have come to the conclusion that I did wrong to withhold these names before," etc., etc.) which proceeded to name members of the Group Theatre who were in the Communist Party with Kazan during his membership in 1934-35.

And our attention was also called to another colleague of the hero's Lou, a victim of the "Naming" who kills himself under a subway train. And the ripples eddy back to the various Group actors who were caught up in the McCarthy witch hunt. Mention is also made in the play of a certain Ludwig Reiner, a famous singing teacher. Our hero at first encourages his second wife Maggie to study with this teacher, although he says later in exasperation "I . . . he always got these brave solutions but the two-three times I've tried to pin him down to specifics he gets full of oxygen." Lee Strasberg, an early member of the Group Theatre, was Marilyn Monroe's great friend and teacher. It was through Arthur Miller that Marilyn met Strasberg. It was Marilyn, they say (then Mrs. Arthur Miller), who effected the reconciliation of Arthur Miller and Elia Kazan after *their* falling out over Kazan's Un-American testimony. She got them together at an Actors Studio (offshoot of the Group Theatre) Fund Raising Drive. And then Kazan and Miller decided to do this play together. And there was this girl in a blonde wig in it looking and acting just like Marilyn Monroe. And Leonard Lyons' column of January 24, 1964, ran the following item: "The spectacular Lincoln Center Repertory Theatre became Arthur Miller's psychoanalytic couch with its production of his frank autobiographic play, *After the Fall*. It's a sort of 'Who's afraid of Marilyn Monroe?' Lee Strasberg, who was Miss Monroe's teacher and good friend, expressed shock at the way Miller portrayed her. If this is the author's understanding of her character' said Strasberg, 'if he felt what he says he felt about her, then we can understand what happened to her.'" And Kermit Bloomgarden (Group Theatre's Business Manager) commented, "I've produced all of Miller's plays except this one. And he didn't even tell me he wasn't giving it to me—didn't even telephone me about it. I had to read it in the papers! Confusion! Consternation! Betrayal! Selling out! All in all, perhaps, when *After the Fall* opened at Lincoln Center that was quite a can of peas it opened as well.

But—perhaps not! Perhaps these parallels are simply one's hallucinating mind. After all Arthur Miller himself has gone to great pains in the Press to disabuse us of the notion that his play had autobiographical intent. So perhaps it would be more accurate to describe *After the Fall* in the same lucid way Kazan itemized for the Committee on Un-American Activities every movie and play to which he lent his brilliant directorial gifts. E.g.—to choose at random:

'*Casey Jones*, by Robert Ardrey. 1938. The story of a railroad engineer who comes to the end of his working days . . . thoroughly and wonderfully American in its tone, characters, and outlook."

Or "*A Streetcar Named Desire*, by Tennessee Williams. 1947, a famous play. Not political but deeply human.'

Or "*Viva Zapata*. . . . 1951. This is an anti-Communist picture. Please see my article on political aspects of this picture in the *Saturday Review* of April 5, which I forwarded to your investigator, Mr. Nixon."

Thus perhaps *After the Fall*, 1964. Arthur Miller. The story of a man who wonders why women won't leave him alone so that he can get on with his work—if he can just figure out what his work is supposed to be. A deeply American play. Not political.

One thing, however, is incontestable. The same confusion—the same consternation, the same disagreements and reconciliations, the same passionate concern with one another—has been happening all along. It has been perhaps the dominant note in the history of the modern American theatre. And it is traceable, in the main to four people. Together, for almost four decades, they have insisted on the principle that the best of American theatre will come from the foundation of a *permanent* American acting company. More or less together, they have survived four epochs: the Group, the hiatus, the Studio and the Great Schism. And now the aftermath, a period of muddled rethinking, hesitent regrouping. But the four, the holy four, are still with us, are still being talked about.

"What can you do about Strasberg? He's half saint, half devil."

"I'm sure Kazan justifies his continual disagreements with some Freudian cliché like, 'I guess you've got to keep killing the father.' Myself, I think it's mere sibling rivalry."

"After I was directed by Clurman, I thought thank God I've been through the last of those Thirties' Daddies."

"As a Producer, Cheryl Crawford's the greatest little letter writer in the business."

In all of American history, no group of theatre people has ever inspired, in equally fanatical amounts, such loyalty and disloyalty, such worshipful loving and instinctive loathing, such high hopes and grim disappointments, as the group that was set in motion back in 1931. It was then that the twenty-nine-year-old Lee Strasberg of Rudanev, Austria; the twenty-nine-year-old Cheryl Crawford of Akron, Ohio; and the thirty-year-old Harold Edgar Clurman of New York City, New York—passionate visionaries all—got together and formed an acting company. It was then that they decided that since they were always referring to it zealously as "our group," they might as well accept the inevitable and call this company the Group Theatre. A year later they were joined by the twenty-three-year-old Elia Kazan of Constantinople, Turkey, who, when Strasberg told him after an acting class, "You'll have to go. You'll never be an actor," answered: "I don't want to be." "Then why are you here?" asked Strasberg. "Because," replied Kazan, "I want your job."

Almost thirty-four years have elapsed, but it is extraordinary how true to their young selves the four have remained in appearance and "style." Cheryl Crawford, sharp-featured and slim as ever in a tailored suit, her auburn hair eternally cut in what used to be called a "boyish bob", Strasberg constant in an unexpectedly sporty jacket (he still doesn't own a dinner jacket), Clurman the dandy, elegant in a pitch-black lounge suit, black silk socks held up by garters, well-shined black shoes, a black broad-brimmed hat worn at a rakish Actor-Manager angle, Kazan forever hatless and tieless in a crumpled shirt, bunchy trousers, sneakers. Nevertheless in these thirty-three years there has been time for the four of them to reach out and capture Pulitzer Prizes, Academy Awards, New York Drama Circle Awards, University Honorary Degrees and Doctorates, a Légion d'honneur, a George Jean Nathan Drama Criticism Award—and even one splendid *Comthr Ency Brit*. And there has been time for them to produce and direct *Awake and Sing!*, *Golden Boy*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Death of a Salesman*, *The Member of the Wedding*, *The Skin of Our Teeth*, to mention but a very few—as well as time to train John Garfield, Franchot Tone, Lee J. Cobb, Julie Harris, Marlon Brando, Geraldine Page, Kim Stanley, Patricia Neal, Anne Bancroft, Paul Newman, Sidney Portier, Anne Jackson, Eli Wallach, Ben Gazzara, Shelley Winters—again to mention but a very few. And there has been time for them to invent an American acting style. (Whereas before, with Katharine Cornell, Tallulah Bankhead, Helen Hayes, the Lunts and the Barrymores, American acting had really been pseudo-English.) All this, as they slid from the Group Theatre ("How did so much ugliness come out of all that idealism?!") to the Actors Studio ("Whenever I hear the words Actors Studio, it just makes me feel tired") to that curious institution called Lincoln Center ("And which should be renamed The Something-for-Nobody-Center in honor of its disastrous program so far").

In the beginning, there was the Group. To anyone stagestruck and growing up in the Thirties and Forties, the Group Theatre represented an Ideal, a Goal, and a Legend. It also represented a Great Frustration, for it folded its tent after ten years before many of us had experienced the joy of seeing what great American *ensemble* acting was really like, or the joy of becoming part of a group so dedicated to greatness so closely knit, so brave and daring in revolutionary, so all-for-one and one-for all. And yet, that same stagestruck Anyone, subsequently getting his mitts on *The Fervent Years*, Clurman's unsparing, agonizing reappraisal of The Way It Really Was might, after reading it, be forgiven for drawing a deep breath of relief that the Cup had not been Passed Unto Him. For most, the drought proved to be a pretty dangerous and addictive brew, for some it was downright poison.

Cheryl Crawford, Lee Strasberg and Harold Clurman did not meet, as may be imagined, on some blasted heath but under the calm and respectable aegis of the Theatre Guild around 1925 when they were variously employed as assistant stage managers and actors. Before very long, they were exchanging ideas and ideals and expressing to each other their dissatisfaction over what American theatre *was* as compared with what they felt it should be. What they felt the theatre should be, they decided, was a permanent company of dedicated artists. They "clamored for greater occasions, for a closer embrace, for a more rooted togetherness." (In *The Fervent Years* Clurman uses the word "togetherness" twice before page 25, and this long before the Madison Avenue boys had such a ball with it.)

One day Clurman met Sidney Ross, a wealthy real-estate man, who gave the three use of a rooftop garden in an apartment building on Riverside Drive. They rounded up some actors, rehearsed them in a play by Waldo Frank for seventeen weeks, five hours a day (though most of the actors were in other productions at the time), finally put the play on there, where—nothing came of it. They then rehearsed six weeks on a play of Padraic Colum's—with the same result. But the band, far from being discouraged, was drawing closer and closer together, holding endless meetings, giving harangues, inspirational talks at anyone who would listen, plotting, planning, fervorizing, until finally, in the Summer of 1931, they had raised enough money for Clurman, Strasberg and Crawford to collect twenty-eight actors, a few wives and well-wishers and go off to a community in Connecticut called Brookfield Center to rehearse Paul Green's *The House of Connelly*. No one had a contract—nor ever asked for one. The average age of those in the group was twenty-seven.

What happened that summer was togetherness with a vengeance. The founding of a religious cult perhaps would not be too strong a phrase for it. For one thing, it was decided that dealing solely with each member's *artistic* problems was mere superficiality—the whole person was what they were after. They were out to clarify each other's *life* problems. "This was not done," confesses Clurman, "without some resistance and confusion . . . and willy-nilly it carried us along perhaps farther and harder than any of us realized." Example: Franchot Tone would amuse himself with some nightly card-sharking. Upon hearing of this Clurman turned to Strasberg and asked, "Shall we interfere in this?" Strasberg's eyes blazed. "We should interfere in everything." The other thing that happened was the introduction of the new famous Method based on the teachings of Stanislavsky. These exercises fall in two parts: 1) improvisation—i.e., ad libbing extemporaneous scenes based on situations emotionally analogous to the play and 2) exercises in "effective memory." In order to get at "true emotion," the actor was asked to recall the details of an event in his own past. "The first effect on the actors," marvels Clurman, "was that of a miracle. . . . Here was something new to most of the actors, something basic, something almost holy. It was a revelation of the theatre, and Strasberg was its prophet." A side effect of this miracle, or Group Therapy, was of course more togetherness. You got to know your fellow acolytes pretty well watching and participating with them day after day in reliving early traumas. Another side effect of this miracle proves perhaps the difficulty of Having It Both Ways. For having loosed and encouraged the opening of these emotional floodgates, the Directors were now faced with coping with people who were seeking solutions to inner problems that had previously been neglected, who were seeking, in short, nothing less than salvation!

The atmosphere became charged with religious frenzy. No matter that the Directors tried to make relaxation the fundamental prerequisite for all acting. There was something in the environment that was just not relaxing. . . . certain observers accused the organization of inducing neuroses in normal people, others asserted that the Group attracted the unbalanced. There is much to be said on this score," declares Clurman, laying it on the line. It is Clurman's premise that *any* equivalent group arising as did this one, from "a sense of dissatisfaction as well as from positive and constructive impulses . . . will attract people under pressure of some kind—troubled not quite adjusted people, yearners, dreamers, secretly ambitious."

Trouble in Paradise almost immediately. Before the first summer has ended, one yearner and dreamer, Cheryl Crawford, threatens to quit as co-director of *The House of Connelly*, feeling herself more an "appendage" to the production than Strasberg's colleague. Soon after, a misunderstanding over billing evokes from dreamer Strasberg the



shout, "If this means as much to anyone, he knows what he can do—leave!" By the second summer, Franchot Tone, doubtless overwhelmed by so much togetherness, turns up for rehearsals punctiliously but increasingly withdrawn from the group socially, and finally—quits. There goes the leading man! Never mind, the group has opened on Broadway. They are launched. Togetherness has paid off.

And through the years the productions receive this sort of notice: "I cannot remember a more completely consecrated piece of ensemble work since the Moscow Art masters went home." "They play like a band of musicians." Their group performance is too beautifully imagined and modulated to concentrate on personal achievements. . . . For once a group performance is tremulous and pellucid, the expression of an ideal." And through these same years unofficial delegations of angry actors are stomping through Directors' flats late at night de-

Paintings by Robert Weaver

Wear To Watch Golf By:



Forward the Dacron-and cotton suit is traditionally styled though the trousers in this case are cuffless By Chequers $45 The shirt is by Gant and the striped silk-rep tie by Burma Bibas coordinated with the silk pocket square by Ashear The hat is by Dobbs and the Corfam shoes by Winthrop, $22 The striped cotton/rayon/silk jacket in the center (Michaels Stern about $40) goes over a white knit Tycora shirt by Mr John and Dupioni silk slacks His brushed pigskin shoes are Hush Puppies $8 The comfortable spectator-all right wears another lrad-banal suit (Dacron/cotton by Marlal $45) whose subtlety is picked up in the boldly accented accessories This shirt is by Gant and the tan straw boater by Disney Hot-weather apparel at the Dorado Hilton—all in all the coolest thing around

Photographed by Robert Frisan

mauding the resignation of other members. Quarrels break out over who should direct what. Clurman suspects Strasberg and Crawford of having lined up against him with some previously planned strategy, it strikes him as a "betrayal." But an they go—together. They dabble in political ideas, albeit superficially. Harold Clurman, writing later of the Group's political fervor, says this:

"I cannot overlook the incidents of the public admission in Washington by several former members of the Group Theatre that at one time or another they had been affiliated for shorter or longer periods with the Communist Party. I was always made unhappy by their statements, no matter what form they took, because they could not—given the place and time the questions [were] put to them—present a true picture of the emotional and psychological situation which had led to their 'mistakes.' They could not and did not tell the truth—because, strangely enough, they did not understand it.

'The truth is that some of them had anything but the most rudimentary naïve understanding of politics; they were all essentially apolitical no matter what they may have once argued, or clamored about—no matter what cards, documents, statements they may have signed. They were *yearners* seeking a home."

At one point, during the depths of the Depression, at least half the Group moved into a ten-room flat on West Fifty-seventh Street near the railroad tracks. Clifford Odets in one room, Morris Carnovsky in another, Lee Strasberg with Paula, his newly wed wife, in a third, and so on. Clifford Odets, one of the Group's earliest members, waits three years for them to get around to *Awake and Sing!*, while *Waiting for Lefty* was produced shortly after it was written. They are enormous *les succès d'estime* but no help to him financially. Clurman overhears a whispered telephone conversation between Odets and his agent in which Odets confesses he might be willing to consider the $3,000 a week M-G-M. offered him. Clurman, on his way to Europe, broods about it. "I wrote [Odets] a letter [telling him] it was his duty to himself, to his colleagues and to his audience to go on writing plays,' says Clurman. What one wonders, in the name of hardship—this is still the Depression remember—is Clurman doing buzzing off to Europe at the time? Throughout, the wanderlust of Clurman is splendid. 'Fortified with the Group's gift of a new traveling bag and a handsome leatherbound journal, Cheryl Crawford and I set off' [or "When I left . . . Lee Strasberg . . . presented me with a gift—a rare edition of Ibsen's *Letters* . . ." Clurman goes—but always he returns.

Nineteen-thirty-six. A typical fervent year fervoring feverishly away. They are putting on Odets' *Paradise Lost*. Luther Adler wants to exchange parts with Sanford Meisner. J. Edward Bromberg is bitterly disappointed at not being in it. Stella Adler doesn't want to play at all. And suddenly Stella erupts. She has been a good girl all these years playing "mother" parts instead of the leading ladies she normally would be playing with other managements. And here she is to play *another* "mother" part. She has had enough of dedication and loyalty. She wants out from the Religious Order. "I feel that I need to sin and you make me feel I have no right to!" she is saying to Clurman, and Odets backs her up. 'She's right! She's right!' he exclaims. He too has had enough of togetherness. He, too, wants to sin! And for Odets at this time, Hollywood was Sin. So off he goes. 'Traitor!'

And what's this? J. Edward Bromberg, another pillar of the Group, going off in the same direction like a [illegible] like a thief in the night! Actually signing a Hollywood contract without first talking it over with them. Traitor! If only there was a high tribunal where a terrible justice might be meted out for the like of such.

Quite suddenly Clurman and Kazan seem to have joined Tone, Bromberg, and Odets around the swimming pools of Sin Town. Who's going in? One gets the dizzy impression that the cries of Selling Out are equaled only by the rapidity with which the Crier often was able to beat the Seller out to the Gold Coast. By 1937, Hollywood's Walter Wanger has most of the Group Theatre actors under contract. Yet in 1938, when John Garfield announces *his* departure from the Group, Carnovsky barely speaks to him. . . . Lee J. Cobb's face lowers with wrath [illegible] a meeting is held. Clurman wonders if Garfield's wife hadn't exerted a mischievous influence.

Centrifugal forces vs. centripetal forces. It was part of the Group Theatre's religion that the need to sin be followed by the need to atone. Franchot Tone leaves . . . but he always sends them money. Clifford Odets leaves . . . but he always sends them plays. Kazan and Clurman leave . . . but they return. In the key year of 1937, a committee of actors in the Group stages a revolution; Strasberg and Crawford leave . . . but they will return again, though they return under another name and it takes them ten years to do so.

Why did the Group Theatre fail? Many left, but many returned. In its last years it had become a revered institution. *Golden Boy*, *Johnny Johnson*, *My Heart's in the Highlands*, *Thunder Rock*, *The Gentle People* still evoke ecstatic cries from people who saw the productions. The company went to London and set it on its ear. Group Theatres began mushrooming all over England in imitation. "I never officially called quits or formally ended the Group," writes Harold Clurman in confusion.

"The Group Theatre failed when the actors began to run the company," says Cheryl Crawford laconically from the Actors Studio Theatre where today she has her offices. "There was a 'revolutionary' element among them that felt the plays Lee and I suggested weren't 'profound' enough. If they'd done *Winterset* and *Dead End* as we suggested they'd probably still be a Group Theatre today."

"The Group Theatre failed because in their one big smash box-office hit, *Golden Boy*, the actors were still only getting Equity minimum while Clifford Odets was collecting regular Broadway royalties," says Kermit Bloomgarden. "I told them at the time, and I was their business manager, 'You've got to give the actors more pay. It'll make for good feeling.' But that's the way it stayed. And it failed also because of certain members' attitude toward other members. 'Go and never darken our doors again,' was the attitude. They *wouldn't* let people go with goodwill. Maniacs!" And then his face softens into a nostalgic grin and he goes on, 'My years with the Group Theatre were some of the most rewarding years I've ever spent. The talk! Clurman and Kazan talked about the art of theatre, the theory of theatre, discussed and dissected and analyzed each production on Broadway in a way I'd never heard before in my life. I was enriched. And the quarrels! And the factions! During this time I was also business manager for Herman Shumlin and a faction—Odets, Luther Adler, and Carnovsky, I think it was—held a meeting to demand that I give up Shumlin and work for them exclusively. The yelling and shouting! They'd held the meeting in the Sardi building on the floor below the Shubert offices, and S. S. Shubert finally came downstairs and said, 'Unless the screaming stops I'm going to throw you all out!' And then they asked me what would *I* do about me if I were them. And I said, 'I'd get down on my hands and knees and kiss my — and beg me to stay.' And that broke them up and we all left laughing."

'The Group Theatre was destined to fail because," says Robert Ardrey, a Group Theatre playwright, "the collective premise went



against the American grain. America's culture is fundamentally individualistic."

And go up and down Broadway even today and ask. "The Group Theatre failed because there were too many people in charge. Instead of the one Great Source of Inspiration—like Brecht, like Reinhardt, like Mohère." "The Group Theatre failed because it wasn't subsidized by the Government." "The Group Theatre failed because of those nuts that were in it."

The Group Theatre failed. And in Hollywood in 1944, during the hiatus the lineup was as follows: Kazan was directing *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*; Strasberg was at Twentieth Century-Fox as a "talent developer", his wife Paula set herself up as actors' coach; Clurman was at RKO learning to be a producer; Odets was writing and directing *None But the Lonely Heart* whose cast included eight Group Theatre members, Tone was at M-G-M. *(Continued on page 159)*

YOUR CONCH RUNNETH OVER

Eight New Ways To Hold Your Liquor





Any gentleman worthy of the name should, at least once in his life, perform some absurd gesture of gallantry—like drinking champagne from a lady's slipper. Once done, the deed need never be repeated, but the pleasure of imbibing a drink from something other than a glass may strike one's fancy. If so, here are other ways of doing it. Drill holes in a **coconut**, pour out milk, measure 3 ounces of same, add 1½ ounces gin, ½ ounce simple syrup, ½ ounce lime juice, pour back into shell and serve chilled with straws. In the **helmet** for Soldier's Camping Punch: 1 large kettle of boiled strong coffee, ½ pound lump sugar, 1 bottle of Brandy, ½ bottle Jamaica rum—all heated until sugar melts. Serves a platoon. **Pepper Pot**: 2 ounces tequila, ½ ounce clam juice, 4 ounces tomato juice, a dash of Worcestershire, salt and pepper are shaken with ice. Pernod is swirled around inside of hollowed-out pepper and poured out; then drink is poured in and garnished with small, hot red peppers. General Harrison's Eggnog in the **milk bottle** contains an egg, 1½ teaspoons of sugar, 2 or 3 lumps of ice, cider to taste. Shake. Serve. The **conch shell** holds a Pelican Smash: 2 ounces dark rum, ½ ounce Bourbon, ½ ounce Triple Sec, 3 ounces pineapple juice, blended in mixer and served with chunks of pineapple. A Roman Punch froths over the lip of the **trophy cup**: mix quickly 1 quart lemon sherbet with a cup light Caribbean rum. Chill cup. Champagne. **Melon** Cup can be made with any melon in season: halve, scoop out melon balls and fill with champagne. The **orange** is hollowed out, juice squeezed, mixed with 1 jigger whiskey, flavored with heavy rum, poured back with an ice cube.

Photographed by Someroff

The Gear and Flaps Man

by John Medelman

Something there is that does not love a war—a fat man

Lieutenant Fat Pig all swells and creases like a leaky zeppelin, lay full length on the concrete, hangared in the relative cool beneath an airplane wing. His head on his parachute, he stared mournfully at the jet trainers settling with soundless smoky poffs onto the runway half a mile away.

"The Enemy" would soon appear among them in airplane descending in a stream of jerks and wriggles, twitching out of the sky toward his usual semicrash. The Enemy was Fat Pig's instructor, though the lieutenant possessed the benign soul of the classic fat man and did not like to recognize his feeling. Whenever possible he tried to keep his instructor from his mind.

A square, tanned face appeared upside down, looking at him from atop the sheltering wing. "Sorry buddy," it said. "I'm a gonna see if I can't get this gawdam bird off the ground without its blowin' up." The lieutenant nodded agreeably at the man's ambition, rolled out and, as if suddenly receiving a sneaky blow on his unshaded head, dropped beneath the wing of a neighbor airplane there he adjusted his parachute under his head and again lay motionless. He crippled a bit in discomfort as the furious howls and kerosene aldehydes of a wakening jet swirled about him, but relaxed as soon as the pilot, now wearing an enormous checkered helmet labeled Test, released his brakes and rackaled off inward a taxiway.

In the settling silence, the lieutenant meandered as he often did, into considerations of his future. 'Soar Into The Future With The Air Force Team!" cheered a square, tanned face from a poster in front of the base post office. It was a face like the one on the man who had just left. It might even have been the man's face. They were interchangeable issue items, these cut-out-far-the Air Force officers. Base commanders ordered them in dozen lots. 'Request twelve (12) one (1) each square tanned hell-and napalm warbirds."

The face was not Fat Pig's face and the future of the Air Force team was not his future. He—large, hardish, agreeable man—could not see himself going off voluntarily in any machine that was likely to blow a second-rank fuse, much less blow up. No, what he would become, when his service—his servitude—had ended was a minor major official in a dignified and useful corporation. There he would spend his life solving small problems and chatting with people, preferably over food and drink. He would have no contact with raucous, unpredictable machines, only with quiet cues which would need no attention and would hum vaguely behind office walls, protecting his comfort.

A plane bumped by on the nearest taxi strip, hurrying back from the runway. Its canopy was open and it scuttled along with the peculiar tracking motion of tricycle-gear ships. It carried two men, one in front, one behind. The front-seat pilot had a tiny face, barely visible in the depths of his helmet, and glittering eyes which peered out like the eyes of a lizard.

"My God," muttered Fat Pig, "he sneaked in!" His parachute scraped on the concrete as he jerked it into the open. He slung it over his shoulder, straps flapping, and set off in a staunch billowing gallop down the flight line, running past the rows of planes toward his instructor's parking slot. As he ran, he began to sweat as if he had sprung a multitude of pinpoint leaks. By the fifteenth row the concrete had developed fiendly shifting mounds, which demanded all his balance. By the twentieth row he seemed to be running on his knees. "Whuff . . . um . . . ah . . . arrrrgh," went on in his throat. He clawed into a forward-tilted, knees-high shuffle, a walking man's imitation of a run.

It was then that a high, ripped cracking, crackling voice sliced toward him from farther up the ramp. It seemed to whip around his neck like a length of plane wire and haul him into a sprint. "Fat Pig! Fat Pig!" it shrieked. "*Move! Move! Move!*"

The lieutenant spurted to the side of his instructor's plane, threw down his chute, and dropped his head toward his knees. He swelled and shrank alarmingly as he pumped in and out the ramp's combination of jet fumes and scorched Texas air. After a time he straightened and looked up. Lieutenant Godfrey, his instructor, sat in the cockpit filling out a post-flight form. Godfrey had taken off his helmet and the hair stood up on his small, elongated head like precisely clipped quack grass. He wore a sour, intent expression, and all the lines of concentration somehow flowed, by mainstream or tributary, onto the base of his nose. Godfrey's nose—jutting, outsize, cartilaginous—was the promontory with which the little man began. His forehead and chin receded from it like products of erosion. Everywhere his face was dry—lips, cheeks, even the corners of his eyes. He seemed to have spent his twenty-five years leaning into a melodorous and dehydrating wind.

He wrote rapidly, concentrating on the flight form as he concentrated on the innumerable notes he left about for his students—notes which said "During today's flying period you will read Instruction Manual pgs 100-123" or simply, "You men had better shape up." The notes were always signed with the quick assertive abbreviation, "Lt. God."

Lieutenant God bent down, disappearing for a moment in the small cockpit, locking away the form. Then, like an adder from a basket, he rose again, facing round to open his wide mouth at the bland man in the rear seat. "Freek!" he snapped, "are you going to sit there forever? Off the pot, man, off the pot!"

First Lieutenant Fred Freek, with date of rank a year earlier than Godfrey's, started and glared. Then, as formally as possible, he slung a leg over the boarding ladder and began backing down. Before he touched ground his face had melted back into its usual expression of gigantic self-satisfaction. His eyes sparkled in their close-set sockets, and his many teeth stood out like scrimshaw in his thrusting jaw. Fred Freek, Fearless Fred, product of O.C.S., son of a Phys-Ed instructor, for five years an enlisted man, Freek had had some specialty rating . . . what was it? Probably juggernaut operator.

Lt. God was crawling from the front seat to the back, glaring down on them from the boarding ladder. 'Freek, go start your plane. Fat Pig, get up here."

Freek trotted off, tolerant of any man or system that allowed him to clutch an airplane by its privates and rattle it about the sky.

Fat Pig went up the ladder, sorrowing over his new name, given him by Lt. God. His old one, in the pleasant dim days of college, had been Arthur J. Parpich. *Mr.* Parpich, even: "Mr. Perpich, Melville's discourse on the whiteness of the whale, how do you think it stands up metaphysically?" Ah . . . fine sleepy questions, ponderous, vague and trivial. Even in that bleak fifth hour, when the R.O.T.C. students doomgly digested their lunches to the enginelike drone of officers from personnel and supply, he had been only bored. And a bit of boredom slows life's rush toward the Nothing the old metaphysicians had so dwelt on. The old metaphysicians . . . What had Godfrey been studying behind those grim rocks piled along the Hudson while Fat Pig was idling through the Venerable Wanderers? The uses of grapeshot in crowds? Richard Widmark movies? Absently Fat Pig patted his parachute cushion, plumping it up.

"Is oo comfy wamfy itto fat boy?" rasped Godfrey.

Fat Pig held a silent discussion as he strapped in. Was Lieutenant God the standard West Point product? No, the right kind of men came out of the Trade Schools honest and impressive soldiers. It was the empty ones hoplog to gain ballast, defective despite their straight teeth and adequate arches who were ruined by the training. They learned to convulse, like snakebite victims, when breathed on from above, and, between times, to dribble venom on all below. In the Academies' formations, dispersed among the snapping flags making up the glass-sharp ranks, hiding behind each other as the cadet captains and tactical officers strode by, were—in God knew



"Sir, I'd like to request a transfer to some other outfit—I'm trigger-happy!"

what numbers—rancid adolescents congealing into cruel adults.

"Fire up, fire up, let's go!" said a recent member of the group.

"Sir, the A P U isn't hooked up yet." Fat Pig's voice was petient, tried and gentle.

An enlisted man had come up suilenly beside the plane, pushing through the rising ribbons of heat what might have been a weed burner or a Good Humor wagon. It had a heavy cord which he plugged into one of the jet's many streamlined orifices. Inside, Fat Pig advanced the requisite levers and snapped the proper switches. Outside, the auxiliary power unit burst into a high rattling roar. Deep within its fuselage the plane began to whine. The whine grew, radiated into the surrounding air. A blurred area of heat appeared at the tail-pipe orifice and lengthened suddenly as the engine *poofed* into life. Once started, the turbine's faint vibration set up a ghostly soothing quiver throughout the plane, and instrument dials crept toward the green bends of the *normal* range.

During the first weeks of training Fat Pig had been fuddled by the cramped and dingy cockpit with its instruments, switches, lights, warnings, levers, and its blank electronic boxes stuck here and there, as if a hurrying housewife had mistaken the warbird's roost for a closet. But suddenly, yet so naturally that he failed to realize how marvelous it was, his hands and eyes had stopped fluttering about the cockpit in a vague, anxious, incessant search. The place had become ordered, almost stark. He now did easily such things as starting the engine and cleaning the plane up after takeoff. He suspected that these switch-snapping, lever-pulling procedures were much like those of the ladies who piloted the business machines in the bank room of the base comptroller's office.

Godfrey, however, went through them as if they were portions of combat maneuvers. He piloted in angry haste, and those muscles designed to restrain and smooth his movements seemed to hold desperately at the beginning of each new action, as if his core was protesting such rashness. Then they let go, he moved in twangs and clutches. His main pedagogical tool, in the air as on the ground, was his unpleasantness, and even that frequently slid away from him. For he was constantly getting into forbidden mock dogfights with Freek. In these, he would shout and laugh and whip his airplane about the sky like an excited child whipping an honest and bewildered pony.

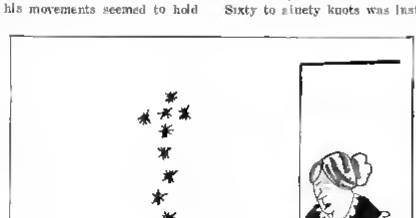
The A P U man made a few irritable gestures which meant, "There are no obstacles about. You are clear to taxi. Please taxi straight ahead for the moment. Now put on your right brake. Now straight ahead again. You are in the clear. Good-bye and I hope you taxi off the edge of the earth."

Making an outrageous racket for its beetlelike pace, the plane rolled stiffly toward the runway. Halfway there, Freek's ship shot up from behind and braked hard to fall in line. "Spitshine Two, checking in," said Freek. Spitshine was Godfrey's formation call. Other instructors had cheerfully irresponsible calls, like 'Hangover" and "Houn'dog." Godfrey's was cheerless and irritating, a snatch of song from his narrow and focused thoughts.

Almost toorhing the two planes paused at the runway. In front of them another jet floated by, tourbed, bounred, accelerated and lifted off. It seemed to shrink as it rose. In a few moments it had dwindled to nothing in the silk-blue sky.

As Godfrey said "Let's go, let's go!" Fat Pig rolled onto the runway. He stopped, stood on his brakes, and advanred his throttle. In the cockpit the sound rose—it was like the drumming rush of a stream from a huge hose. The airplane trambled and thrummed and seemed to hover. From the air conditioner came chilly froth and flecks of ice. He tested the red fira and fuel warning lights, each flared with sudden disturbing authority; they seemed peepholes into the great fira in the center of the ship.

Fat Pig looked around. Freek was in position off the right side of his tail. Tant and mationless. Freek was watching him. Freek's helmet was bulbous and gleaming; his oxygen mask covered his nose and mouth; his green Plexiglass visor was down; he seemed an antique knight waiting the sign to gallop from his knoll and pierce the infidel. Fat Pig gazed up the runway. It shimmered and its end was ant of sight. Was the field really on a slight knoll, or did the earth curve that murh in a mile? He thrust his head farward in the gesture Freek was waiting for, and released his brakes. The planes began to roll, sluggishly at first, their engines throwing off tremendous gouts of noise and futile energy. Ten knots, and a wait for twenty-five; then, more rapidly, forty knots and sixty. Naw the turbines were drilling solid air; the leisurely swoop over the runway's black crosslines became a breathless, scooping rush. Sixty to ninety knots was instantaneous. WHUMWHUMWHUM from the wheels, diminishing slightly on the nosewheel lifted off. 'He who rides a tiger cannot dismount,' thought Fat Pig.



"Forget it, George!"

The plane rose. All the raugh anrushing sensations dissolved, replaced by a lazy flow. Below, the Negro who worked the farm beyand the runway plowed with his mules; the two, stubborn and patient, ebbed behind. Each moment, as the planes climbed, hundreds of square miles of Texas floated from the horizon into sight. The land was brown and gray green, filtering into blue as it met the sky. Freek was in position, too close as usual, his tip tank lurking just off Fat Pig's aileron. His plane rocked gently up and down. The weirdly masked face was fixed on Fat Pig, who could imagine its expression: jaw out, green eyes gleaming, many teeth showing in a half smile-half snap. Freek would be enjoying himself. The planes brushed past a round powderball of a cloud. 'Into the air," thought Fat Pig, "into thin air, goes this insubstantial pageant."

Expectation of these immobile, gliding moments had bent him into the flying Air Force when his classmates had signed up for the petty bondage of personal and supply. One had to do one's service it might as well be pleasant. So far Godfrey's yattering and rasping had spoiled most of the pleasure, but Fat Pig was looking forward. All his life he had been the friend of many people and one of them years ago had taken him into the cockpit of an airliner booming silkily through the dense jeweled night of the Eastern seaboard. He had admired the easy somnolent movements of the pilots, the slow passage of the ground lights and the stars, the cockpit's atmosphere of proud leisure. When his indenture to Godfrey ended, he would apply for a slot as a copilot on a transport. It was an odd ambition. Most of his classmates shared the spirit of Freek, who wanted to shoot up a train and fly through the parts they desired those qualities of soul that would surely come to them as fighter pilots. "I'm a gear and dope man myself." Fat Pig would tell them with large and specious solemnity. "The aircraft commander'll say 'Pull up the landing gear,' and I'll say, 'Yes, sir.' Then he'll say, 'Pull up the flaps,' and I'll say, 'Yes, sir.' Then I'll gain bark and sleep. Man, that's flying!"

Freek's voice shrieked in his headphones. "I've got this thing on one-hundred-percent power and I still can't keep up!" Fat Pig looked around. Freek seemed to be sinking in the fluid sky. Freek's voice came again over the brief void. "Maybe the gear didn't lark. I'll recycle it."

His plane floated farther out and down, growing queerly indistinct. "Spitshine Two, hold your altitude!" ordered Godfrey irritably. "It'll take you half the flight to get back up here."

Freek's plane suddenly began to regain its size. "Not me!" he cried. "not Zork Arigh of Venus!"

Oh, God, thought Fat Pig, another of these weird departures from felicity.

From Godfrey an eerie giggle drifted forward on the intercom. "I've got the aircraft!" he said in a high excited voice, and the stick bounced out of Fat Pig's hand. The throttle moved to the fire wall—the plane jerked into a turn that grafted Fat Pig to the appliances in a corner of the cockpit. (Freek was imitating a machine gun: "AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!") Godfrey handled the stick with the frantic vigor of a man pumping a sinking ship. 'What a fighter pilot that Freek'll be!" he chanted wildly. "Oh, what a fighter pilot!"

"AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!"

Fat Pig was tramped into a pokkish ball by gravity, then hoisted upward like a spaghetti strand. The world, now red as he was hoisted, then deep grey as he was tromped, wheeled and rolled; the earth and sky continuously traded places. *The Sarabaud of the Warriors*, thought Fat Pig, whenever his brain received enough air for thought: *in tension-draining ritual* soldiers live in a state of compression: their dangers and their prospects of danger; the incessant lookings over by superiors, the petty pinelike rules—all these continually turn them tighter. Their unwindings often give out a Dionysian twang. Shortly Freek and Godfrey would have emptied their endocrine glands and routine flight training would resume.

Freek was in back, darting from side to side, peking away like a sharp-toothed fish. Then he was coming in from the left rear, much too large: much too fast. Fat Pig, twisting to watch, flung up one arm for protection. He had an instant of realization. "This is happening to me and there's nothing I can do." Then there was a cushioned but violent shock—like cheese hit with an ax—and Freek's broken ship was floating beside his own, a coasting crumpled missile. Its canopy peeled up a bit, then vanished. Freek ejected a monstar ascending in a Danish modern chair. He vanished. Without changing its pitch, Freek's empty airplane seemed to rise abruptly, disappearing. Fat Pig saw that his own was diving. His left wing was a stub of metal plates and bent girders, like a blown up bridge.

He reached for the lever which would blow the canopy, but found it already pulled. He realized that he was ducking behind the windshield while an immense wind sucked and gargled at the cockpit. He pulled his ejection lever and was plouted twice, almost simultaneously—in the rear as the ejection cartridge fired, in the face and front as he met the wind. His chair tumbled away. The wind died to a dry whispering touch. Fat Pig crouched on his hands and knees two miles above the Texas veld, like a foolish man imitating a dog. Then he pulled his D ring, and the opening parachute hauled him upright.

Below him an airplane, belly up, was arcing toward the ground. It fell away diminishing, until it had become a shining aluminum shard. When it grew no smaller, Fat Pig realized that it had crashed.

Some vague current turned him around. About fifty feet above him and close enough to recognize, was Freek. Perched in his sling with the same jauntily erect posture he wore on earth, Freek seemed to be advertising the wholesome benefits of parachuting.

Fat Pig realized that he had felt no emotion since the accident began. But a mighty one had begun within him now. He was enraged at Freek and Godfrey. He had rarely been angry, and he had never felt such rage as this. He had never felt such a pure emotion. It had none of those hints—knowledge that it would run down, a sense of the terror and foolishness of extremes—which had always clogged about him at the moment of a leap. He could have rut their jugulars with his teeth.

The earth did nothing for a time, then sprang at him. When his chute snagged in a tree, it seemed one more outrageous goad from Godfrey. He swung toward a gnarled lower limb and discovered that he had lost his helmet, for the limb clauted him tremendously on the head. His rage flared, and burst within him in a lash of incandescent streamers.

He began to ease toward consciousness. Ferociously he willed a hastening of the process. A tunnel before him widened, then shattered into light. His feet were on the ground, around them was a litter of ripped-off leaves and branches. He was almost standing, supported by taut shrond lines hooked to swatches of parachute caught in the oak above. He yanked at the lines, swearing wildly to himself; more leaves and branches mixed with strips of silk fluttered down on him.

'Why don't you just unbuckle your harness?" came Freek's voice from a distance.

Fat Pig looked around and watched malevolently as Freek ran—tanned a weary gallop toward him across the hummocky sun-dried pasture. Then he began to unbuckle.

Freek came up, panting. Physically Freek had barely scuffed his shoeshine, but emotionally he seemed crumpled and sodden. "Godfrey's dead," he said, "his chute streamered all the way down. He's out in the middle of the pasture. He doesn't look too bad, but I don't think there's anything solid left inside him."

'Good!" thought Fat Pig. 'Good! By God, good!'

He jerked out of his harness then stopped as he became aware of the enormity of his thought. 'I mean it,' he realized with wonder. "My God, I mean it." And it came to him, cracking up from some dried and pressed-down shelf beneath his knowledge, that *he* could exult as he sent napalm tanks flopping down on soldiers in thin summer uniforms, or give a shout of rage and glee as he sent a wild array of rockets smoking into a weary transport. And the detached gentle innocence he had so carefully cultivated seemed a frail and frivolous barrier against the terrible excesses of the world.

LOTS OF PICTURES
AND A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE

MAGAZINE

In the complicated business of getting a message out of one mind and into another (communication they call it), magazines are unique. They are the result of warfare. Warfare not necessarily unto death, but certainly unto deadline. Two sorts of people put magazines together, and their points of view are usually in opposition. There are the word people—the editors—who care about how magazines *read*. And there are the picture people—the art directors—who care about how magazines *look*. Ideally, of course, these two factions should be sympathetic, symbiotic, and generally chummy. But no. Editors want words, and these, to the art directors, are just expanses of grey ennui. Art directors want to see a lot of colored ink, a lot of white paper, and a lot of impact (which means practically anything except words). In no other form of communication does this type of tension persist unabated.

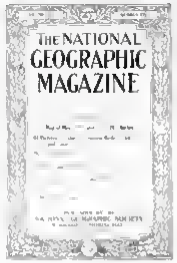
Since editors write explanatory blurbs (such as this), art directors usually come off badly. But now Esquire is giving the art director his due, his chance to be loved and admired by the general public. The occasion arises from an exhibition put on in New York by The American Institute of Graphic Arts (and put together by a group of art directors). Henry Wolf, one of the most famous art directors, chose from the exhibit the pages, covers, and spreads you see in this eight-page section.

And as it turns out, art directors have value after all. Their work provides a unique history in images of changes in our national temper and tempo. The look of five decades of magazine pages offers a kind of social documentation words could not accomplish. This is your chance to look a lot and read little. So look. And may the art directors now hold their peace—for a bit.











At left, four covers from the year 1914. Dignified fine-de-siecle stuff, and inexpensive: you will note illustration prevailed sternly over photography and was to hold sway for two more decades. The indelible yellow border of *The National Geographic* is so indelible it appears as if the format hasn't changed in fifty years. (It has. Color photography has been added.)



Vanity Fair was one of the great magazines of all time, and one of the first to have an art director in today's sense (most other magazines at the time were put together by the printer). The witty, impossibly mannered interviews and Steichen's monumental photography are perhaps most vividly remembered.



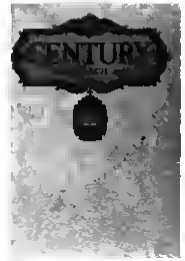




This is how *Life* looked before it became a Lucentarprise. In 1922, this book was closer to *The New Yorker* than to its namesake of today. It was clever, pre-Twenties.

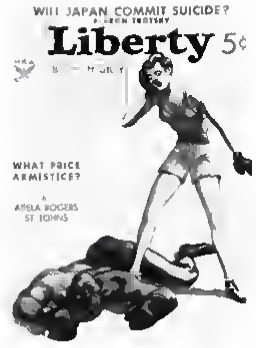






During the Thirties, these four were household words. All have vanished from the scene.
Ken was news-oriented, had big photo pages.
The Century offered quality writing.
Collier's (at recent memory) was one of the best-loved family weeklies.
Liberty had pertinent comment in easy-to-read language.





The new *Life* and its cover number one. Photographic reportage was the most powerful influence on the time, dictating the format of a new wave of picture magazines: *Look*, *Paris Match*, *Picture Post*

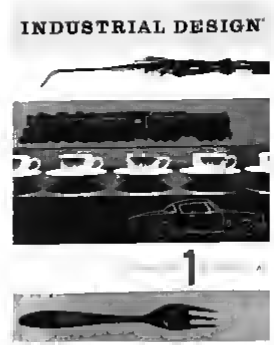




Apparel Arts was the forerunner of *Esquire*; today it is published under the title of *Gentlemen's Quarterly*. The first men's fashion magazine, it employed bold and imaginative designs by Paul Rand. Montage covers, such as that above, influenced magazines everywhere

Flair was a whimsy of the dawning Fifties, full of foldouts, holes, antic wit, and other campery. It also printed some serious articles. It didn't last long, but made a lot of noise while it was around.



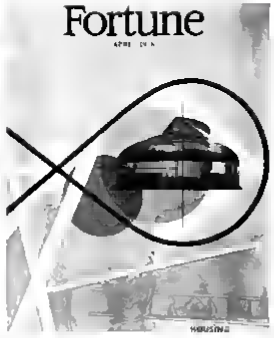


A 1954 entrant—and a good looking one, as it should be. It remains the bible for designers of handsome objects



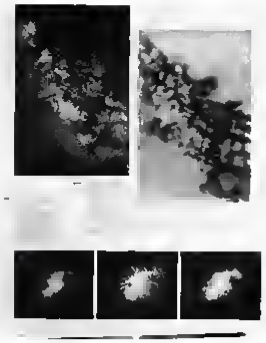


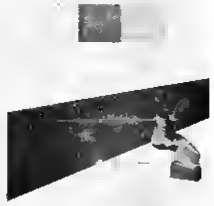
Vogue under the art directorship of Alex Liberman—and with the photography of Irving Penn—published some of the most unforgettable picture pages of the Fifties. Fashion, people, things—all vigorous. *Vogue* incorporated *Vanity Fair* (and its art director Dr. M.F. Agha) in 1936, and the bloodline has always been apparent.

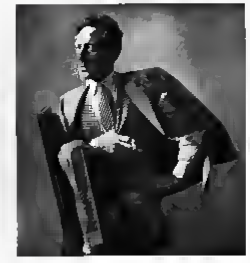


From its launching in 1930, *Fortune* placed great emphasis on a high standard of graphic design and reproduction. Its articles were always beautifully organized and lucid, whether their subject was astrophysics (the spread below) or cars and menus (at right)











PORTFOLIO



After the war, youth needed a magazine and got it, with *Seventeen*. It remains the last word on fashion and style for young teen agers. In the Fifties its pages were full of the outstanding layouts of Cipe Pineles and Art Kane (above) and introduced line artists such as Ben Shahn as illustrators of fiction (below).



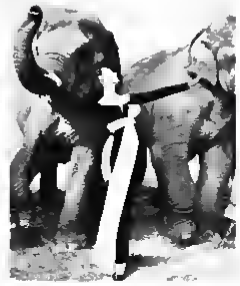




One of the best graphic magazines ever published ran only three issues. All of them were classics. *Portfolio* was designed by Alexey Brodovitch, who was at *Harper's Bazaar* at the time and who has become one of the best teachers of graphic design. The photographs for the essay on India (above) were taken by Henri Cartier-Bresson.





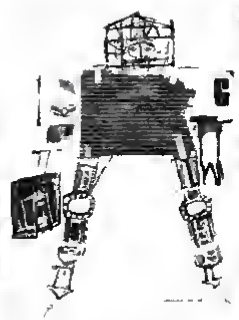


In two years *Harper's Bazaar* will be a hundred years old, but doesn't look it. A rigidly high standard of graphics keeps it looking fresh. Richard Avedon's unrivaled fashion photography (girls and dresses and elephants at right) is still a mark others strive for—or react against.











Life in the Fifties—at its very best. The big, memorable picture story such as Howard Sochurek's flying pictures at left, tried to give the definitive treatment to the subject and usually succeeded. The color spread by Saul Steinberg (above) presented *Life* at its wittiest.





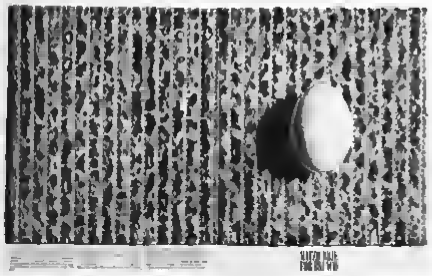
Sports Illustrated was launched in 1954. Time, Inc. spent millions to get it going, and the investment has proved wise. Some of the best contemporary illustration appears in this book, and most of the clichés of sports reportage do not appear.



Look (at right). The big magazine which has proved that powerful design can help the story even in a mass market. Art Director Allen Hurlburt has produced some memorable picture essays and has found a way to achieve a continuity of design despite the interruption of advertising pages.



Holiday was first published in 1946. It combined lively photos
voyaging away from home look worth the trouble. Arnold Newman's
impeccable photography (the Grand Canyon and a TV set, above)
have helped maintain *Holiday*'s festive look.



The early Sixties: the bigger picture,
the sock-'em-down look. The spread above
is from *McCall's* magazine
successfully revamped by its Art
Director Otto Storch. The pages below
are by Henry Wolf in *Harper's Bazaar*,
a high-key photograph plus smears
of lipstick photographed in color.



A good looking hard-cover magazine which died young.



Black
white
and
color



The *Eros* essay (photographed by
Ralph Hattersley) that stirred up a
controversy in 1962 is shown above.

Norman Rockwell approached the race
question from another angle in
The Saturday Evening Post (below).





Show, an entry by millionaire
Huntington Hartford, was lavish
but lasted only three years in its
original format. At left, *Show*
looks at pop art. Below, the
elegant Lena Horne cover
photographed by Melvin Sokolsky.

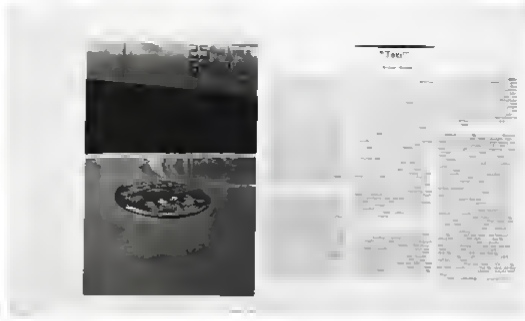




This is from *Vogue*, 1963 (left). Topless suits
may mean that the fashion and girlie books will
begin to look alike. Here, though, *Vogue* remains
detached, high-minded.



First published in 1963, *New York*
is the Sunday magazine of the New York *Herald Tribune*.
Far and away the best newspaper supplement
published today, it uses color and bold
illustration, lively typography.



THE NEW STANLEY HOTEL

by Peter Vanderwicken

Going in, it gets you used to Africa; going out, it gets you used to civilization

"I'll meet you at the Stanley," is what you hear all through Africa, and whether you're in Cairo or Cape Town or the jungles between, the meaning is clear: the New Stanley Hotel in Nairobi, Kenya, East Africa. For the Stanley, a gleaming white eight-story edifice in the middle of Nairobi, is more than a place to spend the night. To a unique degree among the world's hotels, it serves as a sort of public club, a temporary home, a social gathering spot and civic center for much of the African continent.

This remarkable clublike character exists because the Stanley is an oasis of comfort and company in what is still largely a savage and primitive land, where travel is difficult, telephones are few and lonely settlers and travelers have little chance to visit. The New Stanley, the largest hotel in one of the largest towns between Cairo and Salisbury almost in the middle of Africa, is a good place to meet. It is commonly the first stop—if only for a beer and fresh news—of hunters emerging from the bush, farmers in town to shop, and travelers on the tracks that pass for roads.

The extent to which the Stanley happily serves its frontier-land function as everyone's home away from home was shown not long ago, on a day when the hotel was full. A white hunter arrived in town after an arduous safari and asked Brian Burrows, the hotel's affable manager, if he might use Burrows' suite to shower and change. Burrows agreed, and when he went up an hour or so later he found the hunter, perfectly at home, sitting on the carpet with a lovely young lady eating steak and chips.

The Stanley began as a restaurant three years after Nairobi was founded in 1899. It was owned by a woman who, according to one old-timer, "was lucky if she got six customers a week." It was named, of course, for the explorer Stanley of "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" fame, who trekked through this part of Africa just ninety years ago. In 1903 most of Nairobi was burned down by a zealous engineer trying to wipe out an epidemic of plague, and when the lady again set up shop above an Indian *duka* she added some beds and the establishment became known as the "new" Stanley Hotel. The "new" stuck, and when the hotel considerably enlarged, was moved to its present site in 1918. The New was added officially. But anybody who's been in Africa for more than twenty-two days calls it simply "The Stanley."

The hotel's atmosphere is distinctly African. The lobby is paneled with greenish-growing olive wood from Mt. Elgon on the Uganda border. Barefooted spear-carrying natives amble past the front door. Just across the street is Shaw & Hunter, which calls itself "the world's best gun shop." In the hotel's row of shops is Rowland Ward's, taxidermists and compilers of world big-game records. And straight across the hotel's lobby is a kiosk selling safaris and tours to the game parks. It is operated by Kel, Dawney & Selby Safaris Ltd., the biggest and best known safari firm in Africa.

The hotel's main building is of white stone with lots of windows, in deference to Nairobi's climate, which in January and February is sometimes hot (most of the hotel is not air-conditioned). The interior, however, features cool woods and bush colors. The two hundred twenty-four cork-floored, brown-and-green-colored bedrooms almost give the feeling you're out on safari and your boy is about to tap on the tent flap and bring in several buckets of hot water to fill your bath. The idea requires little imagination, for every five rooms there is a "room boy," who attends to room service, polishes your shoes, and walks around each evening spraying mosquito repellent.

Nairobi is the starting point for nearly all safaris to Africa's big game country, and hunters meeting their arriving clients at the airport usually deposit them at the Stanley for a few days to get them used to the altitude of 5,500 feet, as well as to have their bush clothes made at one of the town's Indian tailor shops. After their safari hunters usually check in again at the hotel to ease themselves back into civilization before returning home.

The Stanley clients are mostly tourists and businessmen; but Nairobi is a terminal point for several major airlines, so the hotel usually has a few Indian, Italian, Swedish, French and British pilots and stewardesses in residence as well. The latter usually may be seen at the Thorn Tree sidewalk café, beside the Stanley's entrance, probably in the company of one or more white hunters.

There are, in fact, few places on earth where you are more likely to see, in person and uncaged, members of that fabled species, the white hunter. Almost any afternoon you can find up to a dozen between-safari hunters in a storytelling session at the Thorn Tree, or inspecting a colleague's new rifle just shipped in from an English or German gunsmith, or lamenting the poor shooting of their latest clients. And the Stanley is usually the site of what is probably the world's most raucous reunion: the annual dinner of the East African Professional Hunters' Association. The white hunters use the occasion to bolster their reputations as experts in the arts of drinking and storytelling.

It hosts more formal events, too. Princess Elizabeth's last function before she became queen was a civic luncheon at the Stanley. Last summer Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia gave a state banquet there.

The hotel functions mostly as an informal meeting place for travelers throughout Africa. Its clubby atmosphere exists partly, of course, because there are only a few thousand Europeans in East Africa and most settlers and businessmen know each other by sight, and partly because the Stanley acts like a club in that its reception desk, presided over by pink-suited young ladies, will hold packages or deliver messages for anyone who wanders in.

There are limits, however. The management frowns on guests who return from safari with such pets as monkeys, bush babies, chastahs, and an occasional python. It also discourages guests who have heard lurid stories about the dangers of Africa and wish to keep loaded pistols beside their beds. One English Member of Parliament arrived brandishing a revolver that he insisted had only five cylinders loaded. The hole from the bullet in the empty cylinder is above the Stanley's reception desk.

The hotel's Grill Room is probably the swankiest place in Nairobi: red velvet, white linen and candlelight. This is where hunters take their happy, exhausted clients the night they come in from safari. It is where the diplomats and the stewardesses and the hunters can be found forgetting about African inefficiency or the leopard that got away. A combo provides dinner music and dance music later; there's other entertainment about one week in four—usually a singer or a comedian.

At noon the Grill Room is where the new businessmen of Africa, the oil prospectors, the sisal magnates, the brewers and cattle buyers, retreat to eat. There are even a few advertising types thrown in, for Nairobi is also the commercial headquarters for East Africa. Indeed, if it weren't for the few chaps in bush jackets and all the Devid Ogilvy accents it could almost be "21."

The real drinking in Kenya, however, is done in the Stanley's Long Bar, and around noon on Saturday that is the only place to be. Saturday morning up-country settlers pour into town to do their week's shopping, travelers from the Congo or the Sudan come to exchange news, hunters to chat with friends, and the place is packed. It looks and sounds like the bar of an explorers' club. It was built in 1931, and its brass-trimmed tables, its mellowed woods and Scotch and customers, its caricatures of famous hunters and African pioneers that line the walls, all give it a timeless quality much like that of Africa itself. The Long Bar is the old Africa, full of hardy Scots and English and South African pioneers and hunters who have explored and tamed the continent. It is the best place in the world to meet the men who knew Africa when lions truly swarmed over the plains and it wasn't necessary to walk a hundred miles to find a shootable elephant. #



Master Stroke

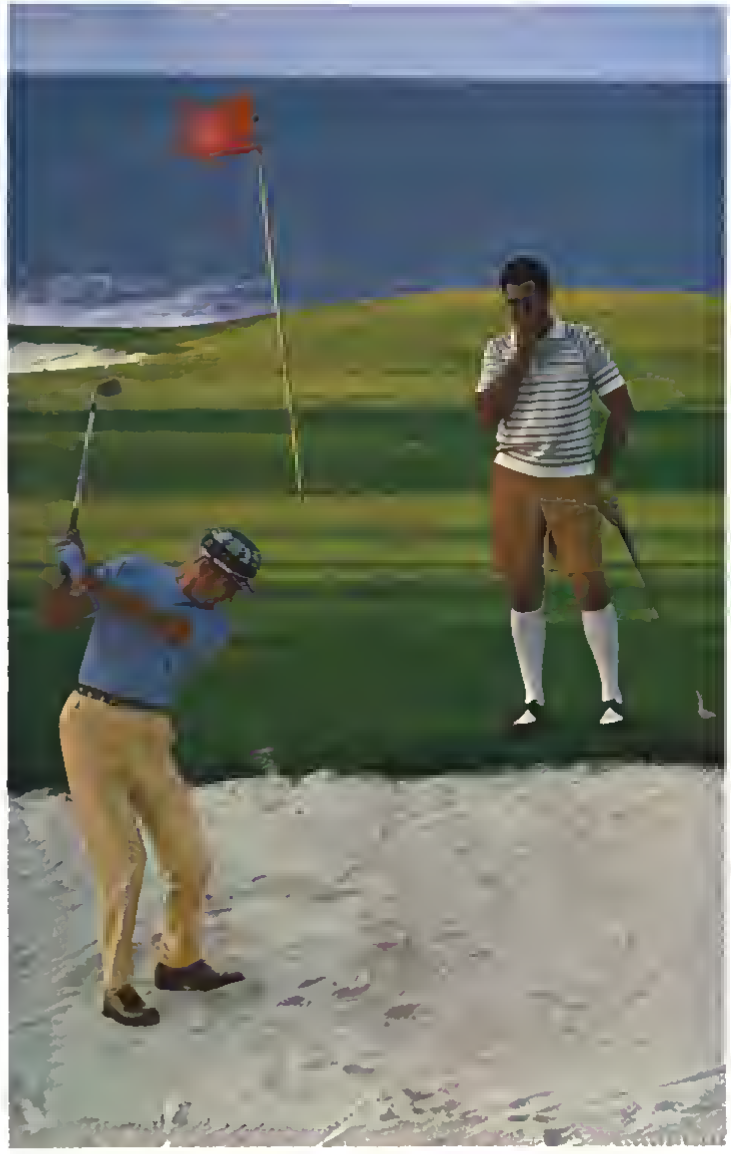
All the fashion pages in this issue were photographed at the Dorado Hilton Hotel and Country Club in Puerto Rico, which features a tough eighteen-hole championship course laid out beside a spectacular ocean. The men on this page are shown in action on the putting green behind the main clubhouse. The leaner at left wears one of the blue + comb cotton sport shirt and slacks both stretch. They're by McGregor. $6 for the shirt and $15 for the slacks. His adjustable cap is by Flip-It and his glove, like those shown throughout, is by Par Mate. The active golfer's shirt and slacks are by Catalina. The cotton knit shirt, styled by Doug Sanders, is $5; the slacks, at Arnel and Avron, flannel, $17. Have a flying fish emblem on the brass buckle to echo the same motif on the shirt. His cap with golf emblem, is by Adam; Corfam shoes are from Nunn Bush.

Photographed by Robert Frissen



Dick Harold (standing at far left) wears a yellow knit Ban Lon shirt by Puritan. The shirt, which has a unique rib-knit panel down either side, is actually a mixture of pale gold and white with gold detailing. The coordinated slacks of Fortrel/rayon by Glen Oaks are about $11; the shirt is $12. Next, Jack Bender, who is head golf pro at the Dorado Hilton, wears a navy Ameil mesh shirt by Robert Bruce ($5). It is styled by Arnold Palmer and the chest pocket sports the red and white umbrella which is the Palmer emblem. The slacks are a heather mixture green-and-blue stretch fabric with a half belt of madras and leather, $12, by Day's. The third man, Robert Mercado, wears a shirt and slacks styled by Gary Player in Mr. Player's favorite combination of black and white. The white Vycron/cotton shirt is by Reliance at $5-the machine washable Dacron/rayon slacks are by Asher, about $13. Facing page: These two men are examples of that enviable breed golfers who can get in a few holes every day. Rick Peterson, at left, is Sales Manager for the Dorado Hilton and outfit exemplifies Esquire's Blue + color theme for spring and summer. The cotton t-shirt is by Munsingwear, $4, and carries the famous penguin motif on the chest pocket. The Ameil/rayon oxford-weave slacks (Hockenberg & Gelb, $13) have an attached waistband of madras plaid cotton; the twin grip golf shoes are by French Shriner, and the cap is by Adam. Mr. Pedro de Aldrey, watching, is Manager of the clubhouse. The shorts are by Anthony Gesture, $10. The knit shirt is Milliken Spuna cotton, by Towne & King, $9. The white knee socks are by Camp, in stretch nylon.

Photographed by Robert Frésan



PROTOCOL AT THE SPOTTED COW

The English Pub is a gracious but complicated place with study however, you may learn how to get a beer, and how not to make a bloody fool of yourself

by J. A. Maxtone Graham

"A jovial landlord taking your order across an age-old oak bar . . ." "Getting to know the village characters, with a pint tankard to your hand, and drinking a draught beer that is the product of centuries of brewers' skill . . ."

In subtly enticing phrases the travel ads lead you toward Britain not without reason, for few have regretted the trip. And whether your interests lie in cathedrals, countryside or culture, you are sure to look forward, after a day's strenuous sight-seeing, to relaxing in that most typical of English institutions, a country pub. Whether you plan to visit the Cotswolds, or the Lake District, or Cornwall, or just the countries around London, pubs are everywhere—and there's no look of them: seventy thousand or one for every four hundred adults.

Yet a tourist often finds himself somewhat unnerved the first time he is confronted by the exterior of a pub, as does many a thirsty traveler in a strange land. I know of one who, on his first day in Italy, spent half of a precious hour trying to choose, from a list on the wall of a trattoria, what drink to buy, until he was rescued by an English-speaking waiter who explained that it was merely a list of those games of chance whose play in public was forbidden by law. Every institution has its own mysteries, its customs, its own language, its do's and don'ts. And the English pub doesn't happen to be an exception.

Take, for example. The Spotted Cow, the principal pub in a small Thames-side village. The Spotted Cow is not one of the famous hostelries, like the Hind's Head at Bray, the Angel at Grantham, or the Spread Eagle at Midhurst; you will not find it mentioned in your guidebook. You merely happen to be passing through the village and the general atmosphere and the painted signboard attract you. (These pub signs now survive for decoration, but—like the three balls of the pawnbroker and the red-and white pole of the barber—they have their origins in the function of communication to the illiterate majority of England in the old days. If you're driving through the country you can play the game of "legs" seeing how many legs you can collect on the signs. The Three Swans would give you six, The Coach and Horses eight or sixteen, unless you cannot the coachman as well, and the Cricketers—well, the person who spots it will claim forty four, and then his opponent will point out that there are no more than thirteen players in the field at any one time, and so the argument goes on, and by the time you've settled that someone's trying to establish the ethics of scoring one for The Shoulder of Mutton . . .)

There may be some difficulty with parking. This village existed long before the motor, possibly before the wheel; there is space only for the couple of small cars outside the door, and you will have to negotiate the tricky blind crossroads and park down the street. You walk back to the pub, and are confronted and confused by four doors.

The visitor stands there, with parched throat and baffled expression. What can he buy in a Tap Room? What esoteric conclave would be interrupt if he dared to intrude in the Private Bar? And what's Off Licence? Let us examine them in detail. The first door is open, and carries a small inscription on the lintel: the name of the Landlord, 'Licensed to Sell Beer, Wines, Spirits and Tobacco, for consumption On or Off the Premises.' This is the main entrance to the hotel which you use if you are staying there or want to eat. The next says 'Off Licence' or 'Jug and Bottle,' and is where you buy drink 'for consumption Off the Premises." You take along any suitable vessel such as a jug, and get it filled. The third is called "Public Bar" or "Tap Room" or just "Bar." More about that later. It is the fourth that you want—"Lounge," "Smoke Room," "Saloon," or "Private Bar." Don't let the word "private" put you off—it's the right place for you, or at any rate to start with.

Push the door open and walk up to the bar as if you owned the place. If you sit down at any of the benches or tables you won't be served. Service is at the bar, but you may carry your drinks back to a table if you wish, or out into the garden. The Spotted Cow, as it happens, doesn't have property right down to the Thames (if it did, it would probably be in the *Guides*, and immensely expensive and overcrowded). But there are many such where you can drink your beer as you watch the swans, the reach fishermen, and the occasional pleasure boat which takes its time passing along the calm waters on its way from lock to lock.

The scene in the bar will be all that these gorgeous travel folders showed you: a broad, shiny mahogany or oak bar; three or four long handles with which the barman pumps beer from the cellar; a low ceilinged room, with old sporting prints and ancient muskets and battle-axes on the paneled walls; perhaps some polished horse brasses, and a fifteen-pound stuffed pike in a glass case, unless the English summer is doing something surprising; there will be a log fire. If trade is not too busy, the landlord will have two bars to look after, for the Public Bar is back to back with yours. He will be wiping a glass as you come in; he finishes comes up to you: "Now, Sir?"

Now—now you should have decided in advance whether to stick to your usual Scotch, or to drink the drink of the natives, the wine of the country, namely beer. The average adult native gets through one standard thirty six gallon cask a year, and the country's total of a billion Imperial gallons would take almost an hour to pass Ningara Falls. If you decide to plunge into this torrent, you should decide either to put yourself in the landlord's hands, or, preferably, have some idea of what you want.

It's no good asking for "beer." The Spotted Cow stocks twenty kinds. Sixteen of these are bottled—two kinds of lager, four kinds of stout, and ten other brown ales, light ales and just ales of various degrees of strength, flavor and fizz.

The remaining four the draught beers, are the staple diet of the population. These are kept in the cellar, and are the ones that are drawn up with the long handles. The mildest is called "mild"; it is a dark brown in color, and costs around one-and-sixpence (twenty cents) a pint (that's five-fourths of an American pint). Next comes "bitter." There are two grades of bitter, bitter and best bitter. They cost from one-and-eight to two shillings, and are several shades lighter in color than mild. They are also considerably stronger. Some pubs, especially in the winter, stock the rarer "old," which is an strong as bitter, and the same price but the dark color of mild. Be careful. There are experts who insist that the best drink comes from a *mixture*, and you will often hear (although more usually in the Public Bar) an order for old and-mild, or mild and-bitter. A new trend in English beer-drinking is in the compromise known as Red Barrel, Tavern, or Tankard, according to which firm brewed it. This is almost identical in strength to a normal American beer. It is kept in barrels in the cellar but comes up under pressure; carbon dioxide is introduced into the cask which provides the power to lift the beer to the bar, and introduces a certain amount of fizz. Normal draught is almost still.

You may notice that the barrels in which the beer is delivered, and the beer handles in the bar, are identified with any number of X's, from one to four, XXXX is the strongest. The origin is religious; the local abbot used to be called along to sample the latest brews, and if he was pleased he would put the sign of the cross on the cask; if extra pleased, he would put more than one. In the absence of the abbot, the test of excellence in a new batch of beer was to spread some on a wooden seat, and sit on it in leathern breeches: the better the brew, the greater the amount of adhesion when the tester rose to his feet. No, this is not the origin of the toast 'Bottoms Up.'

Let's say you plump for a traditional draught beer, and the one that's nearest to what you are used to—in other words, bitter. So when you give your order, ask for "two halves of best bitter," and offer some coin that will be large enough, say a dollar or half crown. You do not tip and you pay cash each time you buy. You would have to be a very well-known customer to get credit, as debts run up in a bar are legally irrecoverable. Your beer will come in a glass mug with a handle, look round the rim and you will see where the crown is etched on it—the official mark to show that the vessel contains a proper and legal measure. Incidentally, a barman will seldom risk guessing a half-pint; to rate a pint mug, for he doesn't even go on the safe side by giving too much. The "long pull," or giving a customer more than he asks for, is as much against the law as is short measure. Sip your beer slowly, it will be warm, by American standards, probably fifty to fifty-five degrees. It would be perfectly easy to chill it, but beer connoisseurs maintain that some of the flavor would be killed.

Now have a look around at your fellow customers. Some will be vacationers, like yourselves, English maybe, or European or American; and you, having learned from this article, may get a kick out of watching some of them, who won't know what to order, or tip, who call the Landlord "Mac," or sit at a table vainly waiting for service. The rest will be village residents, slightly under half of them women. (The bar of the English pub is a perfectly respectable place for women, even unaccompanied. N. B. This does not apply to Scottish or Irish pubs, where there is a good deal of spitting.)

The pub is the social center of a village. The best villages have a great many centers of this kind. Although the barman is not an approved confidant for one's personal and domestic problems, affability is the key note, and people who will cut off a stranger's attempted conversation on the morning train will be quite approachable in the smoky pub by evening: the reason may possibly be that in the latter one is free to get up and leave at any time. Sociological note on talking to strangers: England is a small country with many people and little space, and about one tenth the elbow room available in America. Hence the English value their privacy, above all things. Hence the hedges round the gardens, the lace curtains in the windows, the natives saying that Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted, the "compartments" in the trains, the apparent reluctance to talk to unknown people.

Anyway, suppose you feel you want to get to know some of the English people, as well as the English institutions that you're visiting. According to Americans I know here it's too easy. My informants for the most part are men and women who would not dream of setting foot inside a regular American bar, but who can be seen day after day in The Spotted Cow and the other nine pubs in a 4,000-population village. One told me, "At home we drink to escape; here, you go to the pub for pleasure."

Talk to the barman or landlord. (There appears to be no accepted way of addressing him; certainly not as "bartender", nor as "Mac" or "George" unless that happens to be his name; nor, unless you want to be a little archaic, as "Landlord." It may well be an occasion for the reserved and noncommittal English "you," at any rate until you have learned his real name and have bought one or two drinks from him. If it is a barmaid, it is proper to call her "Miss," and she is quite likely to answer with "Dark," "Dear" or "Dearie," although in Glasgow it would be "Hen.") Ask about the beer, or the local sights to see or the best way to drive from A to B, and you'll soon be getting help all round, especially over the map routes; in fact you'll start many a happy argument over this one. Next thing you know you'll be involved in a group of half-a-dozen locals all trying to advise you. They'll ask where you're from and how long you're staying, and why you aren't including Stonehenge, Lincoln Chester and Canterbury on your itinerary. Then someone thrusts a drink into your hand. You're in. Observe how the drinks are bought in "rounds." You will hear someone say: "No, it's my turn," which it is, and he orders for everyone; soon it will be your turn. The easiest way out is to tell the landlord, "Same again, please," and you might even add, "Will you have one with me?" He probably will, and it won't be cold tea.

By this time you will have got used to saying "Cheers" to the company as each new round is bought, but pay attention, when you have bought the drinks, you, as host, don't say cheers until all your guests have done so. (Nancy Mitford says you shouldn't say "cheers" anyway, but in this case, as in others, U practice is a way behind usage. U people don't go into pubs much except in inverted commas.) Don't fall for some of the less common toasts, "Bottoms Up," "Here's How," "Mud in Your Eye," or "Here's to the next one," and suspect anyone who uses them of archness. The worst recorded example of these out-of the-way toasts is:

"Into the mouth,
Round the gums,
Look out stomach
Here she comes."

Don't do it.

Time for dinner now? The Spotted Cow can give you sausage rolls or Cornish pasties where you sit at the bar, or you can use the dining room, where you can choose from a large menu, either table d'hôte or à la carte. Your dinner will cost from $2 to $3, you tip the waitress up to fifteen percent. It is now nine-thirty and time to have a look in the Public Bar for a change.

The customers in the other place were mostly in couples: the men live locally, and work, say, in executive jobs in London offices, or else they used to and have now retired. In the Public Bar you will see the local farmhands, mechanics and other manual laborers. The beer the same beer that you were drinking a few yards away, is three pence a pint cheaper. You will not see many women in the Public Bar, but don't let that embarrass you. Sit on one of the plain wooden benches, or stand at the bar; by this time the landlord will know what you want: "Two halves, please." Look around you, and listen. Unlike those in the private bar, these men for the most part will be wearing open necked shirts and working clothes; suits will be shinier, hands horeier, accents broader, and you may not understand them at first.

There's always some game going on. Darts are universal, and, depending on the part of the country, there also may be shove-halfpenny, skittles, dominoes, bar billiards or cribbage. Never seen darts before? It needs astonishing skill, for the player must throw this dart from eight feet to land, at certain stages of the game, in an area two inches by three-eighths (that's the narrow ring round the outside of the board which counts double). You have to score 301—301 *exactly*, starting and finishing on a double. Anyone who accomplishes the rare feat of scoring 180 in three darts (three treble twenties) is likely to have to buy drinks all round, and in many pubs he will write his name in the place of honor on the ceiling. Just to be different from other games, the cheiked-up score starts at 501 and finishes at 0. Darts players become expert at mental subtraction.

Now you have watched three games of darts, and perhaps you have had a try yourself. You've lingered over another half-pint, and you have managed to make out a little of the conversation around you. The air is heavy with smoke now, and few new customers are coming in; it is ten-fifteen, although the clock on the wall is kept five minutes fast, far this helps to clear the room by half-past, the legal closing time. Soon the landlord cries, "Last orders, please," as he goes on with his endless task of washing glasses. Promptly at ten thirty, although the law allows ten minutes' grace for the finishing of drinks, he switches out one of the lights, rolls down his sleeves, and cries, in the time honored phrase:

"Come along now, time, gentlemen, please." ✠



Fairway Colors

Inhibition a nuisance to be done away with when you re out of doors in the sun, and the nineteenth hole is a pleasant trek away. Here, on the tenth hole of the Dorado Hilton Hotel and Country Club are, left to right, Ray C. Brown, a two-time winner of the Annual Puerto Rico Sportswriters Golf Tournament and Manager of the San Juan office of Carl Levin Associates, public relations firm, who wears a lightweight wool outfit by Pendleton. The loop stitch cardigan ($20) is shown over a short-sleeve pullover, the slacks are else $20. The hat is by Bianchi. Next to him is Jim Teale, who is Sales Manager for the Plaza Provision Company and several times amateur golf champion of the Island. The outfit is styled by Tony Lema; the windbreaker is nylon $15, and is worn over a cotton Isle shirt, $5. Both are by Jockey Menswear. The Dacron/rayon slacks, by Palm Beach, are $13. Bill Carpenter, in stripes, is President of Radio Station WUNO and President of the Puerto Rico Golf Association. The link-stitch sweater of shetland and mohair is by Prince Igor, about $30. The slacks, by Pendleton, are $20; the shoes are by Freeman and the blue cap by Knox. Nearest in, Robert Mercado, a business-administration major at the University, wears an outfit styled by Arnold Palmer. The jacket is by Windbreaker, about $23; the shirt by Robert Bruce; the slacks of Fortrel and Avril by Sunstate, $13; and the red golf shoes by Connolly. Taken all together, the new golfing spectrum makes for a brighter green

Photographed by Robert Frisson

NAZI, COME HOME

by Gideon Hausner

A catalog of anxieties born of the possibility that uncaptured Nazi criminals may soon be running loose in the streets

Photograph by Arnold Newman



Author Hausner, former Attorney General of Israel and Adolph Eichmann's prosecutor, argues there are no ex-Nazis.

As these lines are being written West Germany still debates whether to draw the line on further trials of war criminals. The Federation's Minister of Justice, Dr. Ewald Bucher, announced that he will not be influenced by pressures from New York or Tel Aviv. The Bundestag is to take a stand in the matter. Soon enough the world will know in what direction shall fall a fateful decision, pregnant with incalculable consequences. It is very likely that by the time you read this the matter will be closed, officially. German authorities may have decided to extend the deadline, or they may have abdicated their moral responsibilities and allowed the May 8 cutoff date to stand.

If, as in the latter case, the Germans think it better to let sleeping dogs lie, there will be some immediate results. They soon will find out that these dogs are only feigning sleep. Many sinister figures in Germany's recent past will be able to leave their hideouts on May 8, 1965, shed their fictitious identities, discard their assumed names, and come out into the open. No one will be able to bring them to justice, nor will they be affected by criminal proceedings already started which would stop the prescription from taking effect, for the simple reason that in their cases no such proceedings were ever instituted.

A victim who encounters his former oppressor in a café or on a bus will be faced with the alternative of bottling up his boiling fury or, in his exasperation, taking the law into his own hands.

Among such sinister types, but for the interference of the Israelis who apprehended him, might well have been a man who was branded by the International Military Tribunal as the head of the office which carried out the extermination of European Jewry. His name was Adolf Eichmann, and he had disappeared among the rubbis of the crumbling Third Reich. In Argentina, to which he escaped, he lived under the assumed name of Ricardo Klement, his children joined him there after seven years of separation. As from May 9 of this year, had he not been brought to justice by daring Israelis, Eichmann could have reverted to normal life in Western Germany. So could his indefatigable deputy, Rolf Günther, who is not "presumed dead"—as is wrongly stated in many postwar publications—but is very much alive and on the run.

But it is quite possible that the Bundestag will yield to pressures of world opinion and postpone the deadline several years. Such a decision would be the hoped-for outcome, but for many of us it will not in itself settle the issue. How one must wonder, will the proceedings continue to be handled? If they are conducted in the future as they have been so far, there still will be much to criticize. For in many cases the proceedings against Nazi war criminals up to this time have been just short of disgraceful. Let us look at the situation.

The cases above are not isolated ones. The German Center for Nazi Crimes established in Ludwigsburg as late as Autumn, 1958, confirmed by its research that many "missing" or "presumed dead" Nazis are still alive—or that they died long after the war without having been called to account for their deeds. A notable case is Professor Dr. Horst Schumann, who, in his Auschwitz and Rayensbrück concentration-camp experiments, used countless human beings as guinea pigs for gigantic murderous "scientific" undertakings, and who escaped to Ghana where he carries on as a doctor. Another example is S.S. General Friedrich Katzmann, the direct exterminator of half a million Jews in southeast Poland, who was also responsible for the unspeakable horrors of the Janowska camp in Lwow. He was not killed in a derailed Baghdad-Damascus train in 1953, as neo-Nazi circles wanted the world to believe so that the search for him should be abandoned; but died in his bed in Marburg in 1957.

A recent official publication of the Bonn Ministry of Justice, purporting to explain the inordinate delay in the process of Germany's self-purification, states, with a disarmingly straight face, that it was only through the disclosures of a trial held in Ulm in 1958 that the German people became aware of the sad fact that the mass atrocities committed by wasters of German uniforms in Eastern Europe had remained mainly unpunished. This stretches credulity beyond the breaking point, for the Ulm proceedings were directed against two police officers and eight members of an *Einsatzgruppe* (mobile unit) which operated in Tilsit, Lithuania, during several weeks in 1941, in a small area fifteen miles wide along the old German-Soviet boundary, and managed to kill more than five thousand persons.

The trial itself was triggered off by the merest chance. A certain Bernhard Fischer-Schweder, who was cleared by the so-called "denazification" proceedings and armed with a "not affected" certificate, was trying to resume his post as a police officer. His name then got into the press and somebody recalled that Fischer-Schweder was the Commander of the Security Police in Memel, Lithuania, who had supplied the Tilsit *Einsatzgruppe* with men and materials. Investigations were launched, which resulted in the Ulm trial.

But surely this was not the first intimation the Germans had of the mobile units spawned by their system. Twelve years earlier the International Military Tribunal, composed of some of the most eminent jurists of the United States, the Soviet Union, Great Britain and France, described the activities of these units in detail and unmasked the close cooperation which had existed between them and the German armed forces. Some time later, in April, 1948, an American Military Tribunal, convened in Nuremberg, presided over by Michael A. Musmanno, now Supreme Court Judge of Pennsylvania, sitting with two other prominent American jurists, denounced these units in ringing terms in a world-famous decision. The Tribunal said:

"When the German armies, without any declaration of war, crossed the Polish frontier and smashed into Russia, there moved with and behind them a unique organization known as the *Einsatzgruppen*. As an instrument of terror in the museum of horror, it would be difficult to find an entry to surpass the *Einsatzgruppen* in its blood freezing potentialities. No writer of modern fiction, no dramatist steeped in macabre lore, can ever expect to conjure up from his imagination a plot which will shock sensibilities as much as will the stark drama of these sinister bands."

This opening passage is followed by a judgment covering more than a hundred seventy pages of print, based mainly on the factual, detailed reports of the units' commanders and the detailed activities of the twenty-two accused officers. Everybody could have known, at least from this judgment, that four German military brigades, numbering some thousand of men, were engaged for almost two years in the shooting of more than a million Jews, men, women and children (according to more recent information 1,460,000), and about a million and a quarter Soviet prisoners of war, in front of pits dug by the victims themselves. These gigantic mass executions of course could not be hidden from millions of German soldiers on their way to and from the front. The process of rounding up the victims, transporting them to the execution sites, lining them up stark naked, and shooting them in the back of the head from a distance of several feet took place as often as not in full sight of the German soldiers and the civilian occupation authorities. There were legions of perpetrators and many millions of onlookers. There was no secret about it, as there was no real secret about all the other gruesome extermination measures taken by the Germans in the ghettos, in enclosures for forced laborers and hostages and in the concentration and death camps, where some ten million innocent human beings were annihilated by other German units.

The German authorities did not have to wait ten years to discover these facts nor did they have to depend on an accidental informer to put them on the track of the perpetrators. They pretended not to know because they did not want to know. They were much too busy with performing "the economic miracle" of restoring their finances and regaining their lost fortunes. Moreover, since the cold war had begun, and especially since the Korean crisis, they were being wooed by the West to join in the new military measures in Europe which they did. Comrades-in-arms cannot very well regard each other as criminals. So the purge of Germany, hopefully begun by the Allies, was soon abandoned. When four *Einsatzgruppe* commanders were executed in 1951, out of the fourteen sentenced to death three years earlier, this was already accompanied by an official protest from Dr. Blücher, the German Vice-Chancellor.

Influential circles in Germany soon tried to obliterate any feeling of moral guilt by scattering charges an all sides. "Was not Dresden too submitted to the severest bombardments? And what about the atomic bombs on Japan?" was an argument frequently used to lubricate painful consciences. So, having blissfully forgotten who started the war and who razed Coventry to the ground, they ecstatically decided that everyone had committed misdeeds during this war, and if some Germans had been responsible for acts of certain folly among the "semiberserans" of Eastern Europe, well—anyone may happen to violate the code of chivalry. Why not blame "Hitler and his crazy cronies for all that had happened, and let bygones be bygones for all the rest?"

It had all looked quite different several years earlier, when the news of the Nazi atrocities burst on an outraged world at war. Churchill sternly announced that "retribution for these crimes must henceforward take its place among the major purposes of the war." A solemn pledge was pronounced, at an interallied conference held by eighteen fighting nations at St. James's Palace, London, on January 13, 1942, that those responsible for war crimes would be handed over to justice, and that "the pronounced sentences will be carried out."

Later, when some of the Soviet territories had been swept clear of the Nazi hordes and the evidence of the monstrous crimes was revealed to all, the three Allied leaders, Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin, proclaimed in the Moscow declaration of November 1 1943, their grim determination that all Germans who had taken even "a consenting part" in the atrocities "will be sent back to the countries in which their abominable deeds were done" to be judged and punished there. "... the three Allied Powers," the declaration reads, "will pursue them to the uttermost ends of the earth and will deliver them to their accusers in order that justice may be done."



WANTED: Dr. Hans Eisele who used his medical skill in the slaughter of Jews at Buchenwald. He is now a free man in Egypt.



WANTED: Rolf Günther, Eichmann's right-hand man. He's been luckier than his dead boss.

Churchill was relentlessly opposed to any deal with the Germans. When the offer to release a million Jews in exchange for lorries was made through Eichmann in Budapest, the British Prime Minister instructed his Foreign Secretary in July 1944 that there must be no negotiations of any kind. "There was no doubt," he declared, "that this was the most horrible crime in the whole history of the world. Declarations should be made in public that everyone connected with it will be hunted down and put to death."

In March, 1945, it was reported that the number of German war criminals to be apprehended might well reach the staggering total of one million people. The United Nations War Crimes Commission had accumulated 40,000 names on the scanty information which reached London from the embattled continent.

The biggest manhunt on earth followed, with the whole Allied army free for the assignment. "We will search every ruin, every cellar and every farmyard. We will screen every prisoner-of-war camp; we will ferret them out and try them," it was publicly announced.

The cry for retribution was soon combined with an educational approach. It was realized that Germany must be morally rehabilitated by a process of education and reinstatement into the civilized world. The law is a good instrument for the purpose. It can punish effectively and thereby deter adventurers who wish to rise to the conquest of the world over a pile of their opponents' bodies. A trial can focus public attention on crimes which must be faced, denounced and abhorred. The trial and punishment of the guilty was meant, therefore, not only as just retribution, but also as a measure of enlightenment and schooling for a nation which twice in one generation had pushed the world into the abyss. Twenty-two of the main war criminals who held prominent posts in the hierarchy of the Third Reich were put on trial before the International Military Tribunal. Later, owing to disagreements among the Allies, the trials were continued in each of the four zones of occupation. American judges sat in judgment in Dachau and Nuremberg over an additional eighteen hundred persons who held leading positions in the army, economy, police, law and medicine. British judges tried more than a thousand, the French, though allotted the smallest zone, tried more than twice that. Altogether there were more than five thousand trials at which eight hundred six death sentences were passed, and about half of these were carried out.



WANTED: S.S. General Alois Moser, photographed in 1953 in Germany before going to Egypt

This was obviously only the beginning, since a host of the criminals was still at large. Then politics came into the picture. The Western politicians, who had deluded themselves at first into believing that they could plan a future world without taking Germany into account at all, now went over to the other extreme by maintaining that they could not safeguard the world without Germany's support. The correctional effort was abandoned. A rapid "denazification" procedure was put into effect for about 160,000

persons, who were allowed to whitewash themselves by paying a small fine or producing 'reliable' evidence that they were anti-Nazis. The whole thing soon degenerated into a farce. The Germans contemptuously referred to the proceedings as "a washing-machine system."

Large-scale amnesties and remission of sentences followed. Criminals sentenced to death or long terms of imprisonment were pardoned and soon released. Before long they were crawling all over the new State of Federal Germany, into the system of which the West was now instilling the very microbe of militarism to which Germany is susceptible by heredity.

The Soviet occupation authorities did not publicize the trials they held, and consequently very little is known of them. East Germany held a mass trial of some thirty-five hundred people. There were twenty-four executions in one night in 1950; the other accused were given prison sentences, which were soon remitted by waves of pardons that recurred every two years. Few more trials were held there. Still Eastern Germany claims that she has purged the country of all Nazi elements. It has never been made known in public how such a gigantic feat was accomplished, nor is the truth of the claim at all self-evident, except to those who believe implicitly that communism is in itself a sufficient cure and antidote for all ailments past and future.

In the meantime Western Germany had gained its independence and taken over the administration of justice. Nothing spectacular was done to bring all the accused to justice. To be sure, there were trials here and there throughout the years, mainly concerned with crimes committed on German soil. These were instituted when specific information was supplied by a complainant against a particular accused. The authorities did not institute a search for the criminals, to weed them out of society. The matter was left to chance.

The prison sentences imposed—at first (the death penalty had been abolished in West Germany) became more lenient as time went on. In some cases a cynical calculation revealed that about ten minutes of imprisonment were prescribed for every Jew killed. More disturbing was the increasing number of acquittals. Out of 12,800 cases tried in Germany up to January, 1964, there were 6,400 convictions. Acquittals followed in many cases where the prevalent feeling among experts was that sufficient evidence had been adduced for the establishment of guilt.

A change set in, so far as a mere systematic search for the criminals is concerned, when—under the pressure of public opinion at home and abroad, the Ludwigsburg Center was established in 1958. Though never adequately staffed, the number of its legal experts not exceeding a dozen, the center undertook to discover the echelons of command of the criminals in the field. They concentrated on various geographical areas, trying to find out the principal operators in each place and they brought them to justice according to the degree of personal responsibility. This work resulted in the joint trials of the crews of the most infamous atrocities sites, like the big Auschwitz trial, the Minsk ghetto trial pending proceedings against the staffs of the Chelmno and Belsec death camps, and others.

Many criminals already confident of their immunity were interrogated and arrested. Notable among them was SS General Karl Wolff, who had defied justice to the extent of publishing his memoirs, till he was charged in May, 1963, and sentenced to life imprisonment. The last commandant of Auschwitz, Richard Baer, was smoked out from the Hamburg hideout where he had been living till 1960 under the assumed name of Karl Neumann. The commandant of Treblinka death camp, where about 700,000 persons had been gassed, was arrested in Düsseldorf, still in possession of an album of pictures from the old times, including some showing the most dreadful horrors. The album bore the inscription, "*Die schönsten Jahre meines Lebens*" ("The most beautiful years of my life").

The Eichmann trial had a powerful catalytic influence. An official report of the Ministry of Justice on the subject begins with the statement: "In the wake of Adolf Eichmann's apprehension by Israelis in 1960, public interest both at home and abroad became vividly interested in what was being done for the punishment of other Nazi criminals."

The Ludwigsburg Center, however, reduced the circle of the accused to the barest minimum. So far they have almost entirely omitted the huge German civilian administration, which in one form or another was deeply implicated in the crimes. The uprooting of the Jews alone involved ten ministries, each playing its part, whether by drafting legislation, withdrawing war rations or requisitioning property, transporting millions to camps, providing means of mass destruction—or by more marginal participation such as the ominous wholesale return of letters addressed to Jews, stamped "Moved to an unknown destination." The bringing to trial of all such officials would have resulted in lenient sentences in some cases, but it would have completely destroyed the myth, so carefully preserved today, that the nation did not really know what was going on.

Another "taboo" is the army, the honor of which present-day Germany is again anxious to maintain, lastred of boldly disclosing and denouncing its criminal connections with acts. When I unmasked some of them in the course of the Eichmann trial, influential German papers, like *Deutsche Woche* and *Frankfurter Allgemeine*, noted with surprise that they would have "to make some necessary corrections of history," since "the official version on which Germany had been fed was that a handpicked handful of SS men did the whole job."

Germany is repeating in a new form the tragic mistake of the years after World War I, when the honor of the Wehrmacht was preserved at all costs, and the truth about its total failure and shameful acts was suppressed. At that time everyone repeated the 'stab-in-the-back' story, imputing the collapse to the pacifists the democrats and the Jews. Now "the honorable army" is again spared all criticism, and all the blame for the atrocities is laid at the door of Hitler and his closest henchmen.

Still, in spite of such ominous and fateful omissions the work of the Ludwigsburg Center has proved of importance for the self-purifying process, even if it explored only some of the dark cellars in the German house of horrors. All this would stop if the recent decision of the German government, announced by its spokesman von Hase, should take effect and all new prosecutions are stopped by the statute of limitations. Pending trials will still be heard, and Germany will still be well supplied with them for three or four years. Should any criminal be found against whom proceedings had already been instituted, he too would be tried. But this would be the end of the affair.

The reasons officially given were that all the main perpetrators have already been either tried or investigated, and that insistence on further trials would result in prosecuting the insignificant flunkies of the system. It is also stated that the German constitution forbids the abolition of the prescription period, since this would amount to retroactive penal legislation.

All these arguments are untrue in fact, untenable in law, and pernicious in policy.

On the factual side, it is enough to point to the fifteen hundred Jewish major centers and more than fourteen thousand minor communities annihilated by the Nazis. In every locality certainly in the bigger places there were at least a commander, a deputy and two or three responsible holders of rank who were in charge of operations. In addition there were other ranks in scores or hundreds according to the size of the community. Mere victims called for more killers.

And yet only a handful of the actual perpetrators of these crimes have so far been brought to book.

A telling example is the Ludwigsburg report dated April 12 1960, on the so-called 'Gahen district' in southeastern Poland where a half million Jews were exterminated. The report lists several hundred of the most striking criminal participants in the outrage who were active in fifteen localities, but it admits that the personnel in ten additional major localities are still to be investigated. I know this district intimately, for I was born there, spent my early years there, and frequently visited the place before 1939. It was an area studded with hundreds of Jewish communities, all pulsating with creative life. It was a gigantic operation to uproot all these people from their places, to mark them with the yellow star, to pack them into ghettos, to put them to slave labor, and finally to round all of them up for the last journey. To accomplish all this within two years required the coordinated effort of the whole administration and involved thousands of responsible officials. The Ludwigsburg report barely skims the surface. Many of the criminals, therefore, have not yet been called to account for their deeds. The Nazis destroyed their records, which puts a great strain on effective investigation. The survivors often can render only indirect assistance, since they encountered mainly the guards and the actual killers, and rarely were confronted with the higher echelon of commanders, the "writing-desk murderers," who pulled the strings from their offices.

Moreover, Nazis in hiding or on the run are being assisted by at least three underground bodies, which provide them with means and shelter. *Die Spinne* (The Spider) is active in Europe and North Africa, helping ex-comrades-in-arms to obtain false documents and settle down in new places. They have their branches outside Germany too: in France and in Switzerland they are being assisted by local neo-Nazi movements which are most helpful in providing shelter and transportation. At the end of April in 1964 they smuggled Zech-Nenntwich from the Braunschweig prison into Switzerland and further to Egypt. They have excellent contacts with the ruling circles in the United Arab Republic, which employs and looks after such notable criminals as S.S. Colonel Leopold Gleim, who was sentenced to death by a Polish court for his crimes as one of the Gestapo chiefs in Warsaw and is now in Egypt under the name of Ali el Maher. A whole band of criminals has taken shelter in Egypt including Dr. Joachim Daumling, Dr. Hans Eisele, SS General Alois Muser, Dr. Heinrich Willermann, Dr. Wilhelm Voss, Ludwig Heilden and many others.

The Spider spread its web to South America, where it maintains close contacts with the local neo-Nazi *Tacuara* movement. South America shelters a host of escaped Nazis. For many years they published a regular paper in Buenos Aires called *Der Weg* (*The Way*). They helped many of their fellow Nazis, including Adolf Eichmann, to get employment there. They conduct intimidation campaigns against prospective witnesses at war-crimes trials.

O.D.E.S.S.A. (*Organisation der ehemaligen S.S. Angehorigen*) cares exclusively for ex-S.S. men. They provide members with material help, carry on social activities among them and, when necessity arises, smuggle them out to safety. The organisation operates from Munich and has active branches in many German and Austrian towns as well as throughout South America. The German community at Hohenau in Paraguay is known to be dominated by them.

The two underground bodies were financed by legally established institutions in Germany, including the *Stille Hilfe* (Silent Aid), which operates from Wuppertal, whose ostensible aim is to assist refugees and ex-prisoners of war.

Most of the criminals, however, remained inside Germany. They have yet to be found, identified and put on trial.

Working against great odds and such powerful countercurrents, the work of the Ludwigsburg Center is not easy. It must be allowed time to follow exiguous clues, to avoid deliberately planted false trails, to reconstruct a tapestry of crime which involved the entire machinery of a State. They must also be told to proceed without any preconceived bias against all who were involved. Their job would be finished almost before it has begun if the curtain were now ordered to fall.

Legally, the reasons advanced for the limitation-of-actions period are indefensible.

Firstly, Germany already stopped the period from expiring on one occasion, when she took adequate steps in 1949 to secure that the twelve years of Hitler's rule should not count for the purpose. That is why the prescription begun to run not from the date of the actual commission of the offenses, during the years 1933-45, but only from the end of the war. What was done effectively and legally once certainly can be done again.

The concept of retroactivity in this context is entirely misapplied. Criminal acts are not whitewashed by the passing of time; it is only their prosecution that may be barred. Prescription is never an answer on the merits of a criminal charge; it merely means that the penal machinery is no longer in motion. Surely, every state is entitled to determine its own time for stopping, according to necessity and circumstances. In fact periods of prescription differ widely from one state to the other, and no criminal can say that he has a vested constitutional right to a certain period of limitations. To argue, as the official spokesman of the German Government did, that moving this period would constitute retroactive penal legislation is—with all respect, nonsense. Countries with no smaller respect for sacred human rights than Germany have found no difficulty whatsoever in doing so. France, faced with the same problem, recently enacted a law which states simply, that crimes against humanity "are not prescribed by their very nature." No Frenchman argued that fundamental human rights were thereby affected. Belgium legislated to extend the limitation period for pronounced death sentences to thirty years. Denmark knows no prescription for such crimes. Nor is there any prescription period for them in Soviet Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Eastern Germany.



The very fact that it is necessary to argue about the legality of proceeding against the most horrible crimes ever committed is unbearable. No one expects the German authorities to proceed in an unlawful manner, but surely there are legal and constitutional ways of bringing to justice criminals who broke every sacred rule in the statute book. To allow *them* to take advantage of a legal loophole is a mockery of justice.

Most important, however, will be the overall effect of the German decision. No one can any longer expect the prosecutors, judges and the jurymen to take their duties very seriously in the trials which are still to be held. The proceedings will, of necessity, be treated as a redundant remnant of a closed process. The cynical attitude of some accused is bound to increase. Even as it is, they sometimes look about them in the courtroom as if asking: "Who are you to try us? We were all in the same boat." And the youth of Germany is bound to conclude that the rehabilitation of the country is thereby completed.

This is the most dangerous delusion of all. The pathological condition of Germany, which drove her to acts of unspeakable horror, did not start with Hitler and did not die with him. It was the result of a century and a half of hatred-glorification of war and racial doctrines preached since the beginning of the nineteenth century and proclaimed from the pulpits as a virtuous cause.

It affected all sections of the population, from Nobel-prize-winning scientists downward. German intellectuals and university professors were among the exponents of the movement, which a more liberal Chancellor, von Caprivi, described at the end of the last century as already having assumed the most dangerous proportions.

Hitler reaped a crop which was sown long before he was born. It was relatively easy for him to carry the nation which freely elected him to his post with full knowledge of what he stood for.

Such deep-rooted evils cannot be removed overnight. This requires generations of education and patient work. Present-day Germany discloses perhaps few external *(Continued on page 172)*



ALAMOGORDO, MON AMOUR

by William L. Laurence

This is the way the bomb began, not with a whimper but a bang

History leaves us strange monuments. To the lives of illustrious dead men we have glittering memorials, often more dazzling than the mortals they enshrine. Graven tablets grace the scenes of long past battles, births and deaths, that their fame might live on in perpetuity. But who knows where the first fire was lit? Or when? Where is the marker to indicate the birthplace of the Stone Age or the place where the first wheel was made? No one knows, for History is less meticulous about such epochal matters. Perhaps it is not too surprising, therefore, that the birthplace of the Atomic Age is today marked only by a shabby wooden sign in the middle of a barren desert in New Mexico. Strange that it is marked at all. Its legend reads simply 'Ground Zero'—nothing more. It is not engraved but stenciled and over a faded "No Smoking" sign at that.

Early this year I made my third visit to the desert near Alamogordo to the place that for some inexplicable reason was given the code name Trinity. Here, twenty years ago, I watched while the first atomic bomb was successfully tested in the greatest of secrecy that Monday morning, July 16, 1945, at 5:30 Mountain War Time.

As the sole official reporter chosen by the wartime heads of the Manhattan Project to record the event publicly, once the curtain of secrecy had been lifted, I stood on the slope of a hill named Compania for the occasion, some twenty miles to the northwest of Ground Zero. With me was a group of scientists from the Los Alamos Laboratory, where the bomb had been made.

Standing now at Ground Zero my mind ran back to that moment when, one hundred feet above this spot, at the top of a steel tower, the atomic bomb was unleashed. It created a sunrise in the predawn such as the world had never seen, a great green fireball climbing in a fraction of a second to a height of more than eight thousand feet, rising ever higher until it touched the clouds, lighting up earth and sky all around with a bright luminosity. Scientists in a blockhouse ten thousand yards to the south leaped about in a primitive dance of joy, their shouts lost in the long, deafening roar. Unsuspecting inhabitants in the little town of Carrizozo thirty miles east awoke with a start and thought the world was ending. Windows rattled in Gallup, New Mexico, two hundred and thirty five miles to the northwest. In Amarillo, Texas, some four hundred and fifty miles east, a weird flash lit up the nighttime sky. And halfway around the world at the Potsdam Conference in Germany President Truman was handed the coded message: "Babies satisfactorily born."

Seven weeks later I returned to Alamogordo after I had watched the same model of the A-bomb devastate the city of Nagasaki. On that return visit I saw for the first time what the bomb had done to the desert. Over a radius of four hundred yards the ground had been depressed to a depth ranging from ten feet at the periphery to twenty-five feet in the center. All life within a mile, vegetable as well as animal, had been destroyed. There was not a rattlesnake left in the region, nor a blade of desert grass. The sand in the depression had been fused into a glasslike substance the color of jade, all of it radioactive. Eight hundred yards away a steel rigging tower weighing thirty-two tons had been turned into a twisted mass of wreckage. The one-hundred-foot-high steel tower at the top of which the bomb was exploded was completely vaporized. A herd of antelope that had been grazing several miles away had vanished. It was believed they had started on a mad dash for the wilds of Mexico. A number of cows at a similar distance developed grey spots from deposits of radioactive dust. These radioactive cows and their progeny became the nearest equivalent to 'sacred cows' in the United States being carefully studied for the effects of radiation.

With the approach of the twentieth anniversary of the test I succumbed to an irresistible urge once again to visit the spot that had marked the birth of a new age. And so one clear day I set out in an Army car on a one-hundred-fifty-mile journey from El Paso, Texas, to the Trinity site. It now constitutes a small unused area at the northern end of the White Sands Missile Range. The range which is at present the testing ground for missiles developed by the Army, Navy, Air Force and N A S A—is forty miles wide and one hundred miles long. Trinity is eighty miles uprange, within the present ninety-mile impact area of the Missile Range.

Observation bunkers dot the flat desert floor at ten-mile and five-mile radii from Ground Zero. But most of these outposts are difficult to spot and some have given way to the elements; they are now brush-filled and half collapsed.

My first impression on arriving at the site in broad daylight was one of disillusion. The country is desolate and silent. A chain-link fence weaves irregularly about the blast area and is broken by a gate at the south end. A faded sign affixed to the fence evokes a ghostly echo of the tense enterprise that once took place within. "Dangerous Area, Keep Out, By Order of the War Department.' The warning is repeated in Spanish. Beyond the padlocked gate, a small pocket in the center is all that remains of the blast's crater. Winds have shifted the sand, leveling and smoothing the ground over the years, and scrub vegetation scraggily covers the soil which twenty years ago glistened with the new-formed Trinitite. Only small bits of that greenish glass are left; what the weather didn't bury, scientists and souvenir hunters have carried off.

Just outside the fence, at the west, north and southeast perimeters, lie three large mounds of sand, partly covering what used to be instrument bunkers. They are concrete-sided and concrete-topped dugouts about six feet by twelve. The entrance to these structures is small, about three by four feet, and foot-thick concrete panels placed mazelike just inside the doorway gave protection against blowback. Deteriorated padding rims the doorways, and bolt studs indicate where tight-fitting covers for the entrance hatches used to be. But these doors are nowhere in sight.

Well inside the fence, forming a square nine yards on a side around Ground Zero, there remains the stubble of four reinforced concrete piers which were the feet of the hundred-foot detonation tower. Right after the test, these piers were about a foot high with iron rods projecting from them. The rods have been sawed off in the interests of science, and the weather has undertaken to wear down the remainder a bit more. A rusted generator at one side is left over from one of the public religious observations at the site held yearly on the Sunday nearest to the date of the explosion.

Of the little that remained to be seen, two remnants in addition to Ground Zero brought back particularly poignant memories. One of these was a crumbling stone ranch house two miles southwest of Ground Zero. It was in this completely abandoned and unidentified dwelling that the assembly of the plutonium core, heart of the atomic bomb, began on the night of Thursday, July 12, 1945. As I passed through the windowless doorless, littered rooms I could see once again the specialized teams, comprised of the top men in their respective fields, working feverishly to put together something they called a "gadget" which if successful would mean the construction of the Ultimate Weapon. I could see my friend, Professor Robert F. Bacher, then at Cornell University, now at the California Institute of Technology, who was in charge of the assembly, standing there during an agonizing three minutes. The core, which had been machine-tooled to the finest precision, became tightly wedged after it had been partially inserted and would go no further. I could hear Dr. Bacher reassuring his group that time would solve the problem, and after a three-minute period that seemed eternal, the core glided gently into its proper place.

It was at 3:18 the following afternoon, Friday, July 13 (nobody paid attention to the fact that it was Friday the thirteenth) that Dr. Bacher and his team, known as the "G Engineers,' brought the vital core to a white tent at the base of the hundred-foot steel tower at Ground Zero, where Commander Norris E. Bradbury, now Director of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, was supervising the assembly of the non-nuclear components. Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the scientific director of the project, anxiously looked on. Late that evening everything was in place except the detonating system. On Saturday morning, July 14, Commander Bradbury ordered the operator of a hoist to remove the tent and lift the assembled "gadget" to the galvanized iron shed at the top of the tower.

It was then that the group headed by Dr. Kenneth Greisen, of Cornell University, installed the first and last detonators and the firing circuit. By five that afternoon the gadget was complete except for the final electrical connections that *(Continued on page 134)*



Ground Zero, surrounded now by a chain link fence, sank twenty-five feet on July 16, 1945. The Sierra Oscura range trembled. The world slept.



Scientists huddled in this bunker 10,000 yards from the blast.

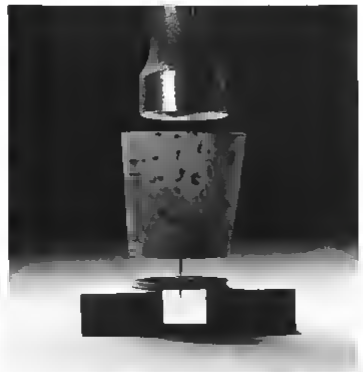


An abandoned privy stands sentry outside the Project's nerve center.

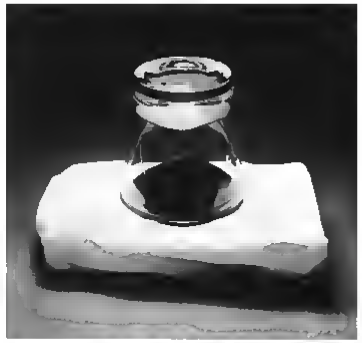
Photographed by Elliott Erwitt

A DUMBBELL'S GUIDE TO THE SPACE AGE

In the olde days, as the whole world knew, there were dragons and there. Now there are just items like nuclear fission, Einstein's Theory of Relativity, the Laser ray, etc. and, taken all in all, it looks as though things haven't changed very much. For those therefore who admit to a slight bemusement before the great truths and great thinkers of this brave new world which has suddenly descended upon us, we here set forth a few of the easier principles behind what those scientists really are up to along with some illustrations and oversimplifications thereof. We trust these will help, though we doubt it. It not, we hope that for Everymen who remains convinced as we are that if he sails far enough he's going to fall right off the edge, they will at least offer—while he falls—a little Something to Think About.



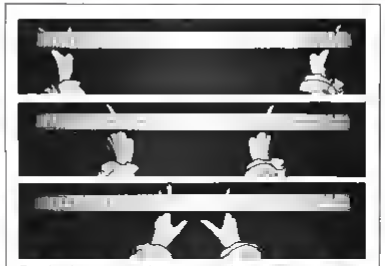
Pressure is equal to force divided by area. In other words: the smaller the area of contact, the greater the pressure a force can exert. This partly explains why even a very small meteorite, traveling fast, might rip a hole in your 1995 satellite. It is also why you can drive a needle through a coin (see above) right now. To illustrate this principle, gather a cork, a needle, a hammer, and a coin. Since the role of the cork is to keep the needle from bending when the blow falls, the needle must be completely embedded, with its point just touching the cork's lower end. Place cork on coin, hit with hammer. *Voilà!* We could have illustrated the reverse of this principle by a fakir sleeping on his bed of nails (the more nails used, the less the pressure of each), but chose not to, both because this is familiar to everyone, and because we had no fakir readily at hand.



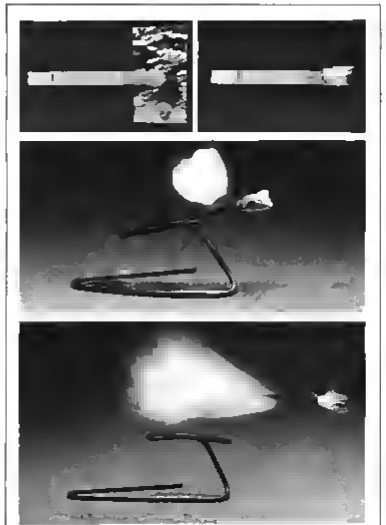
This is a Cloud Chamber. It's an Old-Fashioned glass with a sheet of alcohol soaked cardboard stuck near the bottom. The cardboard may have to be held in place with wires, as shown, because the glass is to be inverted over a piece of black velveteen, which increases visibility, and then set on a cake of dry ice. What appears next, in what is now the bottom of the glass? Vapor trails which show ionizing particles: rebellions entering the glass, sometimes even cosmic particles from explosions billions of years ago in outer space. Nuclear physics in a whiskey glass. Doesn't everybody?



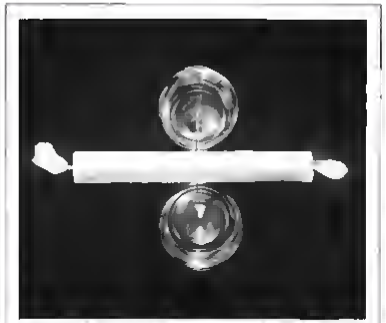
Read the sentence in this triangle. Think about what it says. Now look at it again and decide what it really does say. What you felt into it first, was the psychological trap of mental set, thinking from pre-acquired assumptions. You saw what you expected to see, and this is a rather touching human frailty that propaganda media are getting more skillful at using all the time. So we'd all better watch it, or we'll wind up in *1984*. Meanwhile, it might be consoling to know that the plodding type, who does not absorb by Gestalt alone, probably read the read the sentence right.



Feedback is a principle of cybernetics. The "thinking" machinery which, in performing a function, informs itself about that function, refines it, and corrects for error. Put a forefinger under each end of a yardstick. Close your eyes, then move the fingers toward each other. If one hand gets ahead of the other, the weight of the stick will increase on that side; the decreased weight on the other means less friction so the slow hand catches up. Fingers and yardstick cooperate as a feedback system and your fingers meet in the middle.



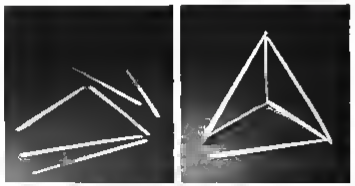
According to Newton, who seems to have been right, for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. It is being proved at Cape Kennedy all the time. To demonstrate *in camera* what the rocket men are doing, you need a match. You lay a pin on it, point against the head of the match, then wrap tinfoil very tightly around pin and match head. Run a thumbnail along each side of the pin, then remove the pin, leaving a tiny channel. Now bind a big paper clip and make a rocket platform out of it, as shown. Lean match arm left against the platform. Light another match and hold it near the first one until the first ignites. Start countdown: there will be a sudden exhaust of gases through the pin channel, and your rocket will be in space.



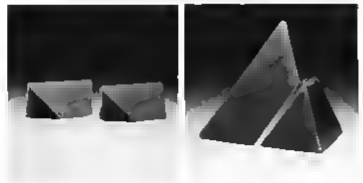
It seems a little sad, somehow, but there is a universal fact in nature called entropy, and it means that things run down. In the mathematical treatment of thermodynamics, for instance, the energy of a system eventually ceases to be available energy. We illustrate this, above, with a candle, a needle, and two glasses (the lower picture is a double exposure, showing action during the fact). The needle is pushed through the middle of the candle, then the ends of the needle are poised on the rims of the glasses. Balance counts. Light each end of the candle. As the tallow drips, the weight of one end will be reduced, and gravity will pull the other down, thus dripping more tallow and reducing the weight of *that* end in its turn. So the candle dips again. This can go on for hours. And what happens when all the action's over? Entropy. No more candle.



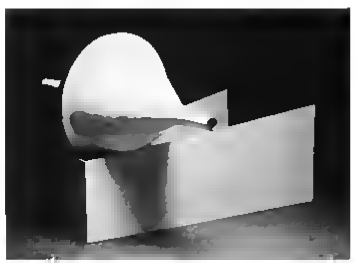
Photographed by Mort Schreiber



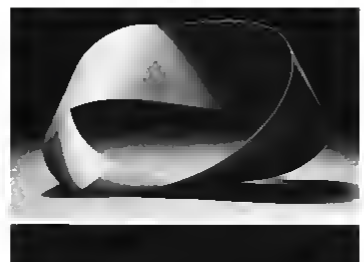
Problem: Take six toothpicks and, without breaking any and using the full length of each, make four distinct triangles out of them. Pose this challenge to the ordinary clod and he'll lay the toothpicks down on a tabletop (left, above) and rearrange them for hours, which may be good therapy but is not how the pyramids got built. What he's lacking, in short, is insight, that sudden leap in thinking that will help him get those toothpicks off their bottoms and up into the air to form a tetrahedron (right). Insight is, in a sense, the opposite of mental set: it involves taking familiar facts and looking at them in new ways.



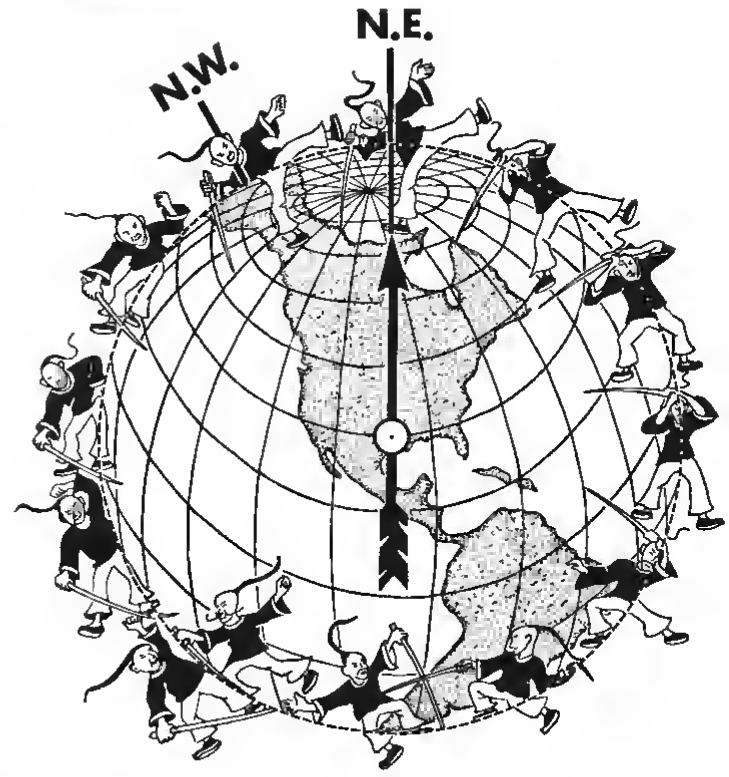
Insight is as essential to the solution of the child's puzzle shown in the two photographs above (put these two small plastic sections together to make a "pyramid"). It's the least likely juxtaposition that works. Some children do it immediately; some adults—mostly women—get all emotional over it and insist there's a piece missing; as it is to the highly adult manipulation of toothpicks and the development of the Theory of Relativity. This explains why we have illustrated it twice. It also explains why your son had better have it, if, for instance, you'd like him to beat the Ruggs in space flight.



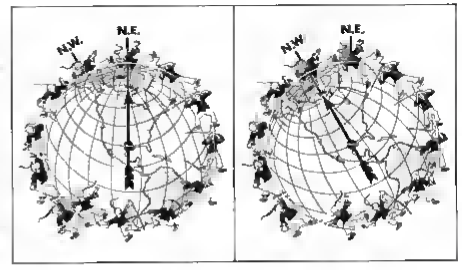
"If the Good Lord had meant man to fly He would have given him wings." somebody remarked while the Wright brothers fooled around. If the Good Lord had meant man to get into space without using an unholy amount of fuel He would have given him anti-gravity. Well, if He did, nobody's found it yet. But if He did and if we do, this is how it will look. Take two small tunnels and glue the rims together so they make a cone. Make a sloping track out of cardboard—experiment here: the slope has to be just right. The track should be about an inch wide at the lower end and as wide as the cone is long at the upper. Put the cone at the bottom; it will slowly roll to the top. What really happens is that as the cone moves up, the increasing width of the track lowers it so that its center of gravity actually moves down. Okay, it's a fake. We didn't promise you the moon.



Topology is a branch of geometry that studies the two-dimensional space of a sheet of paper, three-dimensional cosmic space, the four-dimensional space-time of relativity. Some spaces twist or warp, in curious ways, introducing startling properties like those of the Möbius Strip above, which is a mathematical parlor trick but one which is already used in radar and which may someday get us from one side of the universe to the other without crossing the street. Take a long strip of paper, about two inches wide, give it a half-turn and fasten the ends together. Result: a paradox with one edge, one surface and no end—you can prove this by drawing a pencil line along it until it meets itself—and which has interesting qualities when it is cut with scissors lengthwise through the middle and others when cut (bottom) through the middle again. Cut



Look at the pictures at right: cut out the large square (dotted line) above. Now cut out the inner circle along the dotted line. This will leave you a square piece of paper with a hole in it. Glue this on a piece of shirt cardboard. Take the center circle and fasten it back where it belongs with a pin, so it will swivel. Swivel the arrow to N.E. Count the Red Chinese. Now swivel to N.W. and count again. What happened to the thirteenth man? Why can't the American Government solve *its* recognition problems this neatly? The answer to the first question (thirteen entities may be redistributed to make twelve, but each of the twelve will be a trifle larger) plays a fundamental role in chemistry. It applies to conservation of mass in ordinary chemical reactions—no matter how two or more chemicals may combine to form other compounds, their total mass does not change noticeably (in nuclear physics the conversion of mass into energy accords with Einstein's equation $e=mc^2$.) We suggest you try this one on your friends, though not if they're Red Chinese.



Photographed by Mort Schreiber

COMMON DENOMINATORS

What do the three men below (not counting the waiter) have in common? They are all wearing Arnel tricot shirts. Tricel, a lightweight, almost transparent knit fabric, is wash and wear in the truest sense. It needs absolutely no ironing. Pictured here at the Dorado Hilton in Puerto Rico: Bruce Redlin, a student from the University of Pennsylvania, wears a Truval shirt jacket ($4) in black-and-white stripes. The grey tropical-weight slacks are Dacron and wool by Sagner ($15). Shoes of Corfam are by Plymouth. At center, Mr. Esteban Padilla, a noted Puerto Rican architect, wears a Van Heusen red-and-white-striped shirt jacket ($7) and blue linen-weave slacks by Corbin ($18). Mr. Josan Russo, also an architect, wears Manhattan's tricot shirt jacket in wide stripes of gold, blue, white and navy ($8). Now another question: What do all the hats on the opposite page have in common? The center ridge. Used to be known as the "optimo" shape because it could be found on hats you could roll up to fit into minimum space. Today it's a characteristic of upper-register fashions. At top, a narrow-brimmed Disney ($12). Center left, a classic coconut palm with a moderate-width brim finished with a dark-blue shantung-silk puggaree by Dobbs ($7). Center right, same idea, striped band, Knox ($7). And at bottom, the traditional Panama optime by Stetson ($12).



Photographed by Robert Freson



the distinctive leisure-look is Eagle



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Deft detailing marks the carefully casual air of Eagle Shirtmakers' leisure loving shirt jac. Italian collar, slash pockets and contrasting trim add up to a design of distinction. The perfect fabric for all this? Beidlng's textured blend of two-ply cotton and American Bemberg Copion® rayon of course. Crisp carefree and crease-resistant. In "Shadowtone" shades of brown, blue, grey or gold. Sizes S-M-L-XL. about $9.00. Beaunit Fibers, Division of Beaunit Corporation, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

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A MAN OF AFFAIRS

(Continued from page 70) all of my afternoons are free, and I am free too, then, to indulge my hobby. Come now, Americans are not generally shy in matters of business, and this is not a complicated matter." He made a picture with his hands of complicated business by interlacing the fingers and twisting them. "However, don't ask too much."

"I thought—" I felt myself blush "—about a thousand *Lire*."

"Ah. *Lire*. You thought that. Yes." He trilled a bird song. "Well that is too much, you know."

We talked back and forth. Vicenza changed the subject, ordered two more campari, mentioned price again in a delicate oblique way. We settled at last on seven hundred, and decided that we would meet for two hours each afternoon Monday through Friday—that he would come at three, leave at five. It meant thirty five hundred *lire* a week, which was nearly all of my room rent. We beamed at each other. I said, "Well."

He said, "And we'll begin straightaway—tomorrow?"

"Yes." I grinned. "By saying 'right away' or 'immediately,' instead of 'straightaway,' which is English."

"Is it? Now, I thought that was American."

It had grown dark. Vicenza paid for the drinks and rose. "Do you have other pupils?"

"Not yet."

"Don't take any. I will occupy your afternoons. You will use your mornings when you are fresh and creative, to write."

I said slowly, "All right. I'll think about it anyway. Maybe you're right."

"Have you got a girl friend?"

"No." I was startled. "I mean I did, but—"

"It's none of my business. You are better off, I think. A serious author avoids distractions and buys his amusements when he can afford them. Right?"

"I don't think so necessarily—"

"I will come to your rooms for the lessons. The address in the advertisement?"

"I could come to your house."

"You miss the point. I want to go to America. I don't want America to come to me."

Returning to the Villa Torlonia, where I lived, I was at first jubilant; then I thought "But he's coming to my room," and my joy, as I watched the headlight of a Vespa racing the bus, turned grey.

My room was large and high with floors of composition marble, waist-high panelling stained dark brown, and sepia photographs of Roman scenes and of a smiling barefast boy with a fish on a string that, like the boy, smiled. The room had a hot plate for cooking and, through large double windows, an excellent view of the Villa Torlonia's gardens. The landlady, Signora Nelli, a placid widow with neither curiosity nor imagination, left me to myself; the rent was low—eight and a half dollars a week—and the other tenants aloof and invisible. I had come to look upon the room as something more of my own possession than the things in it that were actually mine to carry off, and when I was away from it for a time—a weekend, say—I would become uneasy, homesick I suppose, and when I returned to it, standing in its doorway and greeting each of its familiar features with affection—I who had never lived in a place half as attractive or as quaint as much my own, would sigh with pleasure and relief. It was this that made me uncomfortable about the lessons: the prospect of sharing my room, even though it was only for two hours a week.

At just three the next afternoon I heard Vicenza's happy bird warble below my window and, a moment later, a knock on my door.

"You heard my whistle? I deliberately whistled to warn you of my imminence." He entered the room, church-like in its saffron midafternoon light, sat down on one of the two chairs, and looked around appreciatively. "Very pleasant. A student's room is which the character of the student stands finitemingly revealed. I lived in a similar one when I attended the University."

I was pleased and, seeing my smile, Vicenza nodded knowingly. "Yes. There was a very small girl friend then—a blonde, I recall. Yes." He squinted into the past. "I used to smuggle her into my room because the landlady was so severe about *morality*." He laughed. "I suppose landladies the world over are like that. They are all hopelessly frustrated and secretly in love with the young men, their chents—boarders, isn't it?—and jealous of them."

I said "Well, Signora Nelli's the exception. She doesn't care one way or the other."

"No? That's your landlady? Well." He gave the room and its contents another glance, crossed his neat legs in a swift movement, and began to speak in Italian. "How long have you lived in Rome?"

"Around three months. I lived in Florence for a year."

"I find Florence rather closed in. Don't you get the feeling there's a roof over the entire city? Well. Your Italian is reasonable, but the accent—" He smiled sadly into the grey heaven, which he held in his hands. "Then I ask myself: how does he manage to support himself all these months—the unpublished writer? But, of course, you worked and saved, and then borrowed too. Right? But now, at a crucial moment, the great work must stand still because the bank account has so dwindled that you must choose between returning home and taking pupils. There is a great work?"

My gaze turned automatically to the desk beside the window. Then I blushed.

"Good, good." His eyes studied me, seemingly fascinated. "Good. You could write an essay on the subject of the out-at-elbows American student in Rome and perhaps sell it. No? That's not creative. Please believe I intend no irony. Irony." He sighed. "I think you are courageous to live as you do, and I, knowing I could not do so, admire you for it. The exigencies have made me one of life's natural rewards. But never mind that." The taut wathrawn face glowed happily in my room's golden light. He returned to English. "Now to work. I'm quite ready." And after a long moment during which I could only stare at him: "Nothing?"

"I don't know how to begin."

"Only begin." I want to hear an American who is a writer talk about American writers. Tell me about Steinbeck who has won that great prize, as our beloved and magnificent Quasimodo did. Do you like Steinbeck?"

"Well—"

"But Hemingway, too, has been such an influence, as much more than the others really. And Faulkner. And what about the younger people? We read them in Italian, when there are translations. I, of course, read them in the original. The trouble is that there is such a multiplication of them. Where does one begin? I see your dilemma, Grace. Do you know—of course you couldn't—that I once met your Gertrude Stein? And she said to me, 'Vicenza, when one really begins to write, one leaves off thinking.' Perhaps we could use the same method in our discussions in writing."

I laughed.

"I'm serious. Don't think at all. Simply begin. Arbitrarily and without thought. Say something."

I gazed at him stupidly, and then suddenly relaxed and began to talk. It was, I was sure, good talk, though I now remember very little of what we said. Vicenza was beyond a doubt brilliant. He was encyclopedic about literature—that is about all of the literature of all of Western Europe as far as I could tell: he had absorbing and original theories of his own, which he appeared to create on the spur of the moment, and which he presented with utter almost chilly clarity. I discovered myself talking better than I ever had in my life, coming up with thoughts I never dreamed were in my mind: because in the old foolhoned way, Vicenza had drawn me out. I felt I should have paid him and I said as He smiled standing in my door "The arrangement is exactly right. But I'm glad you mention the matter. Be frank, Green. I can pay your fee by the day or give you the lot each Friday. Only say."

I told him hesitating, that I preferred the money on a daily basis and at once he drew a few notes from his billfold and placed them on the desk. "Good bye, then. So long."

"So long."

I heard his bird whistle down the stairs and again on the street outside. When I looked at the notes I discovered there were a thousand *lire*.

Next day I mentioned it.

"Good, good. It was no mistake," he said with a pleased expression. "I had already decided that if the first lesson went well I would pay the amount you originally asked."

The lesson went well that afternoon, too, with me doing most of the talking this time and Vicenza perched on a chair in the grey topcoat he refused to remove, holding his grey bowler, thrawing in an occasional stimulating question or remark. In the meetings that followed, however, I frequently faltered and went dry (the Stone Method did not always work) and then smoothly, Vicenza would take over and plunge us both into talk that was lolly refreshing in its rationality and always excitingly in motion. Thoughts grew from thoughts, were sustained like Indian clubs between us flashing sanotanly changing and developing, so that neither of us knew or much cared where we were going or where we would end. At length to end our sessions, he always sighed and said, 'Dear Saint Benedetto Croce, hear us and be lenient' and smiled beatifically at me and at my room.

By the end of the first week certain I had received more information and benefit than I had given, for I was in fear possessed of five thousand *lire*, I experienced a sense of pleased guilt. Obviously Vicenza was not only a scholar but a man with rare insight into the mysteries of creative literature and into the problems of the creative writer. I got into the habit immediately on his departure, of jotting down what seemed to me the most significant ideas that had developed during the afternoon. The sessions I realized were becoming necessary to me, and after two weeks I learned to dread the weekends when I met only had to face my grudging typewriter but to face no empty afternoon as well. Vicenza had become my teacher and my single friend in Rome, and at last I admitted that the value of my room had increased because I had shared it.

About this issue himself I learned little. I knew he was an exporter of cotton and cotton products, had gone to the University of Rome, had lived in England and in Trieste and Paris that he disliked planes and boats for traveling, and that he had served some kind of title. He joked about it, calling himself from time to time casually, Commander or Cavalier or, once, with a small secret smile Prince—so that it was impossible to know the truth. I also learned that he had a wife and two grown daughters both of whom were married or had either of whom had children. But wife he referred to only once and then, in his odd wry way, as 'that elderly lady who shares my house."

On a sunny Monday afternoon—the bougainvillaea on the Villa's walls had begun to bloom—Vicenza appeared at my door and handed me a paperbound book.

"You have heard of its author but not the work."

I took in the title—*Uomini di affari*—then gaped at the name under it. Vittorio Vicenza. "Is it yours?"

"Don't be jealous, Green. I published it myself." He removed his hat and sat down with it in his hands. "Let the lesson begin."

"But when did you write it?"

"Years ago. When I was no older than you are. And even in those days by way of contrast with your own situation I could afford to indulge a sense of self-importance by having it printed." He gazed out at the window, apparently at the bougainvillaea, the little ironic smile on his lips, the moustache bright. "I recall that the applause was nearly inaudible, but do you know who liked it a little and was kind enough to say so?' He glanced at me. "Our good friend Dr. Croce. Now there was a serious moment in one's life. So long ago, however—so very many years."

"Croce! This is wonderful!" I cried. I was turning over the pages of the book. "And it's a novel?"

"Yes." The wistful tone had gone, and he was looking at me now in his fascinated way. "I hrug it to you for your opinion. The copy, its pages still uncut, is a gift. Take as long as you need to read it, and if you have nothing to say about it, then please say nothing. Certainly by now we respect each other enough for that. Also if you don't feel like reading it don't read it." He waved his expensive hat, eyes glowing and contented.

"Have you written anything since?"

"No. Now the lesson," he said gently.

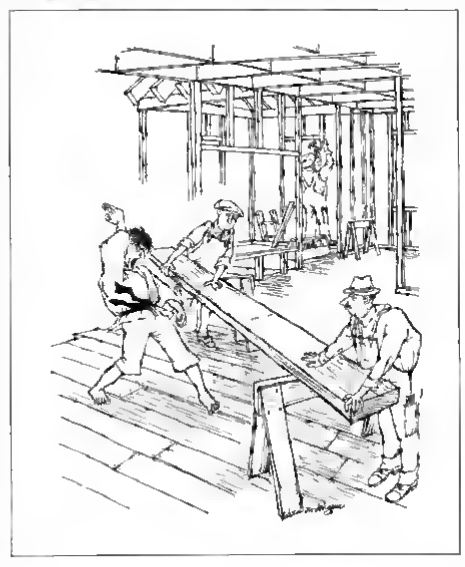
As soon as he had gone I read the novel. It was short—a hundred and twenty pages of large print—and I finished it in a little over an hour. Then I read it again.

The next afternoon I waited impatiently for Vicenza's sprightly whistle, but this time there was none. When I answered the knock at the door I found that my scholar author businessman was not alone.

"I want you to meet," Vicenza said in Italian, "Signorina Chenese. Lotti, this is my teacher of American, Mr. Green."

I was confused and I must have shown it because Vicenza raised his brows slightly. I said at last, 'Piacere signorina' and smiled at her. I had not fully realized how strong was the habit of the room and myself and Vicenza, with no one else, not even once Signora Nelli had interfered with our talks. The girl was young and had heavy black hair, which she wore tied in back in a horse tail that reached to her waist, she was as pretty as a movie starlet. To acknowledge the introduction, she had nodded without speaking and then moved to the nearest chair. My eyes kept resting on her face, dropping to her full figure, and jumping nervously away. Vicenza watched her too. She rummaged in a large straw bag, found cigarettes, and lit one.

"Miss Chenese," said Vicenza, "will join our class this afternoon."



She crossed her fine legs and looked idly about the room. I asked, still confused, "Shall we speak in Italian?"

"No. I went her to hear English—that is, American. I am teaching her the language." The expression in his eyes appeared to be compounded of his habitual wryness and stubborn fondness. He said addressing me but watching her, "She is a slow learner."

I began to talk about the novel.

"You liked it?" Vicenza asked. He sounded surprised. "I suppose it has enthusiasm to recommend it."

"No," I said. "More than that. Much more. It's fine. I was deeply moved by it. By the character of Carlo with his perfect brutality—and the schoolteacher, his, you know, masterpiece."

"With the girl there. It was hard to say the things I had rehearsed. It all sounded flat and formal. Yet, clearly, Vicenza was pleased. He sat straight on the edge of my bed, his gaze shifting from the girl down to his gleaming little shoes then back again. "You hear that, Lotti? Green says my novel is fine. You didn't know I was a novelist, did you?" The girl said, "Come?" and looked irritable. Vicenza repeated the words in Italian.

"Oh. No no. I didn't know." She searched for an ashtray and I found one, and gave it to her.

I said to Vicenza, "You should go on writing."

He replied politely, "Really? Perhaps you're right." He addressed the girl. "Should I write another novel, Lotti?"

Miss Chenese shrugged.

"I'm serious." I said. "The one—*Uomini d'affari*—should be reprinted by that big Milan house. It ought to be translated into English too. *Men of Affairs. The Businessmen.*"

Well well. Perhaps. Perhaps you will do it, Green. Now let's get on to the lesson."

I decided to be dogged about it. "The lesson will be about your novel. It was thirty years ahead of its time when you wrote it, and that was why it wasn't appreciated in a popular way."

"And you feel it would be appreciated now?" Vicenza for a moment, looked solemn but then he made a gesture. "Really Green, we risk boring our guest if we discuss this. I am in earnest."

The rest of the session went badly. The girl said nothing and Vicenza seemed abstracted. In a lifeless way he told his story about parachuting from a plane and landing just outside of Rome in a field of sharp stones and poppies. It was about the girl had heard the story before. There were long silences, during which all three of us stared out of my windows at the traffic and at the flowering wall across the street. Twenty minutes before the meeting was due to end Vicenza rose.

"I think we'll take our leave now." Both he and the girl shook my hand. He looked at my eyes for a moment in his fascinated way and asked "You really liked it?"

I said I did.

He sighed, tossing the rich hat in his hand. "Well well. Good. I will inscribe your copy for you one day."

Thereafter for a week Miss Chenese came with Vicenza to every lesson. She always sat in the same chair, smoking English cigarettes and looking out of the window. Occasionally she would sigh to show that she was bored and when she did both my eyes and Vicenza's darted to her fearfully. She was given to yawning too, in a frank, loud, jaw-cracking way that halted conversation. When she was entirely silent Vicenza's gaze would wander to her, appraising her often resting on her for minutes at a time while my discussion languished and Vicenza

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end ultimately died. Whenever she seemed too gloomy and restless Vicenza would cut the session short. I did not discuss his novel again, and Vicenza appeared to have forgotten his promise to inscribe it for me.

One afternoon he appeared alone. He announced himself with a perfunctory bird warble on the stairs, kept his hat on and his topcoat, though it was warm, buttoned up tight.

"I have a favor to ask." He did not look at me.

"Sit down. Where's the signorina?"

"Nearby." He remained standing. "It's about Miss Cunese—Lotti." He paused. "That is, we are lovers."

I said nothing.

"That is, to be exphert," Vicenza went on, "we are not yet lovers."

I said idiotically, "I'm sorry."

"There first fine spring days are, in a manner of speaking, the introduction to our affair. Of course I have known Lotti for a long time. I knew her father as a matter of fact, though he is now dead and naturally—" Vicenza sighed in a desperate way. "—I no longer know him. Lotti and I—well, the difficulty is that Lotti lives with her mother, who is—can you guess? And only in the afternoons can she find some degree of freedom to be herself, to be in love." He cleared his throat. "I have several times offered to rent a flat—apartment?—but she refuses. She is ashamed and she says such circumstances would depress her. She is easily made sad. Also, I looked at coldly to rent an apartment would be a mistake for me as I am well-known in Rome and privacy, which one values so, would be out of the question then. You see?" It occurred to me recently that nothing could be safer—more discreet—than just such a place as yours." He turned. An thin. A student's room where one takes lessons or merely chats about literature. Harmless."

I stared at him. "You mean you want my room?"

"Oh no." His tone was reassuring. "I want us to go on as we have been. Your room is yours, of course. But it occurred to me that now and then if you feel you wish to you would absent yourself." He shrugged. "Take a stroll. It's spring. The streets and gardens are lovely. Only for the two-hour period which in any case is reserved time paid for."

"I'd rather not," I said.

"Just as you say." He fixed his fascinated eyes on me.

"I'm afraid I couldn't."

"You value your privacy as I do then? You feel it would be an invasion?"

"More or less. I'd just rather not."

"It's as you say. We'll forget I mentioned it."

He went to the door, glanced at his watch and paused as if struck by a new idea. "See here, Green. Would it be too much if just today—?" He looked very uncertain and nervous, like a small boy asking for something and knowing he will be refused. "She is waiting on the street. Green, Lotti is really extremely shy. I discover to my considerable horror that I am rather shy myself." And then, still addressing the watch: "You must find this deeply embarrassing. I know I would in your place." He laughed slightly, sadly. "It turns out that I'm imploring you, Green."

I had fully and firmly intended to say no again. I was not embarrassed. I was enraged. But instead—I think it was some memory of the novel, of the character of the schoolteacher in it—I said, "All right."

"Thank you. We will not forget." I pushed past him. As I walked down the stairs I heard the warbling birdcall end on the street outside I ran into Lotti. The whistle had been her signal. I nodded, feeling against my will righteous and put-upon; she gave me a cold glance and turned into the building.

I returned at five-thirty and found the room empty and spotless—too spotless, not as I had left it. On the bedside table was a typed note.

Grazie tanto Green. My own typewriter had been used. Under this was a ten thousand *lire* note. Vicenza's novel was propped open against the bed lamp, and he had inscribed it in English.

"Rome, April 6. To my dear good American Green, upon a happy occasion, thru work is offered to show the



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affections to esteem in which he is held by his friend Vittoria Vicenza—the signature in such elaborate Italian copperplate that if I had not known whose it was I could not have read it.

I waited a week. I tried to work but now it was nearly impossible in that room. When it was clear that Vicenza did not intend to resume his lessons I ran the advertisement again and again. I waited. There were no replies.

Once in the extremely fashionable Café Nettuno off Porta Pinciana I recognized Lotti. She sat looking indolent and beautiful, the dark horse, tall of hair tumbling to her waist, a frosty cocktail raised in mocking salute to the blind man (it was not Vicenza) opposite her. I nodded from the sidewalk but Lotti remote as a nun behind her moth-wing eyeglasses, did not respond.

A month later, having spent the afternoon at the American Embassy trying to borrow fare to the United States (they were willing to take me to New York but argued that I should make my own way to Omaha), I took the long way around to Trinita dei Monti for one of a series of final looks at my beloved Steps, and there, as if each had been waiting in the vast backstage of Rome for him, one to step under this particular spotlight, Vicenza and I confronted one another.

"Green! Well met!"

At once he took my arm and led me down toward the gorgeous fountain and the nearest cafe, talking non-stop as before. "Your young John Keats died there. Incredible maturity of outlook! My spirit is too weak, mortality weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep." And then, "My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains/ My sense.' " He gestured to accompany the recitation but the gestures seemed cryptic and it was obvious that his mind was not on his words. Later, in the mahogany and cut velvet café into which he had led me, I saw how his tont brown nut face had fallen flaccid and how the bright darting eyes were grown dull.

"I have not been entirely well" he said when I asked "Troubles. Business. Family. I won't bore you with details. And you? I see your advertisement now and then."

I told him.

"Ah. I'm sorry, Green. I know you wanted to make a go—as that the usage? A go of it. I too you know. I wanted to make a go of it." He sighed. "Well, well. Well well."

We drank sweet vermouth and soda and fell into a sighing silence, hypnotic and self-perpetuating, until Vicenza roused himself to break it, and said in a soft somehow old voice, "You remember Lotti? Well we're finished, again. She has a German now as I employ, he sort of world." I thought of the tall pink faced blond. "He is young," Vicenza went on, 'and a partner in a firm of manufacturers of heavy force equipment—a successful family concern." He glanced at me in every aspect even to the twisted ends of the white moustache, he seemed frayed. 'Well well well, A tough break. Right?' Tough. You will recall, *cara* Green, that last day? Yes. That was apparently, too much for poor Lotti. Too—forgive me—squalid. I had hoped that would be our beautiful beginning, and so it seemed at first that day. However—" He broke off and after a moment continued in an emotional tone. 'I don't blame you Green, a man's home is his castle, and I must thank you

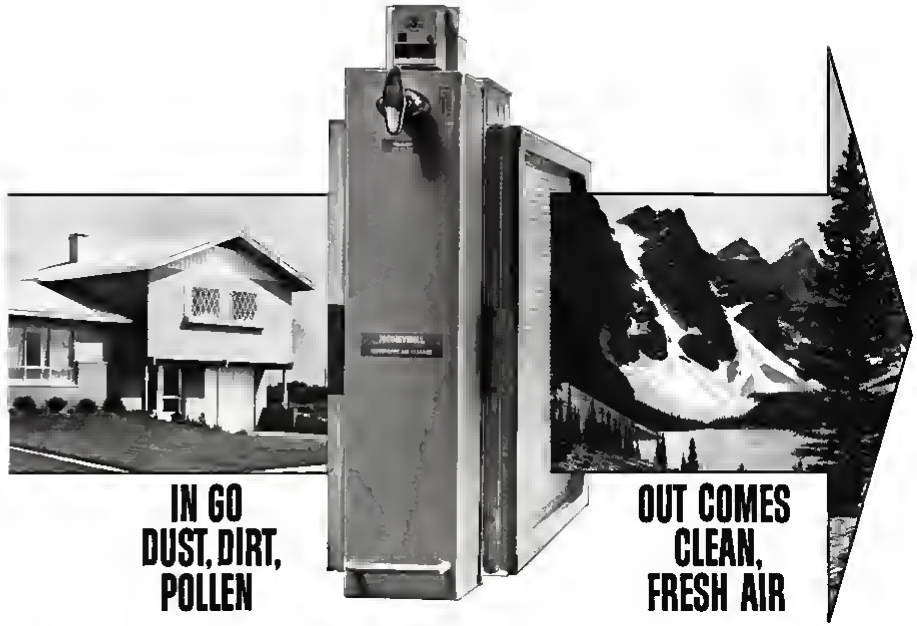


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Get the benefits of the same type of filtering system used extensively in hospitals. On a 3-year FHA loan, it can cost as little as $14.38 a month. Installed in your present home. In a new home, it may be included in the mortgage for under $2.00 a month.

If you don't have a forced air system or are renting a home, consider the Honeywell Portable Electronic Air Cleaner. It's ideal for your office or conference room, too.

Do your whole family a favor. Just mail the coupon for information on Honeywell's whole-house or room-portable Electronic Air Cleaner.

*Area measured by the National Bureau of Standards Dust Spot Method.

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again for the gift of that brief hour. Brief. Better ten on all final hours are. It was—what do you say? My swan song. Yes, my swan song. Green, though I didn't know it then."

And again I heard the heavy evening silence in the cafe.

In parting I told him how grateful I was for the inscription in the book, I did not mention the ten thousand lire note.

"Not at all. Okay. You're welcome," he said with deep sadness. "Good luck, my dear Green."

"Wait. And then at last, I asked, "You didn't want lessons at all, did you?" I mean not even at first.'"

He fixed me with his sad old gaze then he murmured, "No. I wanted Lotti Green. I still do. I tell you the truth now, and the truth is that I only meant to use you—your room. I am sorry. Lotti said I was a coward for what I did—to you, to her. She said I made you a pimp and her a whore because I was too afraid to speak my love to the world. I was not a man with her, she said. So she left me."

I watched him ascend the Steps. He made the first dozen of them briskly enough, but then he faltered, stopped, put a narrow hand to his side and breathed deeply, after which he tried a few more, paused, ascended again, until I lost sight of him in the grey green magical haze that drops like a cloak over the Spanish Steps at twilight. ###

ALAMOGORDO, MON AMOUR

(Continued from page 136) were not made until shortly before firing time the following Monday morning.

All these partly forgotten memories come fully alive again as I stood there amid the desolation and rubble in the old abandoned ranch house. Here, I thought to myself, should be one of the shrines of modern history, preserved as one of the landmarks of our time. It was here that the lives of possibly thousands of young Americans hung in the balance. That moment at the end of those seemingly endless three minutes signaled the gift of life to many who otherwise would have died if the war had to be prolonged even for a few days.

The second of the ruins that brought back even more poignant memories was the observation shelter ten thousand yards south of Ground Zero, and thus named S-10. It is a wooden structure, its walls reinforced by concrete, buried under a massive layer of earth. This was the control center for the test. Here Dr. Oppenheimer ("Oppie" to his colleagues) and his field commander, Professor Kenneth T. Bainbridge of Harvard, issued the orders and synchronized the activities of the other sites at various points in the desert. Here the signal was given and a complex of mechanisms set in motion to detonate the bomb.

Here at forty-five seconds to zero young Dr. Joseph L. McKibben of the University of California, at a signal from Dr. Bainbridge, activated a master robot that set in motion a series of other robots. The timing device which alerted the complex system of instrumentation was designed by Dr. Donald F. Hornig, now Special Assistant to the President for Science and Technology.

From the moment the robot mechanism took over, the whole great complicated mass of intricate mechanisms was in operation without human control. However, Dr. Hornig was stationed at a reserve switch ready to stop the operation at an order from the field commander in case anything went wrong.

As I stood there in the deserted shelter I relived again those agony-filled hours that preceded the final moments. Somehow the quiet desert was transformed into the starless cold night of twenty years ago. I once again saw the lightning flashes and heard the ominous peals of thunder. Once more I heard the voice of Professor Samuel K. Allison of the University of Chicago, assistant director at Los Alamos, intoning the countdown over the radio network first at periodic five-minute intervals and the last ten seconds at intervals of one second that seemed to get more agonizing with each second that passed.

"Zero minus three seconds!" I heard Dr. Allison's voice as clearly as I heard it twenty years ago.

"Zero minus two seconds!"

"Zero minus one second!"

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And then I remembered the voice, sounding as though it had come from above the clouds, shouting "Now!"

At that instant, as I ascended soon after that same morning there came from the bowels of the earth a light not of this world. Up it went, a great ball of fire about a mile in diameter changing colors as it kept shooting upward an elemental force freed from its bonds after having chained for billions of years.

I remembered the words of Dr George B. Kistiakowsky, of Harvard one of the leaders in the project who was present in the shelter. "This was the nearest thing to Doomsday that one could possibly imagine," he said to me later that morning. "I am sure that at the end of the world—in the last millisecond of the earth's existence, the last man will see something very similar to what we have seen this morning." It was the same Dr. Kistiakowsky, who a few days earlier had bet Dr. Oppenheimer a month's salary against $10 that the gadget would work. Standing there in the deserted command shelter I recalled how he had said: "Oppie, you owe me $10!"

Dr. Kistiakowsky was one of the optimists in the group. There were many who were still doubtful. Among the memories that came rushing back on my recent visit was a bit of doggerel that I had named the "Los Alamos Blues":

From this crude lab that spawned the dud
Their masks to Truman's ox associated
Lo the embattled savants stood
And fired the flop heard round the world

Among the lighter episodes on my return this year was a visit for the first time to Caerizozo, in 1945 a sleepy town of 1,500 souls. If the wind at the time of the blast had changed in an easterly direction there would have been a real danger that the radioactive cloud might blanket the sleeping town and expose its inhabitants to deadly fallout.

To prepare for this emergency several hundred Army trucks, manned with carefully briefed personnel, surrounded Carrizozo during the night. At a radio signal they would have dashed into the death houses and carried the inhabitants to safety without giving them time to dress or telling them the reason why.

To the present day none of the original inhabitants of Carrizozo, now a lively town, knows what surprise was in store for them had the wind blown in their direction, though all of them were indeed aroused from their slumbers by the blast. Those I spoke to remember it clearly as the shattering explosion of a bomb right over their roofs.

One of those so rudely awakened was fifty eight-year-old Louis Montoya, who now lives in the hamlet of Oscuro, some fifteen miles to the south of Carrizozo. It is a little ghost town in the desert with a few scattered dwellings of some thirty inhabitants. One of the houses bears the neon sign "Atomic Bar." Louis Montoya saw the blinding flash and heard the great roar that followed. For a while he thought the world was coming to an end. And when I told him that he and his family had narrowly missed being carried away by the Army that morning all he could say was that he was glad it didn't happen.

The prevailing winds were favorable. The Ceremonious could return to sleep. Only one morning three weeks later the citizens of Hiroshima would not be so fortunate. For the atomic bomb having been born in the desert would move swiftly to leave two horrid monuments to itself in the wreckage of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. But all the platitudes of a "humble birth place" apply. Indeed, the babies were satisfactorily born but in drab surroundings. To this day, the place is humble—and as a symbol of the ironic simplicity of its birthplace an old overturned privy now lies outside the very blockhouse where the leading scientists of the day saw the bomb through its delivery.

Unseen in this landscape is the stark reality of what happened here. The slight depression at Ground Zero could have been a natural gully. The four concrete piers might have once supported a grain silo. The bunkers for all their real significance, could have been storage huts. The old

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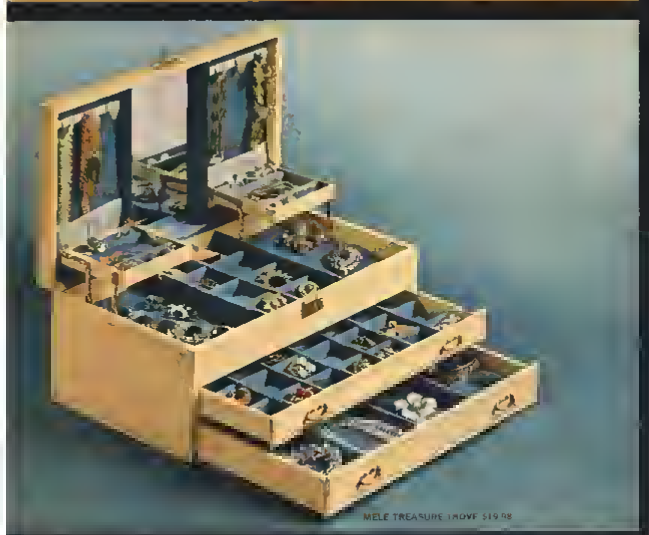
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ranch house where the bomb was assembled looks indeed like an old ranch house. The few scattered pieces of the jadelike Trinitite that are still to be found look like ordinary stones. But here is where the tenth lies invisible to the naked eye. I picked up a piece of it and brought it to New York. The next day I went to see Dr. John H. Healey of the Health and Safety Laboratory of the Atomic Energy Commission in his office in lower Manhattan and left the Trinitite with him. A week later I received this note from Dr. Healey:

"There is no doubt that the Trinitite is quite radioactive. The exotic autoradiographs which we exposed for more than four days give much more intense blackening than the usual fallout samples.

"The presence of strontium 90 as a major constituent was shown by beta analysis. The other expected major constituent, cesium 137, appears in the gamma spectrum. Two other gamma emitters, cobalt 60 and europium 152, also appear. The cobalt may result from activation of metal parts of the device and it is possible that europium 152 is a low-yield fission product that appears here because of its relatively long half life (about twelve and a half years). This material has not been mentioned before and we expect to send a brief note to Science on its appearance."

After twenty years Alamogordo still bears the mark. #

LASTING INDEFINITELY

(Continued from page 63)

Mr. Ettinger's description of research in reduced metabolism currently underway is accurate. He also says that some leading scientists do not agree with the Ettinger suggestion on freezing people until more research has been conducted.

Dr. T.R. Van Dellen, the well-known syndicated medical columnist agrees that "The professor's optimistic views on this subject are within the realms of possibility."

A number of private physicians have agreed to cooperate in preparing the body in event of the death of a patient. (If a reader needs help in locating such a physician I will be glad to provide it as time and circumstances permit and of course I invite inquiries from other physicians.)

Even those scientists who are dubious about the philosophical or social desirability of the program often admit its technical possibility. For example, Dr. Alex Comfort, England's best known gerontologist, reviewed my book for the New York *Herald Tribune*, although he had "psychoanalytic misgivings" he found no fault with it on biological grounds.

In any event questions of this sort are not settled by vote. A vanguard by its very nature must be a minority. Surely will a new idea be approved by acclamation. And the perceptive reader will realize that the expert biologist can make only a little better guess about the distant future than can the layman.

Since publication of my views not a single scientific error of any consequence has been pointed out. Some pessimistic scientists can say only that *they* don't see (now) how freezing damage and old age can be reversed—ever—and they imply that therefore these cures will not be found—ever!

But to each his own—and to those who choose not to be frozen all I can say is—rot in good health. Of course, while I can say this with medium good cheer to those who make an informed choice it is a different story in the case of the ignorant and especially of helpless children. Right now, in the United States, thousands of children are dying of cancer. Perhaps there are parents who will give them a chance.

Some people will recognize that the freezer is more attractive than the grave—that even if the pessimists prove to be correct, one will not be any deader and will have purchased additional hope. How and where this hope can be bought will be specified after a brief further attempt to sketch in the background. Many people still have the impression that we are talking about the distant future, and that people will be frozen alive some will get so entangled in the interesting but secondary side effects that they'll lose sight of the main issue.

We cannot yet freeze people without killing them and we frown on this. We cannot yet completely freeze and completely revive any mammal although we can completely freeze-stare and completely revive many lower animals (invertebrates) and many kinds of human tissue. And we can—right now—freeze a human after death, by methods which will prevent much or most of the freezing damage, leaving to the future the problem of thawing without further damage and repairing damage already inflicted.

An objection often initially voiced concerns religion. I think the objection is spurious and that the freezer program is compatible with Christianity, Judaism and every other life-affirming religion. My reasons can not be detailed fully here although the main one is very simple: we are not renewing life but extending it, and therefore the freezer program is just another medical measure to prolong life—hardly more bizarre than an iron lung, hardly more unnatural than penicillin, hardly more radical than a kidney transplant.

It has been gratifying to note very little opposition from the clergy. In fact, I have had affirmative responses from Protestant, Catholic and Jewish clergymen. For example, on a Cleveland radio program a Catholic priest, Father Thomas Aehle, said that he would go along with the freezer idea.

Another frequent objection concerns the population problem. While I have considered this arithmetically and explicitly, let me observe here that there are only two ways to handle a population problem. You either reduce the birth rate or you expand the economy. What you do *not* do is kill people. You don't kill them by commission and you don't kill them by omission; you don't send them to the gas chambers and you don't refuse them medical care including the freezer at death.

In any case, someone who would want to be frozen is not likely to be deterred by population questions. No one in his right mind will accept death for himself because *maybe* at some future time he might crowd someone.

On the questions of neuroticism, selfishness and morbidity, there are easy answers (on our side) and also professional support. For example, the "psychoanalytic" objections of Alex Comfort were answered by Dr. George Weinberg, a New York psychoanalyst and author, who assured him that the desire to avoid death is normal, and that seizing even a slim

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chance is preference to none is rational.

Of course, the reader to whom this article is addressed will need no such assurance from anyone. He will heed even the most solemn ponderings, and will reserve advice to disregard. He wants to play the game. Very well, here are the rules.

1. *Take an early start.*

These suggestions carry no weight of authority; they represent only my personal opinions as of this writing. There are no guarantees of any kind, except that this advice is offered in good conscience. (To answer the several questions: yes, I plan to follow my own advice in the event of a death in my family, and my family have restrictions in case of my death. I keep supplies and equipment on hand.)

Your active initiative and energy are important. My suggestions are specific, but can not be given in accurate detail or take account of all possible circumstances.

2. *Try to live a little longer.*

Techniques are constantly improving, so that those frozen in later years will suffer less damage and have a better chance of revival. Eventually freezing will inflict no injury at all, and we can talk about "suspended animation." How soon this happens depends on the pace of the research which at present is taking place in a maddeningly haphazard and absentminded way. It seems nearly certain there will be no massive effort until the public demands it, which in turn is unlikely to happen except as a by-product of a practical freezer program.

By making arrangements to freeze the first member of your family to die, you not only give that person (parent? wife? child? yourself?) a chance, but you also help advance the state of the art and improve the chances of the next to go.

3. *Dying at the right time and place.*

If you have to die soon, you should make every effort to die in the hospital or a home with elaborate preparations. Getting hit by an automobile in the middle of the night in a strange city will greatly reduce your chances (in the early future). And falling out of an airplane or under a steamroller will just about eliminate them. While organizations such as the Life Extension Society or the Immortality Research & Compilation Association issue emergency freezing wallet cards, one could have little confidence that strangers would promptly, and efficiently, even though a reward is offered.

This dilemma must be faced sensibly. On the one hand we cannot become hermits or neurotics. On the other hand we cannot forego all our chances merely because we cannot protect ourselves against every contingency. Just as in everyday life, we must combine risk-taking with prudent forethought. We dare to cross the street, but we watch the traffic and step carefully. We can not always be near our freezing and starting it. This [illegible] vance preparation. Since [illegible] strike at any moment, the rest [illegible] to insure if your chances are to be maximized, your preparations should begin at once.

4. *Arranging for help, physician.*

Most people die in the hospital and your physician, preferably, should prepare the body. Ideally you might arrange for the cooperation of two physicians, one will sign a death certificate immediately after clinical [illegible] other will state the permanent death [illegible] ed the body, preparation [illegible] this medical treatment. This [illegible] conveniently be part of the [illegible] in case of legal complications involving disposal of either the body or the estate.

There are several possible ways to obtain medical cooperation in the face of the natural reluctance of most physicians to expose themselves to criticism. One of these ways depends on

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professional ethics: it is not uncommon to try an unproven remedy in an otherwise hopeless case, and the patient must be given every chance. A second depends on friendship. A third depends on using a young physician not worried about jeopardizing an established practice. A fourth depends on using an old physician not worried about anything. A fifth depends on using the pure power of money.

It may also be feasible to obtain the physician's and hospital's consent, not to perform the actual preparation, but to allow others to perform it in the hospital, if necessary.

6 *Arranging for help: funeral directors*

Besides transporting the body, the mortuary prepares room, performs the preparation and freezing in place of the physician, if necessary. In fact, this will doubtless become customary before long; the procedures can be learned and applied by embalmers who can work more cheaply than surgeons. This will be true even when technique becomes more sophisticated.

The funeral home can also be used as a place of temporary storage for months if necessary, while another installation is being prepared. The liquid nitrogen presents no health or fire hazard.

State laws generally require that morticians be regulated by a state mortuary board which must approve embalming methods. Freezing, even with preliminary perfusion, is probably not "embalming" which is generally regarded as use of an injected preservative. However, some mortuaries will not want to proceed without explicit board approval.

If mortuary board approval can be obtained quickly in your state, good. If formal approval cannot be had quickly, you may at least be able to get informal assurance that there will be sympathetic hearing and no severe action against a cooperating funeral director. Lacking even this assurance, you may need to exploit humanitarian feelings, special situations, friendship, greed, etc., as with the physicians.

Certain kinds of death, of course, could raise special problems. Sudden or unexpected death generally requires an autopsy; certain diseases require specified methods of disposal, embalming is required in some states if interment is delayed more than forty-eight hours. One must either plan for these situations or write them off.

Incidentally, let the funeral director be of good cheer: their profession is about to become more profitable and more respectable. Some people think of them now as ill-better than buzzards preying on the dead—though they perform a useful function, in the freezer era, however, they will enjoy universal esteem.

7 *Arranging for help: cemeteries*

The place of semipermanent storage will be a cemetery, or a mausoleum, or a private family plot or interment. (In Michigan, for example, the law allows a family plot of not more than one acre to be surveyed.)

If a public cemetery or mausoleum is used, once again there is the problem of special arrangements in the face of a possible reluctance by the operators who might feel they were endangering the goodwill of other customers, or simply might not want to be bothered. Again, a variety of inducements or pressures are possible. Perhaps reorganization could be obtained more easily from a cemetery or mausoleum which is nearly at capacity, hence not too concerned about other future customers.

The storage location could be underground or above, and will require somewhat more space than an ordinary coffin. (The physical description of the box and servicing requirements will be given in No. 12.)

Sooner or later, no doubt, the box will be moved to a large public installation built for this purpose, these are being planned at present. Here there will be no danger of service failure; even a power interruption of several weeks would not be critical.

8. *Arranging for help: family, friends and employers*

Although preferably a physician or mortician should prepare the body, circumstances may make them unavailable. You and those around you should know what to do yourselves. As in every other kind of planned activity, the dry run is very important.

9 *Arranging for help: attorney*

Your attorney should be privy to your plans and his cooperation will be especially important if there should be a lack of enthusiasm anywhere in your family. The will, of course, should be carefully drawn although initial events will not depend on this, but rather on the practical arrangements and understandings which have been made.

One of the incidental questions concerns trust funds. The general rule against perpetuity makes it quite simple matter to "take it with you." But this is secondary, and will be worked out. Professor David Heber of Rutgers University soon will publish a paper in one of the legal journals on this issue; he has worked out several alternatives.

10 *Cooling and maintenance*

Immediately after clinical death, the body should be cooled to about 10° C. while maintaining perfusion of oxygenated blood to prevent cellular death.

A. If hospital personnel and equipment are available, use a heart-lung machine with heat exchanger. Use hypothermia to prevent clotting three milligrams per kilo (2.2 pounds) of body weight. If the heart-lung machine is not ready at once, nor artificial respiration and cardiac massage to prevent deterioration while cooling with ice packs.

B. If the heart-lung machine with personnel is not available, a closed-chest resuscitator may be used while cooling with ice packs or with a mattress in which cold water circulates. The heart and lungs must be kept working.

Perhaps the best resuscitator on the market is the Beck-Kent Closed Chest Heart-Lung Machine available on a month's rental at $1-500 from the Kent Development Corporation, 13600 Drice Avenue, Cleveland 18, Ohio. The piston pushes down on the sternum (breastbone) far about a third of a second, our stroke per second, depressing the base of the sternum about an inch and a half to two inches with a force adjustable from twenty to one hundred eighty pounds; this squeezes the heart, pumping blood. Room air is used via face mask or intratracheal tube following every fourth stroke of the sternum piston, delivering 700 to 1800 c.c. of air to the lungs per respiration. The machine runs on a twelve-volt storage battery and can be mounted on a wheeled litter.

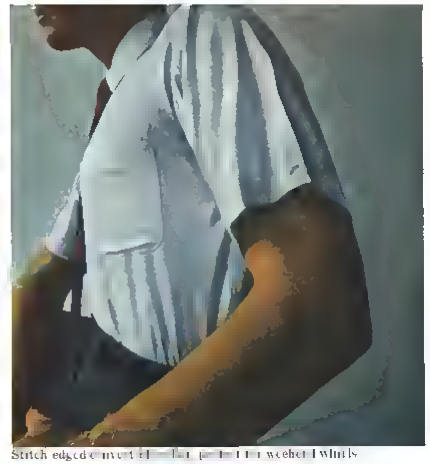
C. Whoever may need to operate the machine should practice using it, on a dummy or animal. Non-professionals will need instruction in putting a tube into the trachea (windpipe), and should also practice as

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sembly and loading of the syringe for injection of the heparin or other anticoagulant

For practicing artificial respiration and cardiac compression there is a life size doll available called "Resusci Anne" Medical Supply Company 1027 W State Street Rockford Illinois sells it for approximately $250 complete with accessories.

D Other devices are also available The "true Heart" is sold by the X-Ray Division of Westinghouse Electric Corporation 2519 Wilkens Avenue Baltimore Maryland for about $700 This is powered by cylinders of compressed oxygen and provides automatic cardiac compression Oxygen is recovered by means of a line attached to the machine, and is delivered to the lungs by means of a "squeeze bag" and face mask the squeeze bag must be worked manually

The Batterworth MI External Cardiac Compressor is available from the Mine Safety Appliance Company, 201 N Braddock Avenue Pittsburgh for $750 This also runs on compressed gas A separate respirator would be required, which could be manual or power driven The respirators used by fire departments, available everywhere, often sell in portable models for around $300

E If trained people are at hand but equipment is not, manual cardiac massage must be used and mouth to mouth respiration First aid centers offer training in the techniques. First-aid stores sell tubes for "mouth to-mouth" respiration without actual contact, these cost only $1 to $5 But this work is very tiring and properly requires a team of two (one pushing and one blowing) with a relief team available If only one person is on hand it has been recommended to use fifteen compressions of the chest followed by two rapid inflations of the lungs but only one to good training could keep this up for long It *Persisting the body*

After the body has been cooled to about 10° C the protective solution should be introduced.

A Although different diseases do not have the same requirements probably the best compromise solution is fifteen percent dimethyl sulfoxide (DMSO) by either weight or volume, the exact ratio of DMSO to carrier is not critical Drug grade DMSO is obtainable by authorized medical personnel from Crown Zellerbach Corporation Camas Washington (There is a bit of red tape involved in getting drug grade DMSO It has recently been hailed as a wonder drug in relieving pain and inflammation in certain ailments and the F D A wants to prevent its premature use on living people) The best vehicle is probably blood plasma with heparin.

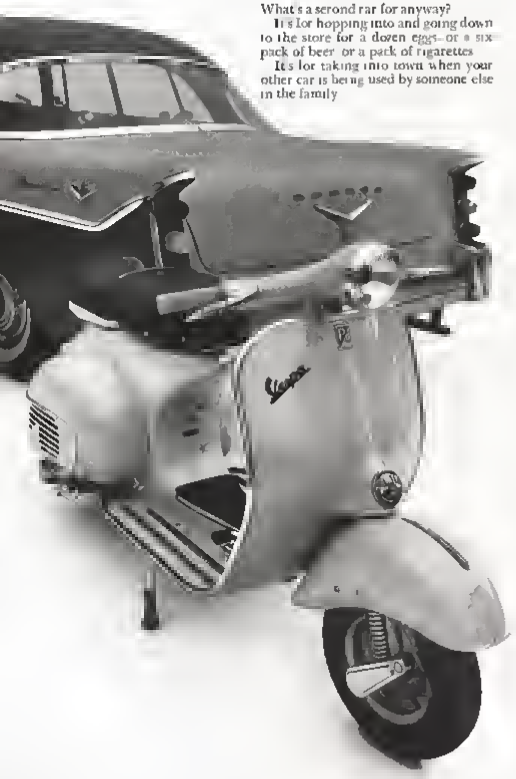
Lacking DMSO one might use a fifteen- to twenty percent glycerine solution While this would probably protect most of the cells about as well as DMSO it does not penetrate as rapidly

Lacking blood plasma, one might dilute the DMSO or glycerine with Ringer's solution which is obtainable from any medical supply house and is easily stored The solution can be made up by adding a pint of DMSO to about six pints of Ringer's using sterile technique if feasible although this is not critical.

B Several methods can be used to introduce the perfusate With facilities and personnel the heart lung machine can be used changing from blood to perfusate (DMSO solution) If an embalmer is doing the job his pump can be used but high pressures should be avoided. (The Turner Portl Dey Pressure Embalmer sells for $349.50) An even simpler method for nonprofessionals would employ a hanging bottle and ordinary intravenous glucose injections but practice will be required in preparing this and making the injections.

With the embalmer's pump the solution would be injected into an artery and at the same time blood would be drawn off through a vein (The blood could be treated frozen and stored alongside

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Charles Thomson (left) and Hiram Webb Managing Director of John Walker & Sons Ltd., photographed in Kilmarnock Scotland

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the body). With the hanging bottle use verse on opposite sides of the body are to inject solution and see to drain blood. Again, of course, you must prepare yourself in advance.

It is not clear whether any advantage would be obtained by injecting the perfusate slowly, keeping some blood in the body for most of the perfusion period to continue oxygenation. I am assuming it is better to replace the blood quickly once the blood is gone, there will be little point in maintaining respiration unless you are fortunate enough to have a high pressure chamber to work in. (At three times normal atmospheric pressure dissolved oxygen will satisfy the body's needs, without red blood cells, for a long time.)

With the hanging bottle method, of course you must continue external heart massage to circulate the fluid.

C. The length of time required for thorough perfusion is not entirely clear. Body deterioration at 10° C is slow, but not negligible, and lower temperatures apparently should not be used for a variety of reasons. A reasonable estimate might be a half hour for children, an hour for elderly people—age is more important than weight, older tissues being less permeable.

12. *Freezing the body*

After perfusion the body must be frozen and cooled to storage temperature.

A. In general, cooling should probably proceed about one degree centigrade per minute. But measurement and control of cooling rate are difficult. Also, the ideal requires different cooling rates as well as different kinds of perfusion for different tissues. In practice, reasonable results may be obtained by using cold packs, consisting of plastic bags containing a slush of crushed dry ice in alcohol, for initial freezing, followed by transference to liquid nitrogen for final cooling.

B. Dry ice (solid carbon dioxide at −79° C) costs about five cents per pound in amounts of fifty pounds or more. You should keep on hand perhaps two hundred pounds. A storage box insulated with several inches of rock wool or styrofoam—for example, will require replacement of something like fifty pounds a week or even less.

Dry ice offers virtually no hazard of any kind. If handled for more than a second or two without gloves, it may freeze the skin, and carbon dioxide vapor is narcotic if a high concentration builds up in a confined unventilated space, but this is very unlikely to happen.

If liquid nitrogen is not quickly available after freezing, probably little harm will be done by keeping the body at dry ice temperature for a day or two.

C. Liquid nitrogen at −196° C, requires more care in handling since it can be spilled and will freeze exposed skin quickly, but with reasonable care danger is minimal. Nitrogen vapor, of course, is the major constituent of air, and harmless after it warms up, although conceivably a large excess in a very confined space could displace oxygen and cause asphyxiation.

Liquid nitrogen is delivered in cylinders under pressure, but does not have to be kept under pressure. If the container is insulated but not pressurized there will be no danger of explosion, and the evaporation rate will be determined by the heat leak—the better the insulation, the slower the evaporation.

D. Needless to say, the body when frozen will be brittle and should not be dropped.

13. *The storage box and chamber*

Almost any container can be adapted to hold the body, and it can be kept aboveground or below, but desired features include a material which does not become brittle at low temperature, a container for the liquid nitrogen, a supply line for the liquid nitrogen, and insulation.

A. Aluminum is a suitable material, and prices are a made-to-order box will range from $250 to $1,000 depending on specifications.

B. The liquid nitrogen container could be a hollow cover on walls, or it could be a compartment or tub in the box. The larger its capacity, the less frequently nitrogen will have to be replenished. Replacement can be through a pipe appropriately in the cabinet and sticking up through the insulation.

Air should not be allowed to get into the box because the water vapor in it would condense out as frost and pile up.

C. The more you spend for insulation, the less frequent and costly will



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D. The storage chamber will need to be protected from the weather, perhaps by a simple shed or possibly by a more elaborate building or mausoleum, means and preferences will decide. If there is thought to be a danger of vandalism, a watchman may be required.

E. We have been discussing semi-permanent storage. permanent individual private storage probably should not be considered. When large public installations become available, the body will be transferred to one of these because of the lower cost and greater reliability of maintenance. (In a large installation for example a power or servicing failure of several weeks would not be disastrous.)

14 *Total cost.*

While the many options give rise to wide variation, one may say that the cost of preparation and a few years storage will vary from a few thousand dollars using largely make-shift measures, to perhaps $50,000 with nearly ideal measures. These costs would be sharply reduced if several families were to join together.

In my book I estimated the cost of preparation and permanent storage, on a large-scale basis at $8,500 per body, including a capital fund invested to provide for perpetual maintenance. Recent independent estimates, I am glad to say, indicate it may be cheaper than this.

15 *Additional information*

Many technical references can be found in my book as well as discussion of many secondary problems of sociology, law, economics, etc., which it has not been possible to touch upon here.

I will supply names and addresses of organizations on request as well as other recent information as time and circumstances permit. Mail will reach me at Highland Park College, Highland Park Michigan.

Finally I can do no better than to quote a recent letter of E. Wesley Walker, of Converse College (Spartanburg South Carolina)

"And now the time draws on when man will have unchained from the birth death cycle. This time will come only when we make it come, and as soon as that—when we are not afraid to do it and realize that now after long suffering, we deserve release. Like the Dantean Odysseus at the pillars of Hercules, when he with his storm-wearied mariners were about to burst forth from the bonds of the secure Mediterranean upon the seemingly limitless and imperiling Atlantic, we too shall read the sign on the pillars, *nil plus ultra* 'No further yet.' But we should listen to such an injunction of fear no more than Odysseus did although it may be, after all that 'The gulfs will wash us down.' Yet we owe it to our own concept of courage to try." It is a good thing, and no heroic thing, and a rare, farsighted human thing to join. . . In what our might call hand to hand combat with death itself." ❋

II THE PERSISTENT RUSSIAN

(Continued from page 6) was it true that Landau was now merely a shell?

One thing was clear—I would not receive official sanction for the interview. It was months since the last stereotyped release on Landau had been issued by the Academy. Landau's address was not listed in the telephone directory, nor was it given in *Who's Who* and it was possible he was not in Moscow at all. I could find no one who had seen him since his illness. Most of the correspondents in the Moscow press corps thought my task was hopeless. Some thought Landau was dead, and others were sure that he was hidden away and that no foreigner would see him again.

I kept on seeking new contacts, knocking on new doors. And I kept running into stone walls and impedimenta such as Marguerite, a trim young redhead who appeared my first morning in Moscow and announced she was my official Intourist guide. After that she arrived every day as I was having breakfast and stayed glued to my side until six in the evening. She insisted I do the tourist bit. "You haven't seen Lenin's tomb or the Pushkin museum, she'd remind me. Day after day she hauled me around the city's shrines and museums and was instantly suspicious if I so much as demurred.

When I complained to one of the correspondents that Marguerite taxied me as if I were Mata Hari, he answered quite seriously. "As far as the U.S.S.R. is concerned, you might as well be Mata Hari. In their eyes you are a spy. Your room is probably wired, your phone tapped and your every movement reported on. But" he added facetiously "don't worry about it. It's a way of life."

Each day after Marguerite left I resumed my search. Just as I was growing discouraged, a door opened. I cannot reveal how I got my information; it would endanger others. But I was introduced to a person who knew Landau and was willing to help me. From him I learned that Dr. Landau was a patient at the Academy of Sciences hospital, a little-known institution used only for scientists. And most important I learned that he took therapeutic walks in the hospital garden twice daily—in the morning and again in the evening.

Very early the next morning—before my guide arrived—my friend drove me to the hospital. Without him it would have been impossible to find my way, for though the address is listed as Leninsky Prospect, the hospital is hidden and it is only by cutting off into a short dead-end street that you arrive at the entrance.

A forbidding wall surrounded the grounds. Large signs stated that any one entering would be subject to arrest. I couldn't help remembering that Professor Bargheera of Yale University had spent two weeks in a Soviet prison merely for accepting some papers handed him by a stranger.

Trying to look as if we belonged, we walked in. The place appeared almost empty. We found a bench in a secluded corner and waited.

The hospital is small, squat building dominated by grounds known euphemistically as "the gardens." They were untidy and poorly kept and there was not even one flower bed.

An hour passed. Occasionally a passerby glanced at us then walked on. The tension had grown almost unbearable when the front door of the hospital opened for a tall, cadaverous figure wearing hospital pajamas and a robe. Leaning heavily on a cane and supported by a nurse, he slowly made his way down the walk. It was Landau.

We watched his painful progress for a few minutes then went toward him. Signs of his terrible illness were clearly visible; his once dark hair is now completely white; the fine, clear skin is almost transparent, and the dark, penetrating eyes are deeply shadowed. On closer observance a slight droop to his left eyelid is noticeable.

My companion greeted the doctor then introduced me. To my delight, Dr. Landau acknowledged the introduction in English. I asked him if he would grant me an interview.

"I'm sorry, not now." He hesitated a moment. "I have just had a treatment and I am in much pain." Though the morning was chill, his forehead was beaded with perspiration and his hands were shaking. I moved back recognizing for the first time the enormity of all this man had suffered. I started to apologize for intruding but he quickly put me at ease.

"It's all right. Perhaps you will be able to come back later." I had the feeling that the pain was as intense he could hardly stand, but his courtesy and gentleness were instinctive.

As I walked away, I remembered a scientist telling me that Landau was famous for his original scientific research but loved for his wonderful personality—that he was very different from the stereotype picture of a scientist. Warm and friendly, with an outgoing generous nature, he was the sort of person who called forth an intensely personal response from people everywhere.

Dr. Landau hadn't changed. More than ever I wanted a chance to talk to him. His pain, I was told, was acute during the early part of the day. He had asked me to come back. I decided to try again. My problem was getting to the hospital. I couldn't ask my original contact to take the risk a second time. And I was afraid to take a taxi. The driver might report me.

Three days later, having waited nervously all day for my guide to leave, I called a man who had helped me on other occasions and asked him to drive me to the hospital. He was fearful, but finally consented.

It was after six when I slipped through the forbidden gate. There were people about, but they seemed preoccupied in themselves. On a bench at the far left, Landau was sitting quietly, watched over by his nurse, the lonely sadness of his expression reflecting his surroundings.

A wonderful smile illumined his face, highlighting its spiritual beauty, as he made room for me on the bench. For fifteen minutes we talked—the first interview Landau had given since his accident. The nurse, a plump matronly woman who spoke no English, sat holding his hand all the while.

Fear of pale and pallid, he seemed to be enjoying himself as he talked. It was easy to see in him the man whose wit and charm could keep any company in a state of hilarity, who was famous for his humorous stories of graded degrees of risqueness.

Landau's English is fluent, without accent. When I commented he said, "Yes, it wasn't difficult for me to learn languages again." (He speaks English, French and German.) "And everything I ever knew about physics came back too. But I remember nothing of the accident. It's still a block."

He recalled that he returned to consciousness only, that he had no idea where he was, who he was. His first reaction, an recovering consciousness was: 'What am I doing here?'

He laughed as he told me "I didn't even know my own wife. I accused her of being an impostor. When she tried to reason with me, I insisted she was a sorceress, that she had killed my real wife and kidnaped my son."

"I've seen her picture," I said. "She's very beautiful."

"Ah, but she's far more than just beautiful." Landau's voice was warm with pride. She is very clever. And so patient. Without her it would have been much more difficult."

From the beginning his amazing brain with its capacity for imaginative abstraction and reasoned recol-





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lection created its own recovery pattern. The restoration of his higher psychic functions progressed in a complex, tortuous way.

Landau told me that when he first recovered consciousness after his sixty-day coma, he started living through the stages of his life all over again, beginning with his infancy, and passing on through childhood until he was again an adult. He had to learn to breathe, to speak, to hear, to walk. To master the most simple skills took endless hours of practice.

He learned to speak as a child does, by repeating words and phrases that were spoken to him. At this time he could not recall the most basic facts of his life. Yet when a friend started reciting Landau's favorite poem, it instantly came back to him and he was able to continue without faltering. When a doctor addressed him in French, though his speech was still halting, he automatically answered in French.

But Landau didn't want to dwell on hospitals, medications, therapy. He obviously found the role of invalid frustrating. It seemed to me that he lived on two planes—one in which his pain-racked body submitted to the administrations of doctors and nurses, and another where his brilliant, restless mind escaped into spheres of its own.

As his health improved he began to take an increasing interest in the outside world, resumed some family responsibilities. Possibly because of the emotional upheaval engendered by the accident, his son Igor came close to failing in his studies. Mrs. Landau was worried.

"He's not working enough," she confided to her husband. "I'm afraid he's going to flunk his university-entrance exams."

Dr. Landau set about to rectify the situation. He worked out a series of tests which he gave to Igor once a period of weeks. He was back in his own sphere and could reassure his wife. "Don't worry. I'm sure he'll make it." And Igor did.

Except for the blackout on the accident, Landau's mind and memory seemed to be fully restored. I had heard there were plans for him to return to the university to teach.

"Yes, I hope to return to the university," Dr. Landau confirmed. For a moment his face looked alive and happy. But at my next question—"When do you think you'll be able to start?"—a shadow passed over his face and his voice lost its vibrancy. Like most people who have endured severe illness, he alternates between hope and despair, so fearful that his travail may never end.

"I have been in the hospital almost two years. Who can tell . . ." The defenselessness of the sick was in his voice.

Landau, who could spend long cycles of time buried in his laboratory and emerge with a zest, a love of life, a feeling of accomplishment, now views time at the other end of the telescope. At fifty-seven time seems to be flying past him.

"There is so much for me to catch up—so much has happened in physics!" His face was suddenly desolate as he added mockingly: "Perhaps all I'm good for is to sit on a bench."

It had grown colder and there was rain in the air. I felt I was tiring him and arose to go. With almost visible effort, he pushed aside his despondency.

"Come and see me again," he urged cordially.

It was obvious Dr. Landau had no idea an iron curtain had been drawn around him.

I could not forget the heartbreak in his voice toward the end of the interview. Was he right when he said, "All I'm good for is to cut up a bench."

I decided to interview some of the doctors who had seen Landau through his terrible illness. In Moscow I saw Dr. Vladimir Alexandrovitch Negovsky who since 1936 has headed the experiments which resulted in the Laboratory for Resuscitation of the Organism, where much of the present knowledge of mechanics of death originated. This medical institution has been responsible for reversing the deaths of thousands of Soviet men and women in the past ten years.

A large, greying man, world famous for his resuscitation techniques, Dr. Negovsky spoke of Landau's recovering as a "miracle." But he made it clear that the miracle was a result of the years of intense research that went into developing modern methods of resuscitation. Had Landau's disastrous accident occurred in the early Fifties, he would not have recovered.

"Always when clinical death sets in it is the brain that is in the greatest danger," Dr. Negovsky said. "It is the first organ to die and the last to come back. If it is not immediately supplied with oxygen, death comes very quickly—within minutes. Landau's brain was never without oxygen!"

The electroencephalographs which were used throughout the illness in an effort to estimate the brain damage showed an abnormal rhythm during the first weeks, he told me. Four months after the accident the pattern was normal and the impulses were going through.

The fact that Landau's clinical death was a result of injuries suffered in an accident gave him a slight edge in his fight for life. "A person who has been ill for a long time goes into biologic death much quicker than the victim of sudden death," said Dr. Negovsky. Landau had known little illness prior to the automobile collision.

Dr. Negovsky made it clear that Landau's recovery was complete. "His intellect and ability to think deeply and logically have been restored. He is making remarkable progress—he does not realize himself how far he has come. He will be as well as ever when he leaves the hospital."

When I spoke to Dr. Penfield in Montreal, he told me he had visited Moscow twice during Landau's illness. He recalled the terrible anxiety, indecision and fearing of hopelessness as he met with other doctors to evaluate Landau's chances.

"Landau was completely inanimate, his body crushed and broken. I felt we would lose him," he told me. "The blow to his brain was so severe it's a wonder it was not completely smashed. There was widespread bruising, but the most serious damage was in the brain stem that connects with the spinal cord."

Though modern science played a major role in the recovery, it was the devotion of the students who attended Dr. Landau day and night week after week, month after month that received Dr. Penfield's praise. "Dr. Kapitza, who was Landau's teacher, organized them into teams," he told me. "They looked like the young physicists one sees at Cambridge and Harvard. And they refused to let him die. When problems arose they came up with ingenious answers. To make it possible to move him they designed a remarkable bed with a special bedspring and inflated mattress which could be adjusted to any position. In this bed he could be turned from one side to the other and his trunk or legs raised separately. They brought a respirator from the Polio Institute and put Landau on sound, the check artificial respiration. It never stopped for fifty days."

Dr. Penfield saw Landau again seven months later. "His recovery was astonishing!" he told me.

The man who had been unseeing and unknowing had fully recovered his personality. "I found him quick, brilliant and sensitive. And he had a wonderful gift of humor."

Dr. Penfield received a copy of Landau's book *What is Reality?*, which is a best seller in Russia, and found that even here the personality of the man came through. "It is the only erudite book on physics that has wit. It is illustrated with amazing drawings and the writing is light and gay."

Though Landau was cordial and gracious, Dr. Penfield said it was obvious that he was restless and found the role of invalid boring and difficult. "He wanted to talk shop with his colleagues, to get back to work. But the doctors in charge wouldn't permit it," said Dr. Penfield regretfully.

On February 2, 1964, the Moscow Radio announced that Lev Davidovitch Landau had been released from the hospital that he would soon return to work. Soon after, *Medical World News* gave the results of a physical checkup by Dr. Grashchenkov: his toes long had completely healed, he breathing was normal and his heart was in excellent shape. Because none of the classic methods of treating fractures could be used while he was ill, Landau's left leg is two centimeters shorter than the right. Throughout his long illness doctors have had difficulty subduing the pain in his legs as it does not react to procaine or other pain killers. However, Dr. Grashchenkov said it is gradually disappearing.

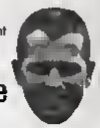
"He has shown amazing courage, remarkable persistence and stamina. The long travail is bound to affect him at times," said Dr. Grashchenkov. "But Landau will recover completely when he returns to work."

To doctors everywhere, Landau's recovery is much more than a dramatic and courageous episode. In his successful fight for life and the life of his mind, the great scientist made medical history and forced a reevaluation of medical theory. No longer is it possible to say, "Better not to save a person who has suffered brain injury." Landau has proved that the "inevitable" can be reversed. ✠

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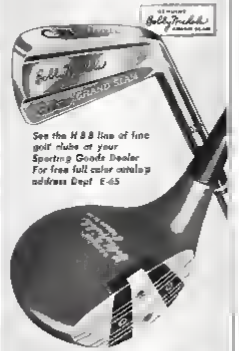


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(Continued from page 91) Lee J. Cobb and Beenbeeg were at Twentieth Century Fox. Geefield was at Warnee Bros. Carnovsky had just appeared in a play *Counterattack* in Wardour Canada and Luthee Adler was on a national tour with *Jane Eyee*. Stella Adler was appearing in New York City in *Pretty Little Portia* for Cheryl Crawford was also in New York independently producing *One Touch of Venus*.

One day in New York in early 1947 on Cheryl Crawford recalls "I was having lunch with Kazan in a Greek restaurant. We were talking about the old days, about the Group and how much we missed it. We were both smiling high at that point. I had just produced *Brigadoon* on Broadway and Kazan had just produced *All My Sons* and we hit on the idea of starting an Actors Studio Workshop. We got busy immediately. We made up separate lists of actors and found we were in frequent agreement. We consulted talent agents and used them as a source. Some actors we merely interviewed and used that as a basis. We raised money to house the project. We sent for Lee. This Studio they were careful to insist at the time, was not going to be an act-





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ing company Enough of that! This Studio was simply to be a workshop where professional actors could work out—improve their techniques, limber up, do the old five-finger exercises. That was what they insisted But of course they failed Given these dreamers and yearners with their togetherness syndrome it wasn't long before the Actors Studio company was presenting a production which later reached Broadway Bosla Breuer's *Sundown Beach* (1948). And three other productions, *Hatful of Rain*, *Shadow of a Gunman* and *End as a Man* though not actually under their auspices were entirely Studio inspired, Studio directed and Studio acted. If when Greek meets Greek they open a restaurant, it follows as inevitably that when Group member meets Group member—however badly burned they may have been by previous experience—by God they open a theatre! And a very special kind of theatre, a religious one. It is no accident that the permanent site chosen for Operation Actors Studio was (and still is) a disused church on Forty fourth Street. By then there was a whole new generation of actors being taught the Method and Dream in very much the same way the former generation had been. "He sang to us," says one of the members about Strasberg "he sang to us his swan song of idealism and dedication twice a week, year after year But meanwhile, the same "sitting out was going on with Marlon Brando with James Dean—with all the rest that went to Hollywood and somehow stayed on there And meanwhile the same guilt was going on the same sense of slanting, the same loyalty—Dean's loyalty continuing beyond the grave "Please—members who have borrowed money from the James Dean Memorial Fund are reminded that the fund is very low If you can readily repay your present loan, or even a part of it—it would be appreciated so that others can be helped in the same way." Thus goes an excerpt from the Actors Studio Newsletter, March-April, 1964

Drop by the Studio.' My God" says an actor there, "I haven't seen you in ten years—where've you been?"

'Where've *you* been?'

He shrugs, 'I haven't been off this street"

And indeed the drug of the Actors Studio Church is so strong it is contended that some of its members never do get off that street, out of that church and is to actual Broadway production

Look at Strasberg and listen to his song. Come to sneer, as one does at so intense a cult, yet realize that while his song can often turn into a yodel as he reveals himself the unrivaled master of tautology ("I don't comprehend or understand what they didn't perceive or see,' 'are adventure which is rare and which you don't often come by," "I'm not sure many people realize and are aware of " "Seeing it in a light and in a fashion" ' having to do with your own progress and development," "which was fortunately of value and help ") nevertheless when he is not wading through generalizations and gets down to specifics he can be an impressive as his audience Shelley Winters Kim Stanley, Anne Jackson Eli Wallach Paul Newman Ben Gazzara, Salome Jens, a delegation of Japanese, a sprinkling of young English actors currently playing on Broadway and Alexander Mackendrick, the English film director.

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Mackes drink who is one of the many foreign directors absolutely hooked on the Studio says "What I find so fascinating is being able to study the actors there in their naked state By the time I get them under the cameras all their defenses are up—its only at the Studio I can see how their minds work, what their personal problems really are'

The Actors Studio has had for a dozen years or so a lot going for it. Its training ground its members famous pronunciamentos (more than three hundred, according to the last census), devout cult Group-oriented to put it mildly So what prevented it, when the time was ripe, from becoming at last our Great American National Theatre?

When Gordon Rogoff, who had worried it along as its Administrative Director from 1959 to 1964, finally exploded lots print in *Encore* 1962 he laid the blame on our old friends Strasberg-Kazan and Crawford "The leadership of the Actors Studio today is a matter of good intentions and strong confusions"

The Directors of the Artora Studio "had a history of wanting something and never doing it [It] was an interesting venture on behalf of three rehearsal paralysis Mental paraplegics, unfortunately, cannot depend upon themselves for rehabilitation. Solidly entrenched in the wheelchairs of their self-importance, they want a nurse to move them around the corridors of their dreams while they keep their hands on the brake. I saw that every ideal had behind it a special interest, a unique corruption, I saw from within the glaring contradictions of a great theorist and teacher of acting [Strasberg] drowning him simultaneously in dreams that even money can't buy whether the dreams take place in East Berlin or Hollywood I saw greed, I saw waste I saw a house cut merely divided but split, drawn, quartered and parceled into over a hundred tiny pieces, the sum total of its membership and the directors I ragintire a deeply personal disappointment in two men of power." concludes Rogoff in doom-filled prophecy at the end of his article, "in Kazan who championed in what he does, in Strasberg who disappoints in what he does not do May they both escape their history"

Visions and revisions—always the symptomatic behavior "I never knew any of these people very well" says Lillian Hellman, not a member of the Group, 'although Clifford Odets and I both had our first plays done on Broadway the same year I remember back in 1952 Odets suddenly telephoning me from out of the blue and asking me to dinner I'd received a subpoena to appear before the House Committee on Un American Activities but I hadn't told anyone about it. I guess he must have too however, as we appeared some months later within a day of each other Anyway, over dinner Odets said to me—he put it in the conditional—'if you were subpoenaed, what would you do?' 'I don't know' I said nervously, 'I just hope I'd behave well' And this seemed to make him very angry He banged his fist on the table—I remember because he upset a wineglass—and he shouted, 'Well, I'm showing them the face of a admiral!' "

Miss Hellman as we know, made her now famous statement to the Committee that "to hurt innocent people whom I knew many years ago in order to save myself is to me inhuman and indecent and dishonorable I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashion. " The "face of a admiral' that Clifford Odets showed, it must be admitted from the evidence, seemed also, more honest than vigilant though he is never without a certain wry humor The testimony is full of "I'm not admitting I was politically extremely naïve" and "I have never been near a strike in my life" and 'I was astonished to learn' and 'I have no memory of that' and "I would just offhand guess no " and "Well, if my drawing is there I must have been there, and as well " No one

"Those were crazy times," Lillian Hellman says, "A lot of free-floating guilt was stirred up and my impression was that people were confessing to crimes they'd never committed." In Arthur Miller's testimony before the Committee on June 21 1956 Miller's entire "crime" seems to consist in making out an application in 1950 to the Communist Party to attend a Marxist study course three or four times in a vacant store in a street in his neighborhood and being present at five or six meetings of Communist Party writers in 1947 and yet he concludes with, 'I have had to go to hell to meet the devil You can't know what the worst is until you've seen the worst" It might strike some people that this junket to 'hell' was hasty to the point of tourism nevertheless the formal stance is three—and so is the rhetoric Vision and revision.

Meanwhile, in another part of the forest, what was happening over on the West Side between the skinny streets from Sixty-third to Sixty-sixth between Broadway and Amsterdam Avenue, was that the City Fathers decided they no longer could bear this blot on the handsome and planned an urban-renewal project that was to solidify itself into the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts. One of the performing arts was to be an Acting Repertory Theatre and Elia Kazan—with Robert Whitehead—was chosen to head this company Now the logical step and the one everyone expected to take place was for the whole shooting match—Actors Studio members Crawford Strasberg even Chirman—to become absorbed in this company That was the logical step But, as we have seen, centrifugal forces motivate these people as irresistibly as centripetal forces and when the smoke cleared away there was Kazan standing in the midst of the ruins declaring he was not taking Strasberg with him, nor the Actors Studio en masse The Great Schism! Consternation! Betrayal! Selling out! Strasberg stunned, retreats into apathy Kazan explains to the press that he always felt the Studio seriously weak on classical training

Kazan becomes a codirector of the Lincoln Center repertory company with Robert Whitehead of Montreal Canada. Cheryl Crawford also goes over to the Lincoln Center, stays long enough to hear that Mrs. Vivian Beaumont Allen, who donated $5-000,000 toward the theatre, doesn't want any of Tennessee Williams' "dirty plays" put on there and she resigns.

The Actors Studio members, in the middle of all this upheaval, found themselves torn between Strasberg and Kazan. Most of them decided to stick with Strasberg And with this came the decision that the Studio in order to survive, must also become a producing company "We are traveling against apathy!" was the cry.

The Studio actors announced their intention of making themselves into a floating company with rehearsing willing to contribute four months of their time in any season ("Good for you," Kazan's wife Molly said at the time "Threaten our director here—I won't say which one—who always refers to you as *the kids* and I look around and I see that you're all approaching forty It's time you revolted It's time you were on your own') Five productions have followed the idealistic announcements' *Strange Intrlude The Three Sisters Marathon '33 Baby Want a Kiss* and *Blues for Mr Charlie* The Studio actors haven't done too badly, but with all that talent and fervor they haven't done too well either And they certainly haven't done enough.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the schism, the Lincoln Center Repertory Company—acting in a temporary theatre in Greenwich Village—wasn't doing any better In fact, it was having much worse There was *After the Fall*, of course (Confusion! Counterattack! etc.), an indifferent O'Neill mysteriously miscast, and a bad Ibsenian mysteriously rhosen. Added to these this past season, we have had a nightmarish production of Middleton's classic *The Changeling*, followed by Arthur Miller's well intentioned but banal *Incident at Vichy* (one of those one-of-each plays a Communist, a Capitalist, a Scientist, an Aristocrat, a Religionist, etc.).

Trouble in Paradise Bad, bad trouble Jason Robards, Jr, the leading actor, quits At the company's inception, he said, "You might as well take the last shot at it while you still have a chance. I'm still young enough" It apparently took him just a year to age sufficiently to cut out and go

Clurman had said this about the Lincoln Center Company "The Group Theatre was the Theatre of Youth This will be the Theatre of Maturity."

He was asked, "How do you account for all the bitterness and rows that spring up within this group with such regularity?"

"When there are a lot of hungry people and only one loaf of bread those people are going to kill each other getting at it. The disgrace is there is only one loaf of bread There's not enough theatre here."

December 5, 1964. More trouble in Paradise Now even trouble *following* the trouble. Names we've never heard of before Robert L. Hogart, Jr., President of the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, Inc., announced that Jerome Robbins has been appointed Associate Director of the Lincoln Center Repertory Company. Robbins will direct a production of *Fiddler on the Roof* and choreograph a new musical by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, authors of *Inherit the Wind* and *Auntie Mame*.

Robbins will also choreograph a production of *Peer Gynt* directed by Michael Kahn, and will direct a new play by Arthur Kopit, author of *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feeling So Sad*.

Robbins will also choreograph a production of *Peer Gynt* directed by Michael Kahn, and will direct a new play by Arthur Kopit, author of *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feeling So Sad*.

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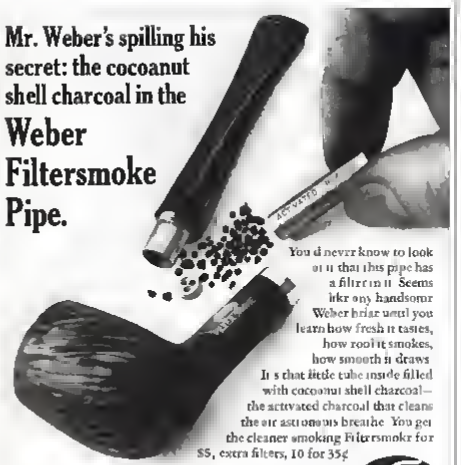
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stre and William Schuman, President of Lincoln Center (this makes two presidents, but there it is), have gotten together and tried to hire a man called Herman Krawitz, assistant manager of the Metropolitan Opera, to replace Robert Whitehead as managing director of Repertory Theatre. Rudolf Bing, Georges Manager of the Metropolitan Opera, weighs in with what sounds ever so faintly like good old-fashioned Group Theatre rhetoric: "The Center is apparently determined to be a free-for-all jungle where its tenants can raid each other at will." And he threatens to quit. Maureen Stapleton (Actors Studio member), leading actress scheduled to play in *The Madwoman of Chaillot*, one of the seven finer Group Theatre rhetoric that "unless they tell him [Whitehead] it's his store and they keep their noses out, she's going to quit. Robert Whitehead considers himself fired and *he* threatens to quit. "If Whitehead goes, I go," says Kazan. And "Me, too!" echoes Arthur Miller. And then all four of them pick up their marbles and walk.

They go. And after they've gone, *Tartuffe*, Molière's classic comedy, opens. Only eight members of the original company are in it. The reviews are mixed but mostly positive. Many critics say that for the first time the company is achieving everything like its potential. The star is Michael O'Sullivan, who has received his training in San Francisco. And before the public has had a chance to realize what is happening, more San Francisco-credited talent arrives on the scene. Herbert Blau and Jules Irving, both in their late thirties, are hired as codirectors of the Repertory Theatre at Lincoln Center. For the next few years these men—with a rank mass of confusion and consternation—have been directing a repertory company in San Francisco and making a success of it (leaving their backer, to date, with a $98,000 deficit, but then the Actor's Workshop always has had financial problems).

Both Blau and Irving acknowledge a debt to the Group but Blau in particular seems reluctant to get overly involved in the togetherness syndrome. It is "years of our folklore," he writes, "that the Group failed because it talked itself to death." The Cup passeth.

From our original four-time past winter months—an ominous silence. *Reculer pour mieux sauter!* Don't take your eyes off them. These tough old birds have survived more than one winter of our discontent.

Take Kazan, the youngest of the four. Kazan is rarely has been at once the most successful, the most interesting and the most precarious. When the chips were down Cheryl Crawford could retire into producing, Strasberg into Actors Studio and Clurman into being a theatre critic but Kazan, once he became a director, remained there exclusively in the front firing line. And almost always he was in trouble. "You've got to keep fighting. You've got to risk your life every six months or stay alive," he once said and up till now he has been as good as his word: taking on Tallulah Bankhead in *The Skin of our Teeth*, Tennessee Williams in *Camino Real*, Twentieth Century-Fox in *Gentlemen's Agreement*, the Catholic Legion of Decency in *Baby Doll*. Kazan has been in hot water pretty steadily.

"Hello gorgeous," he grins at his secretary as he ambles into his office in clothes that look slept in; slings his electric razor and shaves. He sits on a divan. Over him hangs a painting of a Negro toiling under the blazing sun picking cotton. "It's very Thirties, isn't it? It's the only painting I have. I'm not a 'thing' person. I used to have it at home until Molly said 'Get rid of it. Why do you want to look at that painful thing all the time?' And now it's here ... and she's dead ... and what does it all matter? I've changed. I've changed a lot since her death."

He leans back on the divan, a naked, haggard look comes to his face. "Molly's dead ... and Odets is dead ... he was one of the best friends I had, you know. I sometimes feel I'm the last survivor. Did you see *America, America*? It gave me my one great moment of elation. That my relative's life was interesting enough to write about—that a whole film could be made out of it! And I wrote it. Writing is what interests me most now."

And the others. Strasberg and Crawford are *rentier* ing at the Actors Studio, and Clurman has joined them to run the Playwrights Unit. The company is trying to go to England to put on *Bikes for Mr Charlie* and *The Three Sisters*, if they can raise the money. "There's no doubt we are going to England, even if we have to swim," says Cheryl Crawford.

She is asked: Would you take Kazan back to the fold if he wanted to come?

She looks faintly astonished. "When Kazan went to Lincoln Center, he resigned here as a Director only. He's still a member." (Anyone who ever was a member is one for life.) She smiles. 'Kazan never *left*. Of course we'll take him back.' Then faintly: "After he's had a while to rest up." ###

AFTER FINISHING HIS MORNING COFFEE THIS MAN HOPPED A FREIGHT

(Continued *from page 83*) for my hands to get all nasty this way," he said, squatting by the ditch. When he got the dirt from the car rungs off his hands, he rubbed back up the bank and we sat down by a little bridge—a single plank thrown over the ditch. Clyde gave me the gin bottle to open, and we drank. "Train out of here about eight this morning," he said when he had finished. "But I wouldn't make up my mind to get on the common thing. I've been here three days, though, and I might as well go along south with you." I asked why he didn't hitchhike instead of waiting all day for the evening train.

"Fog that hitchhiking," Clyde said. "I'd sooner steal a ride than beg one. One time me and a buddy was walking outside Tallahassee and a fella pulls up along and said, 'Get in, you damn tramps!' We seen right off they was drunk, but we got in anyway. Ninety miles an hour, passing on curves and all over the road. I was saying my prayers and begging them to let us off, time the cops pulled us over."

Clyde rolled himself a cigarette from the Bull Durham; its small dry flakes are harder to roll than tobacco in strands. Clyde was quick at it, but his cigarette bellied out in the middle, then tapered down at the ends to just the paper and a few grains of tobacco. Maybe his fingers, as thick as a roll of nickels were too big for the job. Maybe he just never got interested in making a neat job of it. As we sat smoking I saw a man in a white shirt and a tie coming along behind Clyde's bank, some fifty yards down the line. Clyde turned to see. "Looks like trouble, don't he?" he said, slipping the gin bottle under the little bridge. If the man took us in, Clyde would have something to come back to later.

"You boys see anybody along here?" the man asked when he came up. "Somebody pulled the pine on four or five of these cars."

"We ain't seen a soul except you," Clyde said. He sounded guilty. "We just got here, didn't we, Slim?"

"Ten minutes ago, maybe."

"We didn't see nobody, did we?"

"Nobody."

"Well, whoever did it knew what he was up to"—the man with the tie said. "He knew just how to work that handle to uncouple the cars."

"What I can't figure out is why a man would do a thing like that," Clyde said. "It just makes it hard for the rest of us on the road. I hope you find the son of a bitch and take him off in the bushes and kick the hell out of him."

The man looked for a minute at us. "Well, police are on the way," he told. "You'd do good to get out of the yards." He walked on up the line, looking.

We walked up to, a quarter of a mile or so. Finally Clyde went down a bank into some brush and saplings. "The cops'll never come this far," he said. "They don't like to get their pretty shoeshines all muddy."

We made little pierre on the ground and stretched out. Clyde opened a greasy bottomed paper bag he had and took out two bright-red hot dogs. "Have one," he said. "I've got some corn bread, too."

"I just had that hamburger in the café."

"Go on, take the goddamn thing." When we were through eating, Clyde asked where I was from, and I said Washington.

"You come all that way on the trains?"

"No, I took a bus to Atlanta."

"But you come from there by train? Didn't run into no yard dicks did you? You're lucky, that's a hot piece of line. Atlanta & West Point, isn't it? I step off it myself."

"Do you run across much trouble with yard dicks?"

"I been pretty lucky. Seems like they don't care as much if a man rides the train any more, the way they did back in the Thirties when there was more people on the roads. Then a man couldn't stay in the yards like we're doing now. You'd have to get out of town to where there was a jungle or something near a hill and jump on when the train slowed down. Used to be there was a big jungle way back over there by the river. Fifty or a hundred guys every night. There's many a body went in that river and nobody knew nothing about it. Everybody was on the road then in 1932. There was a car I heard about had twenty-seven people in it, men, women and children. The train derailed and the car landed with the door down, and you couldn't get out. The next car was a tanker and gas spilled all over and every one of them twenty seven people burned to death. I wasn't there myself, but I heard about it. All of them screaming in the fire. Jesus."

"You never got hurt yourself?"

"Not in no accident, no, but I been beat up on plenty of times. One time in California a buddy of mine had this old car and he sold it for $25 in Sacramento. We print some of it that night and next day we caught out on a freight and run across two guys, a nigger and a Mexican. They had heard about the money, see, so they knocked him in the head and come over after me. I told them I didn't have no money, but they beat up on me anyway. When they left I found my buddy lying out cold. They had took his wallet and ripped his clothes up and even tore up a brand new pack of cigarettes he had on him and didn't either of those bastards even smoke."

"Maybe they were looking for money in the pack."

"Maybe. You got to watch yourself that way on the road. You're all right with me now, but a lot of guys would knock you on the head just to see what you got in that sack there. The best thing is to travel with somebody else, like we're doing. Never alone. But don't never travel with more than one other guy."

"All there is in the sack is some clothes and a rasphr hooks," I said, and pulled out a sweater mystery I'm finished with this one, if you want to read it."

Clyde read the first few sentences to himself slowly, his lips moving then handed it back.

"No thanks, Slim," he said. "I never was much for reading. I'll tell you one book I read once, though when the rope wagged me for thirty days in Louisville. It was all about this earthquake riding. You ever read that one? It was about this bitch who rode in the earth, you know, out to California. Anyway her daddy rome to get her—she was from a wealthy family and all—but she wouldn't leave. She'd had herself a guy and pull that bathing suit down and lay right up there next to him on the beach. Damn! That was some book."

"I just read that hamburger in the café."

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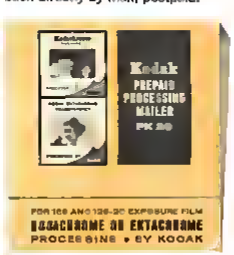


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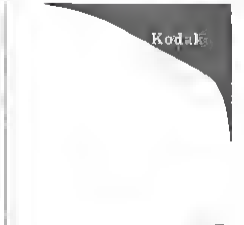
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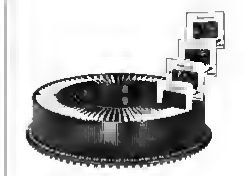
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"I don't know. Is he an officer?"

"I guess. Sure, he must be. He takes care of all the guns on the ship. Wouldn't that be so offisrr? Next year he's retiring with twenty years, then he's going to work for the Post Office for another twenty years, get two pensions. He ain't but thirty-eight now."

Clyde pulled out a brown plastic billfold and opened it. "That's my daughter in the middle," he said, showing me a color photograph. The picture was of three women, one in her eighties, the other about sixty and the third somewhere around forty. They were sitting in the living room of what looked to be a brand-new house in a $15,950 development. "That's my sister on the left and my mother on the other side. It's my mother's place in Birmingham. She's all the time after me to come live with her, but I was there three weeks last year and it like to drove me crazy. Nothing to do except sit around all day."

Clyde pulled a piece of paper out of the billfold and passed it over. "That's me," he said. It was an application form for a new Social Security card. Clyde's name was on it, and what was probably his mother's Birmingham address and his birth date, 1903, and a filled-in space marked "Social Security Number If Known."

"You know your own number?" I said. "That's more than I do."

"Know it? Hell, I got it tattooed on my arm." He pulled up his sleeve and there was his number, right under a red-and-blue American eagle.

Just then the first of the flares in the fire went off. It hissed out a pink flame, pale in the dying light of the afternoon. "Pretty, ain't it?" Clyde said. The second flare went off, and after a moment the campsite was filled with a sharp, chemical smell. When the flares had burned out, Clyde lay down on one of the pieces of cardboard and went to sleep.

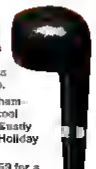
I stayed awake because I didn't want to miss the train. I hadn't got used to the idea that there would be other trains, and why worry? Also I stayed awake because I had been thinking about Clyde's story of the Mexican and the Negro. I didn't believe Clyde would hit me over the head if I slept, but somebody else might come up my way and I didn't look right. I was wearing work clothes, not a suit from the Salvation Army, which instead of a dark-blue pin stripe double-breasted job with wide lapels and shoulders shiny with grime once somebody else's pride at $10.95 in the early days of the plain pipe rack. Boots rusted, of lumpy dress shoes, coming through at the sides. Worn rim glasses. Laundry bag. Any rap would suspect I could come up with hell money, and would steal me forefully. Any tramp would suspect it too.

While Clyde slept the easy sleep of a man with nothing to lose I began turning bills into fingers to carry in my wallet until it struck me how silly that was. The wallet itself, a fancy one made of black pigskin, would be worth stealing. So would my cigarettes, laundry bag, even boots. I got the bills out and rolled some of them into little tubes which I shoved into the tiny pen holding slots inside the breast pocket of my Army shirt. I hung my wedding ring, which I had forgotten to leave home from a safety pin to the inside seam of my pants leg. I put the rest of the bills back in my wallet, with the idea maybe they would satisfy anybody who looked.



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When I was all done I went up to the trunks and found a switchman who told me the New Orleans train was due any minute, so I went back and woke Clyde. He put another piece of cardboard on the ear he had been sleeping on and rolled them both up into a large, loose bundle. "Better get you some cardboard, Slim," he said. "These boxcar floors are mighty hard." Sometimes the floors already are littered with cardboard and wrapping paper, but it is just as well to bring your own, in case. Rolled up cardboard makes a good pillow. Laid flat it makes a pallet. Large sheets of packing paper turbaned tight, are as warm as a blanket. Excelsior makes good pillows and mattresses, but it is rare.

I took a sheet of the cardboard, about eight feet by four, and followed Clyde up to the track. In a few minutes the train—four diesels reared by us, with high, black walls. "Four units," Clyde said. "This is a good train. I rode it before once."

When the train had slowed to a walk, a young man wearing a cap with flaps tied down over his ears jumped out of an empty boxcar and came toward us. "Can you make the Sally here?" he shouted.

"You can make it, but it closes early," Clyde said. "Many empties?"

"They carried fish meal in the only one I could find," the man said. "It stinks, but you can ride it." He walked off toward the car lights, for down on towers near the yard office. Ten or fifteen cars down the line we found another empty, a clean one. Clyde shoved his cardboard inside and grabbed the latch beside the open door with both hands. He braced his right leg up to the car floor with difficulty, crossed his left leg aboard after it, and rolled inside the car. "Getting old, Slim," he said when he had his breath back.

"Jerry."

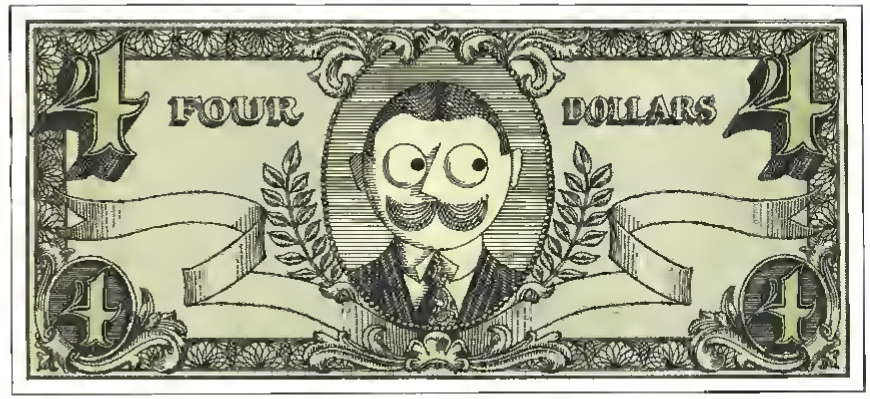
"That your name? Jerry?" But he never used it again. Slim, Heavy, Whitey, Blacky, Red or Shorty fits just about everybody, one way or another.

We smoked while the train crashed back and forth as new cars were added and old ones taken off. There is a kelleidrum effect when a string of cars smashes into the train you are on, particularly if there are a lot of empties between you and the point of impact. You hear the crash and then the shock wave gets louder, traveling down car by car until from it jolts you and passes by, fading quickly away as it goes down the train.

Finally we started off, going at a good run through the lights of downtown Montgomery. Just outside, the train started to pick up speed until the car was hurtling from side to side as if it were about to leave the rails. "Bet damn," said Clyde, "he really sifting sand now." We went to sleep in the black clatter.

Both of us slept on our sides, curled up like dogs to keep the cold out. From time to time I would wake up with my down arm asleep. After I got my fingers to working again, I would turn over on the other side. Once I came awake while we were pulled off on a siding to let a passenger train pass. I went and sat in the doorway watching a moonlit tangle of vines and brush which came alive bit by bit with rustlings. They seemed to be made by large animals, woodchucks or rabbits perhaps. But then our shoved for a second in the moonlight, a brown field mouse. At last the passenger train came by and when the thunder passed the little noises were gone.

We woke up in Mobile about one



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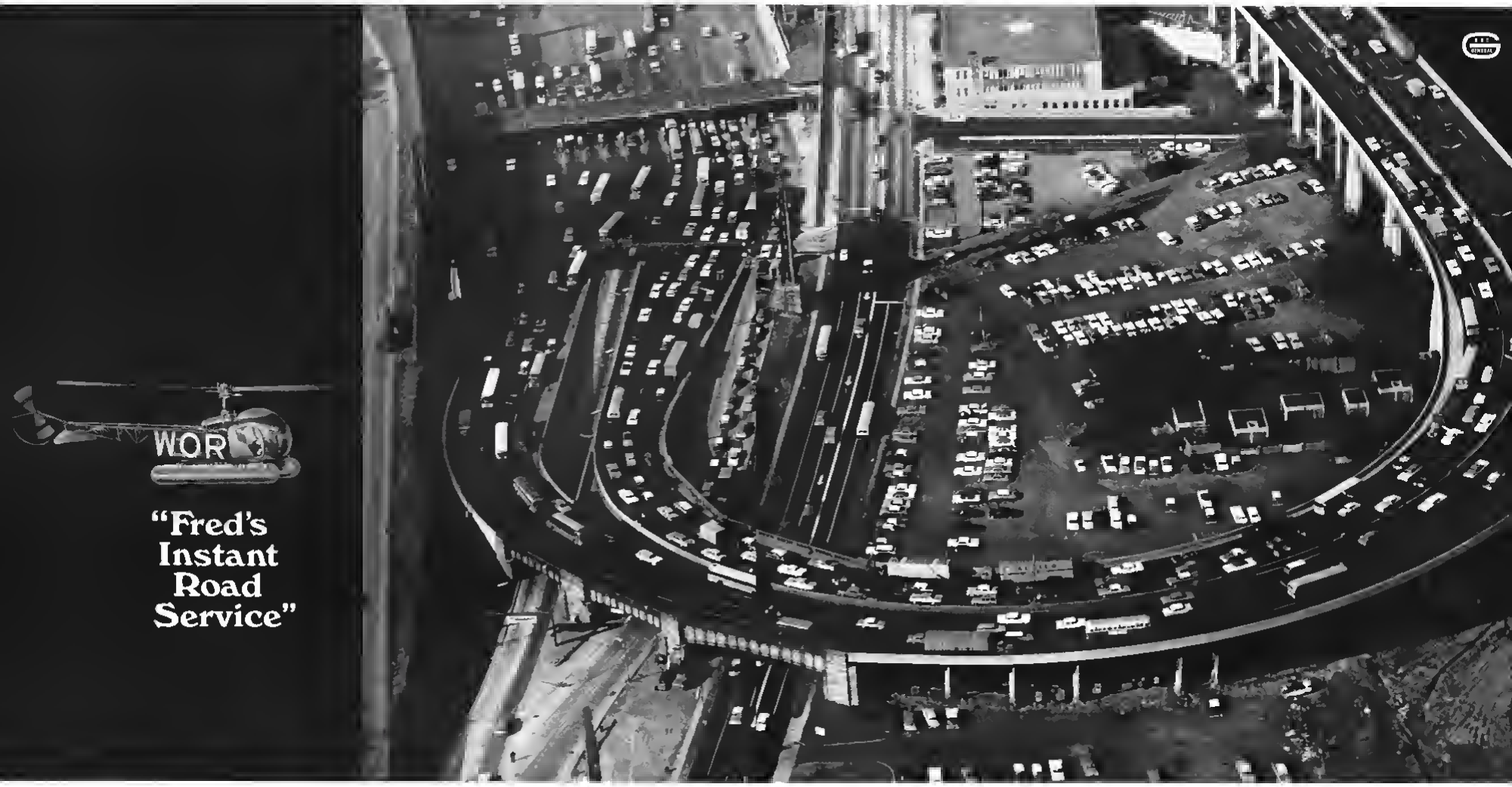
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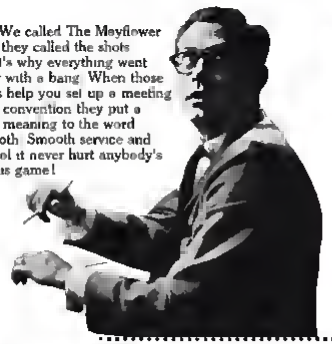


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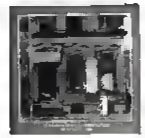
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o'clock, when a railroad man shone a flashlight on us and shouted, "Where you boys headed?" Clyde told him New Orleans. "You better find you another car, then," the man said. "We're setting off this bunch."

Clyde got to his knees and lit a match. By its light he scanned around where he had been sleeping to make sure nothing had fallen out of his pockets. By the time we got off no one else was in sight, and so we ramble, I find out which cars were going on to New Orleans. 'Well, hell,' Clyde said, 'we just as well walk up toward the front. It was a long train, probably close to two miles. When we had walked a good way toward the mule past of the freight yards, a train two tracks away began moving slowly south. That might be it," Clyde said, "but we won't know for sure till we see if it's got on L & N caboose."

"Why don't we get on anyway?" I asked. The train was moving at a fast walk, and there were plenty of empties. "By the time we see the caboose it'll be too late."

"Too fast," Clyde said. "When I was younger I'm like you, I could have got on, but I don't try that no more." The floor of a boxcar can be about high on a tall man. The idea is to run alongside the open door, grab hold and jump up, twisting the body on the way so as to roll safely inside.

The train was going much too fast for anyone to hop when the caboose came by, carrying the L & N of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. "Well, there goes the end of a hitch," Clyde said. "They must have moved the engines off to another track and just left us sitting here." A man in a switchman's shed at the end of the yards told us the next New Orleans train was due in at six a.m., or any time after that.

Clyde looked around the yards, which were lit with lights on towers and on the warehouses and docks around. "We have to get out as out of here," he said. "This Mobile cops will run you for thirty days as quick as look at you, and this ain't no time of night to get caught around a freight yard. We better quick find us someplace to lay up till morning." After a while we found an empty truck trailer parked with its doors open, and we went to sleep inside with our jackets over our heads to keep off the mosquitoes. Just after what should have been dawn a hard rain woke us up. In twenty minutes it stopped, but the sky was still grey-black with low, fast clouds. The wind broke them up before long, and full daylight came through.

Let's walk up to the other end of the yards," Slim," Clyde said. "I'm pretty sure I remember a standpipe up there. I could use some water, couldn't you?" We had been some eighteen hours without water, and nearly that without food.

Several miles up we found the faucet, and beside it a little concrete block the right height for sitting. Clyde took his jacket and shirts off down to the sweat shirt. He emptied his pants pockets of a bit of soap, a safety razor, a bottle of citronella and a rag, the soft grey color of a very old dustcloth. He took the blade out of his razor and examined it. Then he looked at two other blades of the same kind that had been left on the concrete block by other tramps. His own blade was fine, and he put it back in the razor. And much of a blade but it'll have to do," he said. He worked up a cold, thin lather on the rag and rubbed it hard all over his face and head and neck. Then he scraped away at his face, using his

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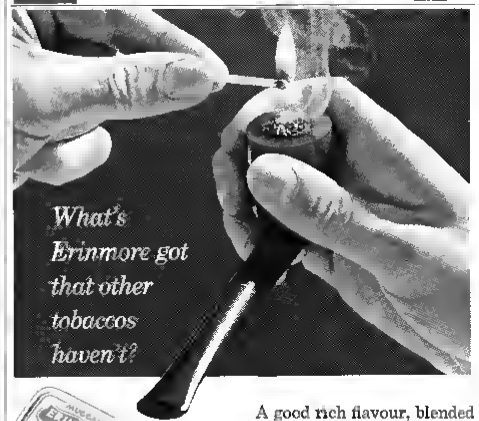
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"You ra not married now are you?"

"Hell no. Four of them were enough for me. One died, and I guess the others are still around someplace. Last see was ten years ago—the bitch with the car. She had a good job then, fifty dollars a week and some money saved up. Hee and me went through that pretty quick. When we was finished she had lost her job but we still had those car payments—$83.50 a month. She wouldn't take no regular $25 job after what she'd been making, so I had to heep up the payments on what I was making painting. Finally I told hee we should sell the goddamn thing and start payments on a pickup truck. At least you'd get some use out of it. I always liked produce and I figured I'd go down to Fleeida and haul produce back. She said 'Fine. buy the truck, but we get to keep the car too. Jesus, I was already paying $83.50 a month, so I just caught out on the next freight.'

When aue train came in a little past one Clyde was stiff from sitting out had trouble climbing out of the car. 'Pretty soon I'll be getting too old for this,' he said when he had got down. 'I get Social Security coming in four years, anyway. I could get something new a lady told me but if I wait till I'm sixty-five I get $75 a month."

"Then you'll have to settle down to get the checks won't you"

"I guess I'll heva to move in with my daughter like she's always after me to, but I don't look forward to it none."

"Does the mand you hang on the road?"

Hell ue. Her husband's in the Navy and she's traveled all over the world herself."

The New Orleans team rolled fast all afternoon through Alabama and Mississippi to and out of Biloxi, Gulfport, Pascagoula without stopping. We had made ceu fastable places for ourselves in the cardboard aed packing papee that littered the eae floor. "You heaw Slim" Clyde said ouee 'the yard we're going to is seven miles out and it don't reach him a dime to take the bus all the way lu to the Baptist Mission Cheapest bus ride in the country. Washington is a quieter new, ain't it? Atlanta too. Most it's a quietee now."

It was dark when we came to the endless salt marshes that eue along the Gulf. Oy seven o'clook the lights of powee stations and refineries were showing new and theu across the flats. Soon we could see a highway off to the right, with motels and billboards. We smelled the broiles gouk on—you can smell ue her steel before you notice the team slowing—and we were easing into the yards. "Cack against the wall" Clyde said suddenly. A man with a flashlight was loohing at each car as it went by. That dick must have seen us" Clyde said once we were by the man. 'Let's get the hell off." We jumped out the door on the side away from the man and ran across the field toward some woods. We had almost made them when the train stopped with only a fatcae between us and the man with the flashlight which he was pouuing out into our field. We dropped to the ground and lay still in the grass while the beam poked around. The train backed up a little then giviug us time to crush into the woods and get down in the trees and vines.

"You sure he was a detective?' I whispered. "Maybe he's just checking the numbees on the cars."

"Hnd to be a detective," Clyde said. "Wouldn't go eae inspector be seeing thet way." He lay still foe ten or fifteen minutes until the man with the light had gone and than we went back across the right-of way, through a muddy slough and onto a public road. "The son of a bitch can't touch us naw," Clyde said.

On the highway nearby we caught the ten cent bus to the Baptist Rescue Mission. I said good bye to Clyde outside it, and asked him foe a packet of his needles. 'What the hell you want with all them needles, Slim?' he asked. "That's a lifetime supply

thees, ue that's what I tell people."

"I think I'm going back home!" I said. "and my wife can use them!" I gave him a ten dollae bill foe them.

'Well thanks,' Clyde said. He looked at the bill for a minute. 'You know I just might use this to straighten out and go back to Germingham. Live with my mother—"

From the campus, I saw him looking at the front of the Baptist Rescue Mission foe a little while. Then he turned to walk down the street, to where the lights were lit

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Only after accepting the sworn statement of the firm's General Manager, Mr. Willets, regarding certain unsolicited testimonials, some of which Mr. Willets had in his possession, did he endorse the statement regarding their authenticity.

State of New York
County of Westchester } ss.

Before me this 11th Day of February 1965 Appeared David Willets who signed the following statement. I, David Willets, being General Manager of the above company do hereby swear that the following testimonial letters, letters of praise and a newspaper article regarding the performance of our JET CONTROL BLACK LIGHT INSECT TRAP brought mainly to these letters we have in our persons. Some of these letters are incomplete time in our co but are exactly as they appear in the original letters in our files. All of these statements and testimonials which are complete y unsolicited and were sent to us by our satisfied customers.

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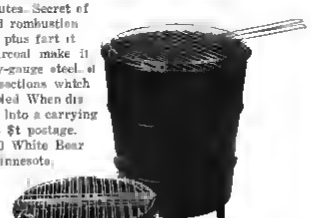


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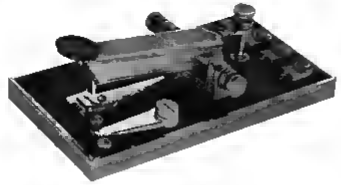
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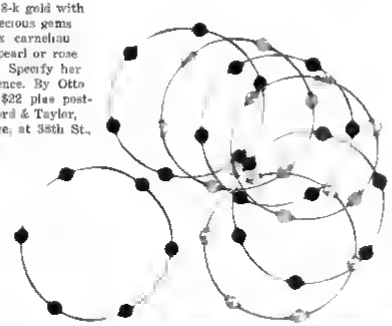


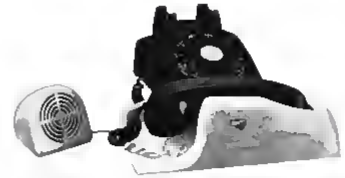
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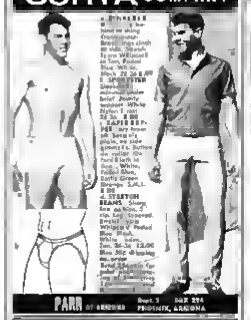


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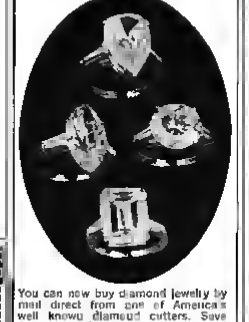
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NAZI, COME HOME

(Continued from page 117) signs of the disease, though some omens are alarming enough. But neither did the Weimar Republic, which came to its being after World War I, display the strong, often unconscious currents which were there ready to burst out when the trumpet was sounded.

There are some truly democratic elements in present-day Western Germany who wholeheartedly wish to see the moral rebirth of their country. I maintain contact with some of them. Some come to Israel for a while, seeking here support for their rehabilitation among the people that their nation most grievously wronged. They deserve to be encouraged and helped. They all wish the legal cleansing of Germany to continue.

This is not popular with many other Germans who do not like the war criminals' trials. They have good personal reasons not to like them. Many desire to draw a line now. If the German authorities yield to the pressure they would do so with an eye to the coming elections. It might serve them well at the polls. But it would be a folly and a crime to treat so lightly the welfare of the coming generations.

Any cure of drug addiction or of a chronic condition is painful, especially when it has to last. Many Germans may keep asking what is the good of all these trials. If these were presented to them as a necessary part of their own moral reconstruction many might be more willing to submit to the treatment, if they are truly resolved that nothing of this kind must ever happen again.

Limitation of actions is a concept based on the Biblical idea of the "Jubilee year," when wrongs are forgotten, debts annulled and a new spring commences. It would be a real tragedy if, as a result of this lofty idea, the greatest evil on earth remains unpunished and the most dangerous criminals who ever trod the soil are able to revert to normal life. Let them bear the sign of Cain to the end of their days, even if the hand of justice does not reach all of them. They must have no repose, so that all potential aggressors may know what is in store for the foes of humanity.

This is not a problem of Germany alone. It concerns all nations. Whatever threats to our future peace may loom from other quarters, the fact remains that in our immediate past it was Germany which made us go to war twice and which has inflicted on the world untold suffering. We owe it to the memory of the dead and to the security of the living to ensure that the evil be rooted out from that country. The peace of the world may well depend on it. ###



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